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# SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

*"That will be all, Watkins, and if you hear the Church bells, let me know."*

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# No Church Bells Ring...

TODAY in Britain no church bells ring. If ever they do, it will be to signal invasion . . .

If that time comes, it will find every man and every woman ready. The sweet old lady in the Punch cartoon is a symbol of the millions who are going quietly about their own affairs, carrying on as normally as war allows, yet resolutely taking *every* step necessary to do their part.

Can we in Canada do any less?

On our effort, just as much as on theirs, depends our fate and that of all our allies. We must start putting *everything* into the fight, we must make *every* possible contribution, if we are to be assured of victory.

Think: Are *you* doing all you can? Ask your conscience. Are you satisfied just to pay your taxes, to invest a few dollars in War Savings Certificates, to put what you find convenient into Victory Bonds? That's not enough! Canada needs EVERY dollar that can possibly be spared from your basic war-time budget.

Don't say, "How much can I spare for Victory Bonds?" Say rather, "How much can I go without to buy *more* Victory Bonds?"

*Anything less is LESS than your share!*

## HERE'S WHAT OTHERS ARE DOING . . .

Penny-watching when you shop, baking with *economical* recipes, cutting out every non-essential is the wartime fashion. Household budgets can add their quota to buy *more* Victory Bonds.

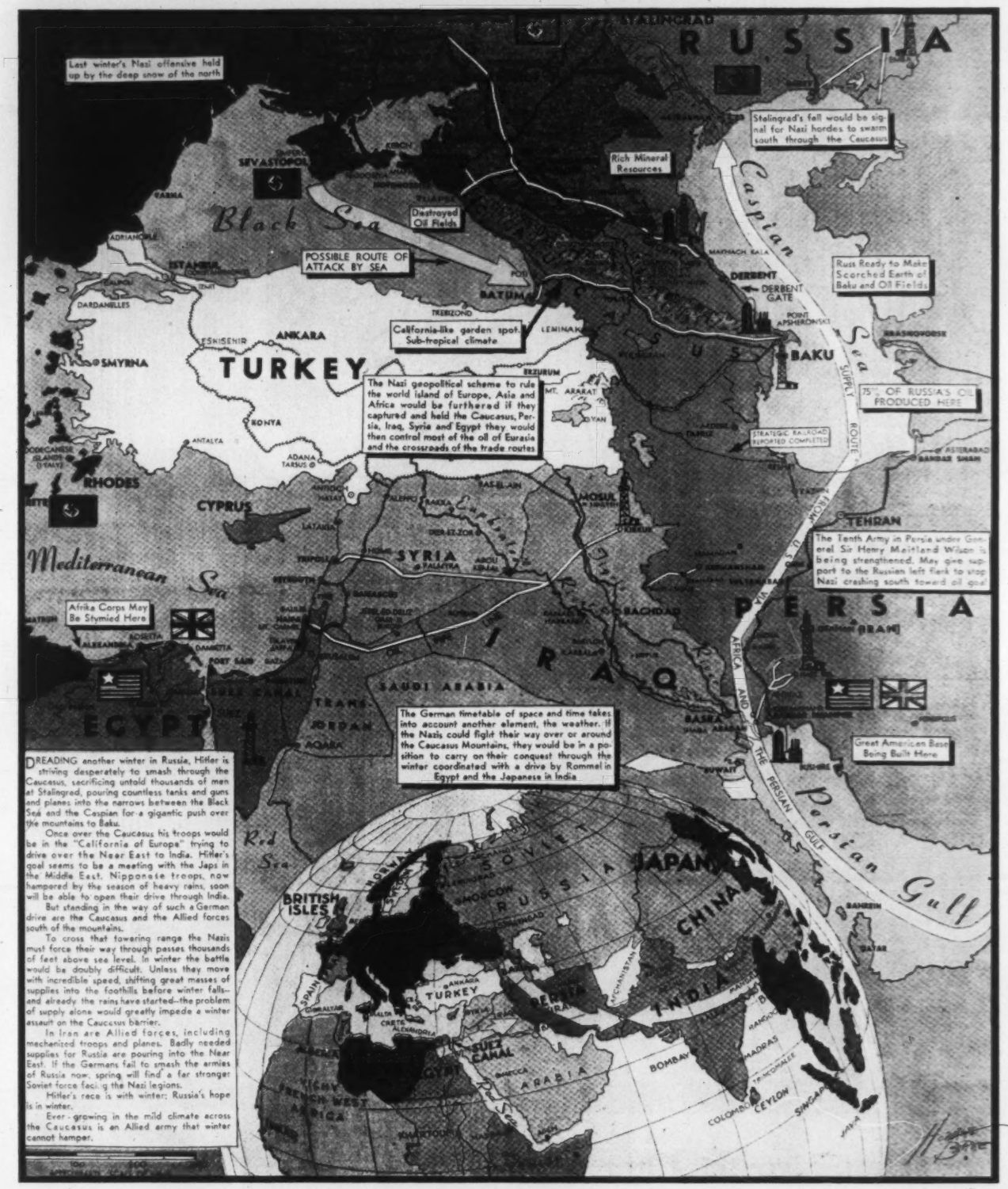
The Bond your boy *earns* means more to him than any you might buy . . . plus the thrill of an *added* contribution. A job like cleaning up the neighbours' cellar turns up precious salvage!

How much a year do you spend on personal luxuries? It's not enough now to invest savings in Victory Bonds! Budget your expenses to use every POSSIBLE dollar for Victory.

## NOTHING MATTERS NOW BUT VICTORY!

Published by Saturday Night in the interests of Victory

# The Caucasus, Oil Rich Battle Prize . . .




DREADING another winter in Russia, Hitler is striving desperately to smash through the Caucasus, sacrificing untold thousands of men at Stalingrad, pouring countless tanks and guns and planes into the narrows between the Black Sea and the Caspian for a gigantic push over the mountains to Baku.

Once over the Caucasus his troops would be in the "California of Europe" trying to drive over the Near East to India. Hitler's goal seems to be a meeting with the Japs in the Middle East. Nipponese troops, now hampered by the season of heavy rains, soon will be able to open their drive through India.

But standing in the way of such a German drive are the Caucasus and the Allied forces south of the mountains.

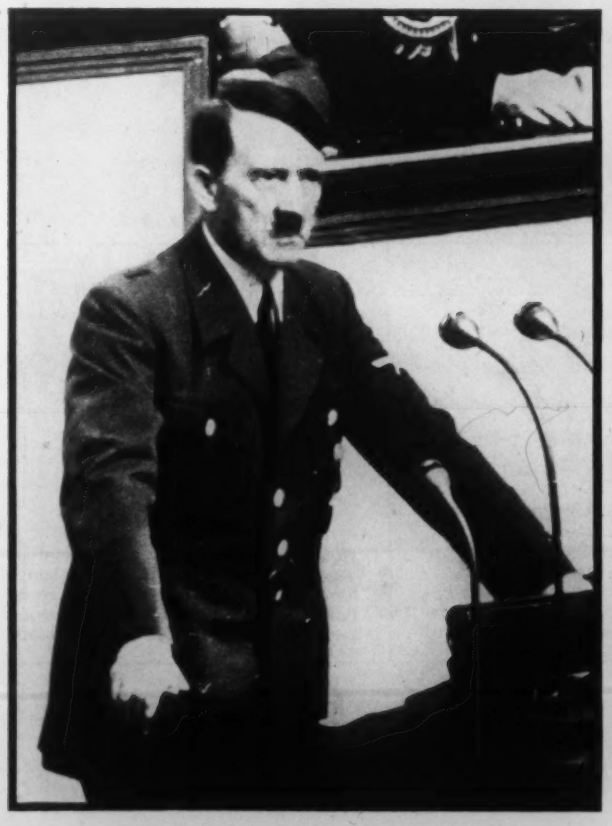
To cross that towering range the Nazis must force their way through passes thousands of feet above sea level. In winter the battle would be doubly difficult. Unless they move with incredible speed, shifting great masses of supplies into the foothills before winter falls—and already the rains have started—the problem of supply alone would greatly impede a winter assault on the Caucasus barrier.

In Iran are Allied forces, including mechanized troops and planes. Badly needed supplies for Russia are pouring into the Near East. If the Germans fail to smash the armies of Russia now, spring will find a far stronger Soviet force facing the Nazi legions.

Hitler's race is with winter; Russia's hope is in winter.

Ever-growing in the mild climate across the Caucasus is an Allied army that winter cannot hamper.

## . . . Awaits Victor in War's Greatest Struggle



"We shall never capitulate! We shall emerge victorious!"

"Stand, fight, and die! There can be no retreat!"

# DEAR MR. EDITOR

## Prof. Scott and Great Britain

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

FOR the past three weeks you have been indulging in a series of fantastic comments on what you claim are my opinions. You have linked my name with the Dreiser episode, for no reason whatever, and you have stated baldly that I say the same things as Mr. Dreiser only in a more dangerous way. Since Mr. Dreiser appears to have said that he would like the Nazis to overrun England, this is a charge against me that I would also like the Nazis to overrun England. A more utterly false accusation against myself I cannot imagine, and I have been at a loss to know whether to leave your editorials to perish of their own absurdity or to hale you before a court on a charge of criminal libel which I feel sure I could win.

Then in the last issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, as if to make some slight amends, you first of all withdraw your own implication that I was a communist and say I have never been "guilty" of adulation of Russia (who would feel guilty for praising Russia today?) and then you proceed to misquote me in a way that indicates gross carelessness on your part if it was not deliberate misrepresentation. Speaking of my supposed attitude to this war you wrote "His own words are that at that time (1939) it could not possibly be regarded as 'a life and death struggle between democracy and tyranny'." My own words were quite different. They are in my article on the plebiscite vote in Quebec, and were given to explain, not my attitude, but Quebec's. I said "Not another country in this hemisphere considered the issue at that time a life and death struggle between democracy and tyranny." I was simply pointing out a fact which I think is relevant to any discussion of the evolution of opinion in Quebec. Anyone could see by the context that I was not giving my own opinion.

Since you seem to be somewhat concerned about my personal views, let me say quite briefly that my own position in regard to this world conflict has never changed. What you do not seem to be able to understand is that for myself and many others the struggle against fascism did not start on September 3, 1939. It began a long time before, and I have been actively in that struggle on the side of democracy from the start. I shall stay on that side as long as I live. For me the character of the conflict does not depend on who is governing England, as you appear to imagine. A change over from a Chamberlain to a Churchill or a Cripps is important only because it affects the amount of help you think you can get for democracy from a very powerful nation. It should affect in some degree the strategy Canada should follow in the war but does not alter our will to win. Since I believe that the more democracy a country has the more powerful it is, and since I want a democratic victory, I naturally prefer a Cripps to a Chamberlain, and I feel I have a right to say so.

One last point. It may be difficult for you, as an Englishman resident in Canada, to understand how some Canadians can advocate for Canada a policy based on an independent estimate of what is needed to save humanity. We have for so long taken our standards of international behavior from outside this country that it shocks some people to suggest that we have not only a right, but a positive duty to form them for ourselves. But at least I should have thought that you could have made the simple distinction between a person who is anti-imperialist and one who is anti-British. Surely one does not have to be an imperialist to be British? I am not and never have been anti-British. To base any political decision on race is a form of mental immaturity; there are no good or bad races in the world. I feel myself drawn to the democratic forces in England who are fighting fascism, as to the democratic forces in all other lands, by ties that are stronger than blood. By the same token I want to eliminate, as the best elements in England want to eliminate, the last relics of economic exploitation and Anglo-Saxon domination from the British Empire. For me a forward advance in my own country and in the Commonwealth is part of a forward advance for the whole world—part, that is, of the road to victory. And it is an essential step if we are to achieve racial harmony in this country.

*Westmount, Que.* F. R. SCOTT

As Professor Scott's reference to "an Englishman resident in Canada" might lead to some misunderstanding, it should be explained that the editor of SATURDAY NIGHT was born in England, came to Canada at the age of twelve, and has spent all but three of the subsequent fifty-three years in this country. Professor Scott's political leader, Mr. Coldwell, has a very similar record, except that he came out at somewhat greater age and has spent less time here.—Ed.

## More Forgotten People

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

RECENTLY a correspondent wrote regarding what he called "the Forgotten Few," the superannuated civil servants who have no more money than for years past while living expenses grow higher month by month.

There is another class which also feels the strain, and I hope you can help these people by bringing their situation to the notice of government authorities. I refer to men and women of seventy or more who are trying to make four or five hundred dollars a year keep them clad and fed, and for whom no bonus is available.

Laboring men, earning higher wages than ever before, are paid a cost-of-living bonus, but old people such as I have in mind cannot receive from any source a sufficient increase of income to enable them to pay for comfortable quarters, necessary help, or possible hospital expenses.

If SATURDAY NIGHT can bring any pressure to bear on the government I feel sure that a large number of deserving citizens would be grateful.

*Halifax, N. S.* F. W. STEADMAN.

The cost-of-living bonus is paid as an inducement, not wholly successful, to workers to continue working without demanding any change in their real wage. Similar treatment for classes not now in a position to hold up the war effort would be based on purely moral grounds, and we have not much hope for it.—Ed.

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# THE FRONT PAGE

WE HAVE received from Henri Bouvette of Shawinigan Falls, who adds to his signature the designation "Ancien 5 C.M.R.", or "Formerly 5th Canadian Mounted Rifles" (a unit with an excellent record in the last war), the following letter, which we propose to print just as he wrote it, with his own very picturesque phraseology and orthography, merely because we believe that thus it will attract more attention to its very common-sense message:

"I get wake up a few morning ago at 4 clock by two police militaire who look for two boy off one my neibor that skip to bush when dey get the call for service militaire. What for the government spent monie to look for boy like dis, you never make good soldier whit him. Better let him stay in bush and when war finish put it on good big rock pile for two year and make small piece from big piece."

## Spread the Thanks

FORMALLY we gave thanks. The churches spread the fruits of the good earth before their altars and the people admired the harmony and disharmony of massed colors. The prayers said something about God having given these things to His unworthy creatures, but the unworthy creatures really didn't think much about it, God being a Personage remote like the King, or the Pope; though, of course, more important.

They didn't think much about it for another reason; namely, that no one in these parts has ever been hungry, even in sixty or seventy years of living. So how could they regard a potato or an onion or a McIntosh Red as a miraculous thing sent down from Heaven, and fall upon their knees in wonder and awe?

Thanksgiving Day had point and urgency when the Pilgrim Fathers had seen their wives and children slowly starving while waiting for the new crop to mature. It surely would be a festival of meaning today in Greece, or Russia, in France, or even in Germany. But in Canada the emotion of tearful gratitude at the sight of a cabbage or a bunch of carrots can't be whipped up. We don't understand. Please God we never shall!

In the gentle glow of set prayers of high literary quality and gracious music, even in the odor of incense, the thanksgiving was uneven. Nothing was said about the farmers. Surely they ought to "get a break" before the Throne. God gives the weeds as well as the food-plants, but the men in overalls discriminate and cultivate and sweat for the comfort and well-being of their fellow-men. And not enough was said about the soldiers, sailors and airmen. Without their fury of defence this pleasant land would be raped and robbed even as Belgium and Norway.

It's wise to give thanks for what we have and are, but God and man work together to feed us, and the gratitude should be spread out.

## Freedom For India

WE PUBLISH on another page of this issue an article on the campaign for the "freedom" of India, by Sir Richard Clifford Tute, which we are well aware will arouse the most violent indignation in those who have already convinced themselves that India is ready and fitted for self-government, and that the British Government is withholding that boon for purely selfish reasons. Sir Richard speaks very freely of the motives of the "higher-ups" in the Indian nationalist campaign, but not, we think, with any greater freedom than they and their followers have spoken of the motives of the present British rulers of India, nor with any less evidence in support of his allegations.

The idea that the establishment of the independence of India would mean the establishment of anything even remotely resembling democratic self-government is one which could be entertained only by those who have no conception of the structure of society produced by an old, matured and immensely rigid caste system. The relations of men with one-another in a modern democracy are based upon contract; the relations of men in mediaeval society were based upon status; the caste system is the most extreme form of status that has ever been developed, and a caste society is more remote from anything with which we modern democrats are familiar than the society of

"MORE!"

Norman England or of the France of Charlemagne. For one thing, the rigidity of status was always mitigated in mediaeval Europe by the influence of religion; the Christian Church was democratic at least as regards its priesthood, and no accident of birth could prevent numbers of men of exceptional ability from rising to the highest positions. In the Hindu caste system all movement from one caste to another is prohibited, and the grip of the higher castes on the religious offices is unshakeable.

Hindu writers, writing within the atmosphere of their caste system, take its implications so completely for granted that they are able to use the language of modern democracy about it without realizing its utter inapplicability—just as the slave-owners of the American colonies were able to use with complete sincerity the language about "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The Americans ignored the fact that their Negroes were human beings, and the Indian Nationalist equally ignores the fact that his own low-caste Hindus are, according to democratic theory, just as much entitled to a share in the government as himself. It has therefore been little trouble for the enemies of the British regime in India to persuade English-speaking democrats in many parts of the world that their object is to replace the British power in India with an Indian power in the control of which the Indian masses would have an effective voice. The utter impossibility of such an idea in a society in which caste is the predominant factor is not plain to people whose whole mode of thought is in the democratic mould.

## India's Alternatives

IT WOULD no doubt be an excellent thing if India could be governed by *all* the Indians, or by a sufficient number out of all the Indians to afford adequate guarantees against the exploitation of the non-governing. That however is impossible of realization at present. The realizable alternatives are that India shall be governed by a small fraction of its population, entrenched in power by the caste system and trained by that system to regard the exploitation of the lower castes as its hereditary right, or by the administrators appointed by another nation. Neither alternative is ideal; but, granted a reasonable competence in the administrators and a reasonable unselfishness in the other nation, the second appears considerably less objectionable.

The fundamentally anti-democratic character of the Congress aims was revealed in an unusually clear light by the proposal put forward by the Congress along with its refusal of the Cripps proposals. This was for the immediate establishment of "a true National Government with a Cabinet of Indian leaders untrammeled by any control by the Viceroy or the British Cabinet." Be it remembered that there is not, and it was not proposed that there should be, any elected Parliament or other body to which such a Cabinet could be held responsible. It would be, in Sir Stafford's words, "government for an indefinite period by a set of persons nominated by Indian parties responsible to no legislature or electorate, incapable of being changed, and the majority of whom would be in a position to dominate large minorities." It was even more forcibly described by Mr. Jinnah, the Moslem leader, as a "Fascist Grand Council," which would "sound the death-knell of the Moslems of India."

Such is the "democracy" which the Congress party wants to establish in the middle of a war, as a substitute for government by a British administration which is in the main paternal and benevolent, and far more important, is entirely neutral as between India's innumerable and violently conflicting sects and classes.

## Why the Ban Remains

SOME surprise has been caused by the reluctance of the Dominion Government to act on the recommendations of the Parliamentary Committee on the Defence of Canada Regulations, in the matter of the unbanning of the Communist party and some affiliated organizations, when it is releasing the known and self-proclaimed members of that party at the rate of a dozen or so a week. The reason, we suggest, is to be found in a very practical consideration, namely the question of the returning of the seized property of the Ukrainian Farmer-Labor Temples, whose large holdings of real estate all over the country were turned over to the rival, anti-Communist, Ukrainian organization early in the war.

That this was an extraordinary error of judgment is by this time probably admitted by everybody, except the anti-Communist Ukrainians. The Ukrainians are now the third non-British-or-French population element in the country, exceeded only by the Germans and the Scandinavian group (which comprises four nationalities). They are much more recent arrivals than any of the other large elements except the Poles. Lacking the historical national consciousness of the Poles, and coming from an area similarly situated between the great Nazi and Communist totalitarian states, they inevitably align themselves pretty closely with one or other of these two political systems; that is, they either come pretty close to being Communists or pretty close to being Fascists. In 1939-41 there were no doubt excellent reasons for depriving the Farmer-Labor Temples of the use of their property; but there were equally excellent reasons—which unfortunately did not occur to the administering officials—for not turning it over to the other kind of Ukrainians. But it was turned over; and there you are.

To remove the ban on the Farmer-Labor Temples would obviously give them an immediate claim for the restoration of their property. But the control of that property has been transferred—it is even reported that the ownership has in many cases been transferred by an actual sale—to the other kind of

(Continued on Page Five)

# THE PASSING SHOW

BY J. E. M.

AND here comes "Quebec" demanding to know where we get sandwich ham in "patriotic Toronto." At first, from the shoulder, but now we get it from hocks, which are non-exportable, grind-up as well as ham, and taste about the same—with mustard. And if patriotism demands we may yet be using pickled pigs' feet.

•

"The Women's Ladies Aid will meet on Thursday P.M.," says an announcement in The Truro *Daily News*. A Men's Ladies' Aid, we suppose, would consist entirely of cooks.

•

### LITERARY OBSERVATION

Said Brother Easton, who at times
  Reviews a flock of books for us
Disdaining all the little rhymes
  That dear Euterpe cooks for us,
(The Muse of lyricism, she
  A lovely creature, Heaven-sent)
Said Easton, "It appears to me
  That pigs are most intelligent.

"I have them on my little farm.
  To watch them is a constant pleasure.
Their table-manners have no charm
  But after dinner, at their leisure,
They study how to open gates,
  Or how to fool the ardent pup
Who, growling, by the orchard waits
  Lest they might eat the apples up.

"Around the pasture where they romp
  In porcine, blest beatitude
The bull, in his eternal pomp
  Snorts to display his fortitude
When touching the electric fence.
  The lower wires are not alive.
The pigs crowd through in confidence,
  Making a concentrated drive.

"But oh," said Easton, "John, my man
  Declared he'd keep the beggars in,
Devised a scientific plan
  To prove that rooting was a sin.
Upon one hog he rigged a wire
  An aerial, some four feet long.
It touched the fence, and hidden fire
  Upset that porker's pleasant song.

"The bull gets shocked six times a day
The pigs—much wiser—stay away."

•

Willson Woodside dismisses one paragraph of a new war-book as "just plain tripe." Plain tripe we don't know, but with onions it's not too bad in a meat-famine.

•

### SHOE ON THE OTHER FOOT

"Oh legislate, and regulate!" the people used
  to say
When things weren't going well for them or
  luck had gone astray.
But now that regulations new are made from
  day to day,
The people keep on grousing, but complain the
  other way.

NICK

•

Brother Foster of Truro, N.S. is in favor of compulsory voting; not particularly because it would be a good thing for Canada, as Viscount Bennett says, but because he'd like to see the Party heelers get a break. For too long they have been a-drip with sweat trying to get out the vote. It would be a happy thing to see them loafing about the polls giving a dirty leer at the former cash-and-carry customers now arriving in the grip of the police.

•

The same Foster has been explaining in close detail a gardening experiment he made this summer; raising from seed several macaroni plants, admiring their lovely white blossoms, and picking in their first youth the tender hollow fruit. He's ridiculous. The macaroni is not a fruit, but a vegetable. It comes solid off the vines and the farmers had a tough time this year finding enough labor to bore holes in it all.

•

Speaking of baseball (someone did) here's an advertisement in the Saturday Review of Literature. "Writer, mourning demise of Dodgers' pennant chances wishes to hold wake with similarly afflicted."

# Among the Best of Fighting Men Is the Maori

Some of the first Maori troops to reach England stage a war dance in celebration . . .

. . . a war dance that is different only in costume from that which they knew "down under".

*By John Clyde*

IN EGYPT, Maori troops from New Zealand have been giving the Italians a hot time. Intellectually the Maori are the most outstanding native race in the British Empire, and among its finest fighting men.

This is by no means the first time the enemy has been given a taste of the warrior prowess of the Maori. Some of the most heroic feats during the defence of Crete against the airborne hordes of the Nazi invaders were performed by Maori troops. Solid phalanges of magnificent manhood, charging with fixed bayonets and yelling their ancient war cry,* struck terror into the hearts of the Germans.

Night after night they charged, although against overwhelming odds, and German prisoners taken confessed that the sound of these yelling Maori would ring in their ears for many a long day, and the sight of that solid line, advancing with glinting steel, would be unforgettable.

The fidelity of the Maori alone is sufficient to give the lie to Ribbentrop's calumny: "There is no part of the world where the British flag is not waving against the will of the people in question, and where deeds of violence, robbery, and lies do not mark the path of British Imperialism." As with many other native races throughout the Empire, as soon as war broke out, the Maori clamoured to be allowed to serve, and their gallant deeds in the Middle East prove their calibre as fighting men.

The Maori are on a level with Europeans in mental capacity, and they have produced many brilliant men during the past half century. One of these was the late Sir Maui Pomare, the historian of his people, and descendant of Hoturoam, commander of the Tainui tribe 600 years ago. A man of wonderful attainments, besides taking a New Zealand degree he graduated in medicine with honors at the University of Chicago in order to become a doctor of the Maori. He became an M.P., representing the Maori in the western half of North Island, and later was Minister of Health.

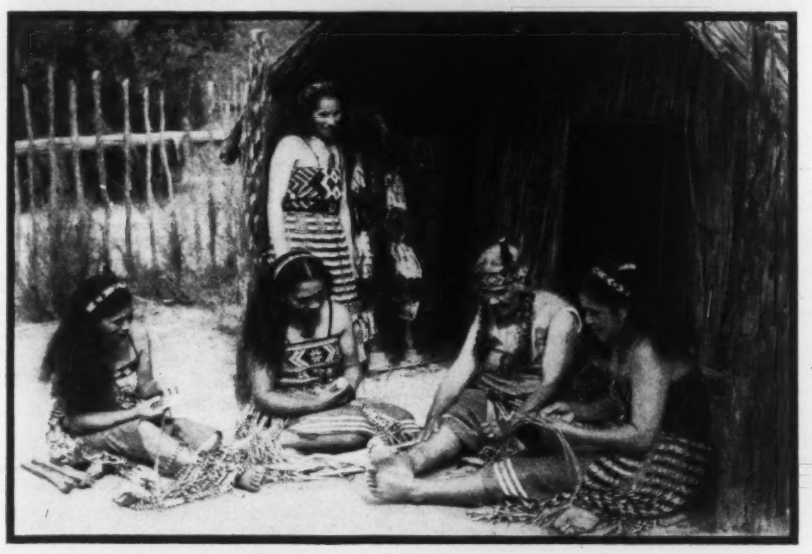
IN December 1918 he paid one of the most remarkable tributes to the British Empire ever spoken: "When in the council of nations the question of the future of the Pacific Islands is discussed, I want our chief to tell the councillors, as an authoritative voice from the Polynesian race, that never again must any Polynesian be put under the heel of the despicable Hun. Sirs, we know of the Samoans, our kin; we know of the eastern and western natives of German Africa; and we know of the extermination of the Hereros (S. W. Africa), and that is enough for us. For 78 years we have been, not under the rule of the British, but taking a part in the ruling of ourselves, and we know by experience that the foundations of British sovereignty are based upon the eternal principles of liberty, equality, and justice."

He was honored with a knighthood because of his conspicuous services to his people; and among other eminent Maori has been a woman leader, Te Puea Herangi, who has done much to encourage the younger people to practice the arts and crafts of their race. She is one of the most distinguished women leaders of modern times and was made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire. Another, Sir Apirana Ngata, has said: "The Maori world today is rich in men and women who by virtue of education, business experience, social position, and a sense of patriotism, are deliberately tackling the problem of fitting their people into the present-day conditions of New Zealand."

The Maori colonized Ao-tea-roa, or the Long White Cloud, as they called New Zealand, in the Middle Ages, reaching it in long canoes. For centuries they ruled the land, then came the British, and they became very depressed in spirit, saying "As the Pakeha (white man) rat drove out the Maori rat, as the introduced grasses drove out the Maori fern, so will the Maori die before the white man." Indeed, the Maori, conscious that their mana (prestige) was degraded by the coming of the whites, and instinct with a sense of impatience and inferiority, suffered steady decadence in character, numbers (which fell from 100,000 to 40,000), physique and enterprise and seemed likely to become extinct.

THEN the wise rule of the British began to make its effects apparent. The Maori were given Parliamentary representation, they were helped socially, in their farming, and educationally. Towards the end of last century a marvellous renaissance set in, and a racial consciousness emerged which has completely altered their outlook. Today they recognize their equality with the white man, and as Mr. Fraser, the Dominion Prime Minister, said a short time back, Maori and Pakeha have never stood more firmly shoulder to shoulder than in the present struggle.

Perhaps the most striking proof of the revolution which has taken place is the fact that today the Maori population has risen to 80,000.



Present-day leaders encourage younger Maori to practice the arts, handicrafts and traditions of their 600-year-old race.

The favorite dish of the Maori is roast pork. The animal is roasted whole, cut in huge portions and eaten as shown above.

*"*Ake ake kia kaha," Maori war cry, literal interpretation of which is: "For ever, for ever we shall fight on."*

Maori fighting men in Britain here find entertainment in song. Like most other New Zealand troops they wear Stetson-type hats.

Ready for a fight: a youthful Maori dances the ancient "haka".

Troops like these Maori took an heroic part in the defence of Crete. Today their deeds in Egypt also show their calibre as fighting men.

# THE FRONT PAGE

(*Continued from Page Three*)

Ukrainians, who are now in possession, have a strong organization, and control a large number of votes in areas in which the Hon. Mr. Gardiner takes a paternal interest. We do not wish to suggest that they are disloyal—if they were it would be relatively easy to deal with the problem, as they could be banned in their turn,—but they certainly do not view with any enthusiasm the victory of Russia on the Eastern Front. So long as the Temples remain banned, the problem can be kept shelved. We should not be surprised if they remained banned for quite a long time, despite the illogicality of the situation.

## Our Advertisement

IN THIS issue SATURDAY NIGHT breaks a tradition of fifty-five years' standing, and prints an advertisement on its front page. It is, however, our own advertisement of the Victory Loan—SATURDAY NIGHT'S contribution to the nation-wide effort to make that great financing operation an overwhelming success;—and we have naturally desired to make our contribution as effective as possible. We hasten to assure any possibly apprehensive readers that it is not our intention to sell to any purchaser, commercial or otherwise, the space which for so many years has been continuously devoted to the typographical or pictorial presentation of the ideas or personalities which seemed to us to be the most important of the week.

Our advertisement on the front page contains almost everything that we have to say about the importance of this Loan and the obligations which its issue imposes on every Canadian who can possibly contribute to its success. Here we propose to add only one further idea—an idea which is indeed implicit in almost every line of the advertisement and in the singularly humane and appealing cartoon which *Punch* has kindly permitted us to reproduce for the occasion.

The idea is this: It is the duty of everybody in Canada to support this Loan by his own self-denial, not merely as much as his neighbor, but *more than his neighbor*. The carrying on of this war means the sacrifice of much of our cherished standard of living. We are not under a dictatorship, and that sacrifice must be to a very large extent voluntary. Now the sacrifice of part of a customary and habitual standard of living is not an easy thing; but it is made incomparably more easy when it is being done by everybody else around one, by one's friends, one's business associates, one's fellow-members in church and in societies, by the man or woman next door and the man or woman across the street.

The amount of sacrifice which is called for varies, of course, according to the economic position of the individual, his family responsibilities and so forth. And the man who is doing *less* than others of his own economic status is making it harder for those others to do what they are doing, while the man who is doing *more* is making it easier for the others. You, you who read these lines, can by your own actions raise or lower the temperature of the patriotic atmosphere around you; or by merely doing what everybody else of your economic class is doing you can leave it unchanged.

This loan must be financed out of new savings. To purchase bonds by disposing of, or borrowing on, old savings merely transfers the task of saving to somebody else, and is definitely inflationary in its effect. Voluntary saving, on top of the compulsory savings and the greatly increased taxes of the latest Budget, is not easy. But it will be infinitely harder if there are a considerable number of people in the country who are not doing it, and infinitely easier if all of us alike are striving to do as much of it as we possibly can. For example, riding on the streetcar when in the good old days you would certainly have used your own motor or a taxi, and walking when you would certainly have ridden on the streetcar, is the most natural thing in the world when the great majority of your friends are doing it, but is pretty tough when the great majority of them are not. But that great majority is made up of people exactly like ourselves; we *are*, for our friends, that great majority. See to it, then, that you walk when you can, and use the streetcars when you can't, and hand the savings to Mr. Ilsley. It helps Mr. Ilsley directly, but much more than that, it helps hundreds of others to help Mr. Ilsley in just the same way.

*Photo by "Jay".*

**The Old Country has plenty of buildings whose different parts are in highly contrasting architectural styles, but this is not common in Canada. This picture shows the old building of the York County Registry Office, in Toronto, erected in 1875, with its new extension just completed in highly modernist style. The addition was designed by the county engineering department under Mr. H. C. Rose. The building is on Richmond St., near the "Saturday Night" office. The bas-relief bears the words "Deeds Speak".**

## Splitting the Allies

THERE is going on in the world at the present moment a great deal of activity which looks to us a lot more like manoeuvering for position at the peace table than manoeuvering for the winning of the war. It consists mainly in endeavors to establish grounds of dispute and animosity between the peoples of the different United Nations, which will enable Germany to play them off one against the other in the negotiations.

The idea of a negotiated peace is being revived with considerable energy. Cardinal MacRory, Primate of All Ireland, has discovered that "cruel feelings are arising on both sides," and that victory for either side will result in "a peace not of justice but of vengeance." We do not suggest for a moment that Cardinal MacRory is acting on German instigation, but the fact remains that the Germans, who always manage to win all the victories except the final victory, are fond of the idea that there should not be any final victory. As for the idea that "cruel feelings" are only beginning to arise in this the fourth year of the war, we wish that Cardinal MacRory would consult with his ecclesiastical brethren of Poland as to whether there were no "cruel feelings" in 1939 and 1940; our own impression is that there were, though not of course in Ireland.

Mr. Luce of *Life* is also, no doubt quite unconsciously, playing the game of those who seek to separate the United Nations so that they will be incapable of pursuing a common policy throughout the rest of the war and the making of the peace. He talks to the British nation and Government, in print, as if he were the elected representative of the American people, an attitude which we should think must be distinctly embarrassing to President Roosevelt, and which has no justification in the facts. The American people, along with a great many Canadians, find Mr. Luce's magazines entertaining and pictorially attractive, and buy them in great quantities, as they also do the *Saturday Evening Post* and used to do the *Police Gazette;* but they do not take their international politics holus-bolus from the owners of any of these periodicals. Mr. Luce thinks that the British are fighting to maintain their "Empire," which sounds like a very sensible thing to do if they wish to prevent the Germans and the Japanese from getting it, and not unlike what the Americans tried to do with the Philippines; but he also thinks that the "Empire" is some sort of exploitation system and ought not to be maintained, and the fact that its maintenance is now of some importance to the United States does not seem to have occurred to him.

The Canadian people are going to be subjected to a good deal of this kind of talk in the next few months, and we wish that the Dominion Government would give some thought to the desirability of their continuing to be supplied with a corrective for it in the shape of a strong, attractive and genuinely Canadian periodical press. Everything that is done to make the way harder for Canadian magazines, to make it more difficult for them to turn out a readable and attractive product, is simply making it easier for the Luces and McCormicks to spread their propaganda, uncorrected and uncontroverted, before the Canadian public. If this country ever needed a strong and thoroughly Canadian periodical press, not only of newspapers but of periodicals of intelligent comment, it is now, in these days when the remaking of the world is on the carpet.

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# NEED RUML TAX PLAN

**See next week's SATURDAY NIGHT**

## Ottawa Mystifies Us

THE income tax is bad enough, without having the government make errors in its explanatory booklets and then stick corrections on the front of the booklet which do not correct. Fortunately the mystification concerns nothing more immediately pressing than the payment of interest on the compulsory savings part of the tax; it is something about which we do not have to do anything, and about which the government will no doubt do what it feels like doing when it feels like doing it.

Nevertheless we do wish that the Department of National Revenue, Income Tax Division, were a little more capable of expressing itself in intelligible English. It has issued a "Simplified Explanation of the 1942 Income Tax" which contained originally the following statement, on page 17: "This savings portion will be paid back to you, with simple interest at 2 per cent per annum from 1st October, 1943, not later than the third 31st March following the cessation of hostilities," etc. The Department has gummed an Erratum slip on the front cover which says "Please note that on page 17 of this booklet a typographical error appears in the second paragraph of Section 10. This should read:—'This savings portion will be repaid to you, with simple interest at 2 per cent. . .'"

Now this correction fails entirely to indicate how much of the original text is to be taken out and replaced by the new text. If the portion taken out is that which begins and ends with the same words as the new text, as one would suppose, the only change is the substitution of "repaid" for "paid back," which seems hardly enough to justify an Erratum sticker. It is surely not possible that the Department regards "paid back" as so much less dignified than "repaid" that a sticker must be gummed on to change it. But if not, what is the error that is to be rectified? Are we to drop the "per annum"? Does the Department wish us to understand that we are only going to get one 2 per cent in spite of the fact that the government will hold the money for at least three years? True, the original resolutions of June 23 say only "at the rate of 2 per cent" and not "at the rate of 2 per cent per annum;" but frankly, we have always supposed that "at the rate of 2 per cent" implied "per annum."

Or are we to drop the "from 1st October 1943?" Is that where the error lies? We suspect that it is, though there is nothing in the Erratum slip to convince us.

In the words of the classic tale, Mr. Ilsley may know, and Mr. Gibson may know, but the poor dog—the taxpayer—he don' know. And the only consolation is that it is only 2 per cent anyhow, and who cares?

• •

## THE MIGHTY DEAD

PROUD soldiers of the great campaign
Who climbed the hills and crossed the main,
And feared not death the end to gain,
We reverence you.

You left your homes without a thought
Of self, and in the trenches fought
For lasting freedom, dearly bought
With life itself.

You died, to keep your country free;
And, more, that our land still might be
The realm of peace and liberty.
All hail to you.

And when we chant this noble theme
Dare we forget your gift supreme,
That did our land from hate redeem
For ever more?

EDITH MULOCK O'FLYNN

(*Société des Auteurs, Compositeurs et Editeurs de Musique.*)

# Democratic Self-Government Impossible in India

BY SIR RICHARD CLIFFORD TUTE

**The campaign of the Indian National Congress is not really for democratic self-government for India, which would be impossible in view of the low level of education of the Hindu masses, but is aimed at re-establishing the right of the Hindu high castes to exercise complete domination in that country, asserts the distinguished author of this article.**

**Sir Richard Clifford Tute, knighted in 1937 for distinguished services in India and Palestine, was born in 1874 and is now retired and living in Ottawa. He is the son of an Indian Civil Servant, and was himself in the Indian Civil Service from 1898 to 1913. After the war he served as judge in Palestine, and as Chief Justice of the Bahamas from 1932 to 1938.**

THE United States and Canada have for some forty years past been visited by relays of high-caste Hindus who have made it their business to revile the government of India. They generally pose as holy men, styling themselves Yogis, Pundits, Mahatmas and what not. Most of them combine their campaign against the British with vague religious teaching and fortune-telling. A very few of them have some real knowledge of Yoga; but the rank and file are merely practicing in the countries they visit their home industry of religious mendicancy. The religious pose has the advantage of providing a sort of implied guarantee of the good faith of their political activities.

They do not hesitate to impose on the ignorance of their hearers by telling the most fantastic lies about the British in India. They accuse them of reducing its population to the verge of starvation by their exactions, and impute to them every kind of oppression and dishonesty.

Since America came into the war it is possible that a good many of their dupes have taken the trouble to inquire into some of the statements that have been made to them. If so they have no doubt ascertained that Britain, so far from making money out of India, has permitted India to ruin some of Britain's most important industries, by allowing tariffs to be imposed against their products. They may also have found out that the white officials in India do not take bribes or graft. From this point of view the government of India is probably the most honest on record.

However, whether the clients of these emissaries continue or do not continue to believe in them, they must wonder why they have taken so much trouble and gone to so much expense to give the government of their country a bad name. They must also wonder why Gandhi and his friends persist in a course which amounts to a betrayal of India to the Japanese.

## The Caste System

The explanation is both interesting and important. It is moreover little known outside of India.

Hindu India has for hundreds of years been under the caste system. This means that every Hindu is born into one of the thousands of castes that exist in the country. He must marry within the caste. He must follow the caste occupation. He may neither eat, drink nor smoke with any but a caste fellow. (This statement is broadly true, despite the fact that the exigencies of travel have introduced certain relaxations.)

The result is that every Hindu lives and dies in a closed social compartment. If he belongs to one of the three "twice-born" castes, or to the writer caste which comes next in rank, he can acquire education, and the various professions are open to him. If not, he must live and die in the social routine to which he was born.

This picture of Hinduism, considered in its social aspect, was strictly true when the British Government took over the country. The Mohammedan population, though in other respects standing severely aloof from Hinduism, adopted the caste organization. It is even today a notable insult to speak of any native of India as having no caste.

The caste organization started about the time of the Aryan conquest. The conquerors monopolized the higher occupations, becoming priests, lawgivers, landowners and merchants, while the indigenous populations filled the roles of hewers of wood and drawers of water. The structure tended to keep power in the hands of the conquerors. We may expect Hitler to devise some such system if and when he conquers Europe. He has indeed issued some preliminary sketches of what we may expect along these lines.

## Mendicant Gods

The Brahmans are by far the most important of the Hindu castes. They claim to be gods, and the claim is still widely admitted by their low-caste clients and neighbors. In their priestly capacity they draw huge revenues from the country. They officiate at births, marriages and deaths; they organize the huge religious fairs to which the masses flock. They indulge in constant and truculent mendicancy, trading on the superstitions and fears of the low-caste men from whom they solicit alms. It is an accepted axiom that a low-caste man can do no work of higher religious value than giving alms to a Brahman.

The twice-born castes and the writers still virtually monopolize education, in so far as it emanates from government schools and colleges. In theory these are open to all, but in practice the teachers take pains to keep the lower castes in the state of ignorance prescribed for them by tradition. With the monopoly of education goes of course the monopoly of the professions.

The great fault of the British Government in the eyes of the twice-born castes is that it has steadily tried to raise the status of the low-caste masses. When it took over the government of India it passed laws which make no distinction between man and man. For example the Indian Penal Code makes no exceptions in favor of high-caste criminals. It was a long time before low-caste persons could pluck up courage enough to bring a high-caste oppressor before the British courts, but eventually cases of this kind began to come in, and high-caste men began to find that their prerogative of oppression was likely to be taken from them. Then the various Christian missionaries began to set up establishments under a rule which protected their converts from high-caste interference, and gave their children an education which sometimes enabled them to practice a profession. Later it began to be recognized that the easiest way of escaping high-caste tyranny was to turn Christian, and great numbers of low-caste men became Christians, to the great anger of the Brahmans, who still do their utmost to prevent this movement from spreading.

## High-Caste Hostility

Finally, the gradual industrialization of Indian towns created a class of artisans and industrial laborers which could not easily be fitted into the caste system, and which was apt to assert an independence that was very distasteful to their traditional lords.

These developments caused the higher castes to take fright. They became concerned lest the impartial rule of the British take away from them their power and privileges. The result was the Indian National Congress. Of course it was impossible to proclaim its real objects, which were to make an end of British rule and re-establish that of the high castes. Instead, they took the ingenious line of claiming to set up a democratic government in India based on the principle of one man one vote. They were confident that the Hindu numerical preponderance would automatically place their high-caste candidates in power. The friction between Hindus and Mohammedans was enough to ensure a block vote, quite apart from the fact that the ignorant masses of the Hindus had no choice but to follow their high-caste leaders. Low-caste leadership has not yet developed in the country.

The campaign was accompanied by a world-wide vilification of the British, carried out by the Hindu press and by its emissaries in foreign lands. Even in England the state of party politics could be relied on to provide a backing which in course of time became considerable, partly because the stay-at-home Englishman is apt to distrust his agents abroad, and partly because the Hindu campaign lent itself to the making of useful political capital.

## Concessions

As we all know, the British Government has made various concessions to the movement for representative government. The provinces were given representative government in a form which secured the representation of the larger minorities, and for this reason failed to satisfy the Hindu aspirations. As soon as they were faced with the responsibility incidental to carrying on the war, those provincial governments which were dominated by Hindus refused to carry on, and their Governors have taken over the reins with considerable success. It is now perfectly clear that the high castes have no intention of taking an honest part in any government of India or its provinces in which they have not absolute power. It is equally clear that if and when this comes about in any considerable area civil war will be the immediate and inevitable result.

There are of course many educated Hindus who appreciate the position; but only a few of them dare to oppose a movement which has the sanction of an overwhelming and unscrupulous majority of their caste brethren. To do so would be to invite caste reprisals of a very unpleasant kind. A dissident might find that he could not marry off his daughters. He might find himself shunned socially by all his friends. He might find it difficult to collect revenues dependent on temple or other religious services. Finally he might have to protect himself against assassination.

There are many honest and able Hindus, but their path is not an easy one. Most of them take refuge in abstention from politics, but even this is often difficult.

The high castes are estimated to total about five per cent of the Hindu population. They are however the only vocal section of Hinduism. The low-caste masses neither know nor care anything about politics. They have the apathy of ignorance. They distrust and fear the Brahmans. The latter have, as we have seen, great power over the Hindu masses, but it would be a mistake to suppose that it rests on anything beyond a disposition to comply with traditional demands. They cannot prevent the low castes from taking any employment that they see fit. High-caste persons may, and from time to time do, try to make workers discontented with their employers, and foment strikes and boycotts. But such disturbances are temporary and produce no lasting effect. The low-caste population is today working energetically to produce the requirements of war, in spite of high-caste disapproval. Further, those castes and areas which are suitable for recruitment have been producing some 70,000 men a month for the Indian army, all willing volunteers. Here again high-caste disapproval counts for practically nothing.

## Funds from Axis?

A look back over recent past years suggests very strongly that the funds required for Congress purposes may have been supplied in some measure by governments which are now at war with Britain. It would be natural for German and Japanese "philanthropists" to provide the Congress emissaries with funds from time to time. Another source of income was plain highway robbery. Gangs of high-caste persons have made a practice in years gone by of looting villages to supply the Congress chest, the participants being usually students. The Congress has consistently sought to corrupt the students throughout India. Its members have instilled into their minds an unreasoning hatred of the British, coupled with a complete indifference to the moral quality of the means by which political ends are achieved.

But still another speculation seems to be justified by recent events. It will be remembered that Gandhi has professed himself ready to negotiate with the Japanese as soon as he and his associates should get control of India. We may assume that he and his party have been making an offer to the Japanese to substitute their rule for that of the British in India. The consideration for the deal would presumably have been an undertaking to restore to the high castes their ancient powers and privileges.

Of course, if anything like this has taken place, and if, as appears equally likely, the Congress leaders have accepted money from the Japanese for treasonable practices, the latter are in a position of being able to levy blackmail. All they have to do to secure acquiescence in any order is to threaten to expose their activities to the Indian government. The exposure would result in their immediate arrest and trial on the capital charge of treason.

The sooner it is realized in America that the Indian Congress is not a group of high-minded ascetics, but a camarilla of cunning and exceedingly unscrupulous traitors to their country, the sooner will the public on this side of the Atlantic arrive at a just view of the chief problems presented by India.

**That the epic story of its defenders' bravery may be well recorded in history, a Royal Air Force film unit has made a film of Malta during enemy air raids. The photograph above is from the film, which tells of Malta's ordeal, and shows a child casualty being removed to safety during the height of a raid following a hit on a children's hospital. Early this week Malta's defenders established a new daylight record as they shot down 12 Axis bombers and 10 fighters in meeting one of the enemy's new large-scale air attacks, described as the heaviest in months. Fighters and anti-aircraft guns of the Island stronghold had previously destroyed 24 planes during 24 hours, but never before in three years of attacks had they accounted for so many during daytime.**

**Despite continued successes against Jap forces in New Guinea and elsewhere within the Southwestern Pacific Command, Australians are not too confident that they will not feel the weight of large-scale air raids. Hence the construction of many underground hospital wards such as the one shown here where the care of injured may be carried on without interruption by the enemy. Nurses in this picture are making up the double-tiered bunks which in each ward accommodate 40 patients. News from the New Guinea fighting area continued favorable to the United Nations forces this week and told of successful skirmishes with Japanese troops in the vicinity of the gap which leads through the Owen Stanley Mountains and of some considerable gains made north of Myola.**

# How Do We Know We Surprised 'em at Dieppe?

BY HENRY PETERSON

**Mr. Peterson, that doughty exponent of the art of war as studied by Chinese generals and philosophers two thousand years ago, thinks that the explanation of the Dieppe casualty lists is that we failed to deceive the enemy.**

**He suggests that the Germans probably have means of detecting the movements of propellor-driven vessels in the English Channel.**

**And he warns us that we must deceive the enemy if we are going to defeat him. "All warfare is based on deception."**

THERE is one insistent note in all the reports about Dieppe that frightens me. All accounts, official and eye-witness, declare almost as an article of faith that Rundstedt did not know we were coming.

Why, the argument run,—why, if they knew we were coming, were German soldiers caught in bed at Dieppe? The consideration of that question brings us up against the fundamental matter of the very nature of deception; so we will leave it until we have first looked into a few pertinent details concerning the Dieppe show.

Dieppe was an army show. The conflict between the R.A.F. and the Luftwaffe, despite the severe mauling it caused to the latter, was only a side-show; it could not have taught our High Command anything it did not know before, and the destruction of a couple of hundred German aircraft is neither here nor there.

And if Dieppe was an army show, army Intelligence should have been able to discover, in a friendly city—Dieppe is not a German city—the weight of the tank traps set up against invasion, without having to test them with six-pounder guns, at the price of heaven knows how many lives.

## Passchendaele Mind

For more than two years we have been saying that if our land forces only had proper air protection, proper equipment and proper training they would make short work of the enemy. Well, we had all three at Dieppe, and Dieppe was a severe failure, for the losses far outweighed the gains by any measure that is not corrupted by wishful thinking. What, then, was wrong? There is only one factor left, a factor which we must put in a foremost place in our thinking if we are ever to learn this business of war; and that factor was generalship.

Having begun the war with insufficient air power, insufficient equipment and insufficient training, we fell into the habit of thinking that when we had these things we should be able to win—that production would solve our military problems. In other words we fell back into the Passchendaele mind. Does not the Dieppe affair smack most distressingly of Passchendaele—a four-square plan worked out "scientifically" and then launched without regard to what might happen between the sailing of the invasion ships and their arrival on the enemy coast?

It happened that by accident the approach of the left flank was discovered by surface ships of the enemy, but still the four-square plan was pushed through, irrespective of the changed circumstance that surprise, the paramount weapon for the attack, had been struck from our hands. Surely this is to trust to heaven knows what, but certainly not to brains? So it seems that we must still learn that brains, that is, generalship, constitutes the most important factor of all in fighting. We must still learn that the decision of one man, the general, at the critical moment can lose a battle, and the decision of a Commander-in-Chief can lose even a war, which in our case means an empire.

But, having the Passchendaele mind, the mind that believes war is a science and not an art, we have come to laud the "scientific" general, that is, the one who relies more on weapons than on ruse and stratagem. But a scientific mind must needs be a slave to detail as an ant must needs haul tiny loads, or both would be something else. Thus, while the scientific mind is extremely useful in the staff work on an army, it may be a positive menace in the commander of fighting forces, for generalship requires, not an overwhelming faculty for precise details, but a broad intelligence.

Any sergeant-major in Napoleon's army could move a battalion or battery with greater skill than could Napoleon, while any of his generals could also write and carry out the details of an operational order moving a brigade or the whole army better than Napoleon. But no-one in the Grande Armée could match Napoleon in seeing how a single tiny circumstance had vitiated an original plan, and in making an instantaneous decision to meet the new conditions.

**First-class example of the way the British are giving all they've got to winning the war is 21-year-old Fred Cottam, above, an ex-soldier who lost both legs at Dunkirk. Now he works 10 hours a day at a bench in a munitions factory. Fellow-workers are shown helping him on his way.**

## Allied Advantage

It is fortunate indeed for mankind that the commanders on the United Nations side who have had to make the gravest decisions on the field of battle—Stalin and Timoshenko, Chiang Kai-shek and Pai Chunghsi—are not scientific soldiers, and that the German generals in Russia (unlike Rommel) have been. It is fortunate too that for the first two years of the China war the Japanese generals were also scientific soldiers, and therefore denied themselves the horse sense with which they later made such short work of our South-Western Pacific defences, which were equipped with more weapons and planes than poor China has had in the whole five years of her fight, led by generals of the unscientific Napoleonic stamp.

Still, the most difficult mental feat for most human beings is to see the obvious, hence Napoleon's exasperated cry, when he once lashed out at his blundering generals who were so skilled technically, that the rarest thing to find in men was common sense.

Let us get it firmly into our heads that good generalship is merely the outcome of common sense applied to the problems of war, plus a certain temperament.

What then makes a good commander? Five thousand years of recorded fighting has shown that every great commander has, above all, been a mighty gambler in conceiving his strategic plan, yet a gambler who has accurately measured the psychological and material factors, and who therefore in the execution of his tactics so imposes his will on his opponent that, though he must risk the fate of his army at a throw, the gamble has become almost a certainty.

This dual characteristic of a great commander cannot be better illustrated than by a couple of quotations from Sun Tzu's "Art of War," whose profundity becomes the more apparent the longer this war of ours, twenty-five centuries later, goes on.

The first passage runs as follows: *At the critical moment, the leader of an army acts like one who has climbed to a height and then kicks away the ladder behind him.*

And the second: *What the ancients called a clever fighter is one who not only wins, but excels in winning with ease. Hence his victories bring him neither reputation for wisdom nor credit for courage. He wins his battles by making no mistakes. Making no mistakes is what establishes the certainty of victory, for it means conquering an enemy that is already defeated. Hence the skilful fighter puts himself into a position which makes defeat impossible, but does not miss the MOMENT for defeating the enemy. Thus it is that in war the victorious strategist only seeks battle after the victory has been won, whereas he who is destined to defeat first fights and afterwards looks for victory.*

So a good commander, a "clever fighter", must not only make no parade of military virtues, but must both gamble and make no mistakes.

## Art Versus Science

How much does this not tell us of why Sun Tzu's descendants have done so well in war? All must agree that the instinct to gamble to gain victory is easier to find in an amateur soldier than in a professional one, whose very livelihood depends on promotion, and whose promotion depends on conforming to the codes of his career and the prevailing dogma of the High Command, both of which in rich countries must be based on safety-first notions.

And as his mental equipment limits a professional soldier, so is a scientific soldier limited by his mental equipment, for war is not a science but an art, and all arts demand that details be rigidly subordinated to a broad imagination. It was our basic concept, that war is a science, that made it so easy for the Japanese generals, who had re-learnt that war is an art, to sweep through our "scientific" defences in the South West Pacific with what our "military experts" have now also learnt to call their "old-fashioned" methods, really meaning common sense methods based on the eternal first principles of war applied to specific problems.

More, these staggeringly successful methods were firmly based on deception, on which Sun Tzu categorically lays down an all-embracing dictum, which no other writer on war has ever done in any country in any century. It is: ALL WARFARE IS BASED ON DECEPTION. Which brings us back to Dieppe.

All accounts have stressed that because some German soldiers were caught in bed, Rundstedt could not have known we were coming. Such naivety at this late hour, and just before we open the second front, is terrifying. It involves the assumption that we do not have to go to any particular trouble to deceive our German enemy. It involves the assumption that he has no means of getting information of the movement of even a large flotilla of screw-propelled vessels moving about all night on the surface of the Engish Channel.

What could such means be? The possibilities are endless. Thinking of Dieppe on the night when the heaviness of the casualties was first announced, I suddenly sat up straight in bed and asked a question of the darkness: "Is it not possible that Rundstedt has baby submarines posted along the Channel, lying still on the bottom, placed there not to fight but to listen for propellors, and to transmit back their direction and volume by telephone lines, which would not betray their presence as would radio?"

Mechanically such a device would present no difficulties. Indeed the German would be curiously slow if he did not have some device for listening for propellor movements all the way from Hull to Penzance, to supplement the information which he can secure almost daily from aerial photographs. And if he has, do not suppose for a minute that he is going to give away this secret, this terrific advantage against our invasion forces, until we actually come to invade in earnest. He will not let it be known to us, and he will not let it be known even to his own armies. Outside of a very small number on the staff, only the few trusted officers manning the submarines, and their crews, would be in on such a secret. And if German soldiers were caught in bed in Dieppe and there were other signs which looked as if the defenders were taken by surprise, so much the better.

So in heaven's name, let not our High Command assume that Rundstedt did not know we were coming to Dieppe. And still more, let them not assume that he will not know when we start out for the larger Dieppe that is to finish up the war.

## Among French Canadians Who Won Honours at Dieppe—

LIEUT.-COL. DOLLARD MENARD

CAPT. ROBERT H. LAJOIE

**Representative of the many French Canadians at Dieppe who distinguished themselves in that epic operation are these members of Les Fusiliers Mont Royal. Officer Commanding Les Fusiliers, Lieut.-Col. Menard was awarded the D.S.O. for the manner in which he directed his regiment at Dieppe, although wounded five times. Colonel Menard, a resident of Quebec City, has been a Permanent Force officer since graduation from R.M.C. in 1936. He served in India from 1938 to 1940, going from there to Hong Kong where he was with the China Fleet and the Royal Engineers. Returning to Canada in March 1940, he held various staff appointments until June 1940 when he proceeded overseas. On promotion to Lieut.-Col. in March of this year he assumed his present command of Les Fusiliers. Capt. Robert H. Lajoie, 29, of Montreal was awarded the Military Cross. He was first commissioned with Les Fusiliers Mont Royal in 1938. He was mobilized with that unit in 1939 and proceeded overseas. In Nov. 1940 he was posted from Les Fusiliers Mont Royal to the 5th Canadian Reconnaissance Squadron and was promoted to rank of Captain, Dec. 1941. Hon. Capt. the Rev. Father Joseph Sabourin, Chaplain with Les Fusiliers Mont Royal, was Mentioned in Despatches. He is 41 years old, was educated at Montreal College, Grand Seminaire of Montreal and the Canadian College in Rome. Lieut. Pierre Benoit, 23, of Montreal received the Military Cross. Commissioned with the Universite de Montreal C.O.T.C. in 1940, he then transferred to Les Fusiliers Mont Royal, going overseas as a reinforcement officer. He had previously served in the ranks of the 20th Ambulance, Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps. Lieut. Benoit was educated at Ecole Sup. le Plateau and the College of St. Laurent.**

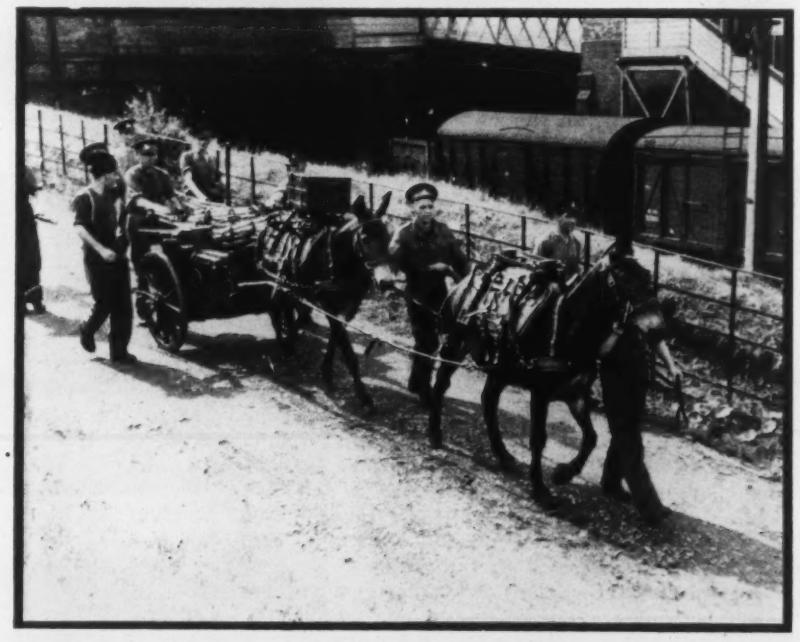
HON. CAPT. FATHER SABOURIN

LIEUT. PIERRE BENOIT

## It's a War of Machines, but Horses Have a Place in It

**To lovers of horses and to many a fierce moustached ex-cavalryman of "the old school", Ottawa's recent decision to admit the horse to the Canadian Army once again is good news. True, this once highly important factor in military operations is not to be on what might be called "combatant footing", and whether he is to be permanently "on strength" will depend, Department of National Defence officials say, on how much saving of gasoline, oil and tires is possible through his use. So far there is no suggestion that horses be used for battle purposes, such as hauling guns or carrying fighting men as in the first Great War; their duties will be confined to hauling jobs in Canadian Army camps.**

**In Britain, however, the horse is playing a much greater part in the wartime economy and has regained much of his former place in both the army and civilian sphere. It may come as a surprise to many to know that, so far is the Army from being mechanized entirely, it now uses horses and mules to an extent which requires maintenance of veterinary hospitals. Such units as Mountain Batteries and Pack Transport require their animals in the best of condition and when sick or injured are sent to these hospitals for treatment. The picture above is of a Royal Army Veterinary Corps hospital in England and shows a group of "general service" wagons leaving to collect forage and supplies. The hospital is on what was once one of England's most famous race-tracks.**



**Although the present war is largely one of machines, there are times when machines may be profitably replaced by mulepower as in the case of mountain batteries like the one above whose training grounds are the hills of Wales. Below: horses now pull Royal Mail vans in London where in two postal areas alone, it is said, 5,000 gals. of "petrol" per year is saved by the use of 54 horse-drawn vehicles in place of motor vans.**

# THE OTTAWA LETTER

## LaFleche Will Be a Power in the Cabinet

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

A GOOD many people who are in a position to know a lot about Quebec believe Mr. King would have spared himself most of the political trouble and embarrassment he has experienced in the last eight or ten months and have prevented much of whatever impairment to the war effort has resulted from the difference between Quebec and the rest of the country over conscription for overseas service, had he done a year or more ago the leadership job he did last week in appointing Major General LaFleche to a post of importance in the Cabinet. Those who hold this view base it on a belief that the trouble about conscription could have been avoided had the Government approached the French-Canadian people in a spirit of frankness and through a member of their own race whom they trusted and taken them into its confidence regarding the war and its meaning for Canada. They have believed all along that the people of Quebec would have been prepared to enter fully into the effort and sacrifices of the war had they been approached in this manner.

Quarters in Quebec which might be expected to command very serious attention at Ottawa have recommended the course now taken throughout the period referred to, without apparently being able to overcome the influence of counter forces. But even without any intimate knowledge of Quebec it would be easy to understand that two things were essential in any approach to the people of the province which could be expected to succeed: (1) that it be made by a French-Canadian esteemed among his peoples; (2) that this French-Canadian be a convinced total war man, fully seized of the meaning of the war for Canada and for every Canadian. Not since the death of Mr. Lapointe at least has there been even a pretence at such an approach.

### Much Time Lost

Much time has been lost and much harm done that will be difficult to undo, but we are assured—again in quarters that should understand Quebec—that the elevation even now of General LaFleche to the Cabinet, and to a position of such prominence in the Cabinet that he will be able to give leadership not only to his own province but to the whole country, may be regarded as a distinct blessing to Canada's war effort and the most important happening on the home front since at least before the plebiscite. The expectation is that he will be able to go far in winning his people to an understanding of what is at stake in the war. The nature of his effort in this direction is likely to be such as to promote a better understanding among English-speaking Canadians of their Quebec fellow-citizens. We are advised also that the approach which can now be made to Quebec through General LaFleche will have effective support in quarters which could not have taken a very enthusiastic part in any approach that has been made for quite a long time.

The fact that the Department of National War Services to which General LaFleche has been named has been shorn of most of its administrative functions—the manpower call-up having gone to unified control under the Selective Service division of the Labor Department, the Public Information branch to the cautious personal jurisdiction of the Prime Minister himself—does not, we think, lessen the significance of the appointment. The name of the department is more weighty in respect of war leadership than those of any others except Finance, Munitions and Supply, and Defence. Lack of heavy administrative responsibilities is more likely to give the new Minister influence on government policy than otherwise. The late Mr. Lapointe was the most active and influential member of the Government under the Prime Minister and his administrative duties were comparatively light, the Justice Department pretty well running itself.

### The Winnipeg Convention

The move of the Conservatives towards restoration of the party's vitality through a wide-open national convention at Winnipeg in December is doubtless welcomed in all quarters concerned with the national interest, and has probably attracted a good deal of attention throughout the country, but Ottawa seemed hardly aware that it was being made. This was not entirely because Ottawa has been finding it increasingly difficult to remain interested in the Conservative Party for very long, although that had something to do with it. Mr. King was largely responsible, through timing his Cabinet reorganization for the same day and the same issues of the newspapers as the convention decisions of the National Conservative Committee. Soft-hearted people who dislike to see advantage being taken of a fellow when he is down thought that a proper spirit of generosity would have suggested to the Prime Minister that he could have afforded to pick some other day for his own political moves and allow the struggling Conservatives a larger share of public attention. There is no failure to realize, however, that the possibility of the Conservative Party acquiring strong new leadership and thereby putting itself in a position to influence the affairs of the country in the war and after is of much more than narrow party significance. Not the least numerous of those who want to see the Conservative Party restored are nationally-minded Liberals who are anxious about the future.

A principal factor discouraging any keen interest in the convention in advance is the obscure outlook regarding strong leadership material from which the party could make its choice. Of the eight or ten names being mentioned as possibilities, not more than two or three are possibilities at all, and any strong hope for the future of the party would suggest still further eliminations. Perhaps material will show up in quarters not now considered. The adoption by the Convention Committee of Mr. Meighen's suggestion that the convention be open to all outside the Conservative Party who want to be associated for a strong unified war effort may be significant of possibilities.

### Billeting in Ottawa?

Locally, Ottawa is more than a little agitated over the suggestion that there may be enforced billeting of incoming civil servants on private householders. Citizens write to the newspapers expressing indignation at the idea; other citizens write accusing the indignant ones of selfishness and lack of patriotism. Out of the controversy comes the disclosure that householders are discouraged from taking strangers into their homes by the Gordon Board regulations designed to protect tenants from eviction, which apply to rooms as well as to apartments and houses. The possibility that householders may more readily take the homeless into their spare-rooms if they are assured they can throw them out should they prove undesirable is now inducing the Gordon Board to relax the regulation.

Because it seems to us that the householders of Ottawa have done exceedingly well by the tens of thousands of newcomers, and the Federal Government very poorly, we feel sympathetic towards the attitude of Mayor Lewis of the Capital City who denounces the "threatening statements" of control officials about compulsory billeting and promises to officially oppose any move to make good the threats. The Mayor reminds the control officials that the city is not yet under martial law but is still administered by the municipal government of the people. Without any outward evidence that private citizens were being selfish regarding their accommodation, the control authority had accompanied the threat about billeting with an observation about "hoarding" of living quarters being as unpatriotic as other kinds of hoarding. And we have the feeling that there are far too many loose and unwarranted statements by control officials imputing want of patriotism to groups of people at large, the majority of whom were ready and anxious to do their part in the war long before there were any control officials to make blanket charges of lack of patriotism against them.

### Office Space Only

The Federal Government hasn't asked its officials to move over and make space in their offices for the thousands of new workers in war departments. It found money and materials for tens of acres of new office buildings. But it took a year or more to think about a single residence for new women workers already crowded a year ago in the city's rooming houses. With the housing shortage in Ottawa so definitely recognized, and with property owners prevented from commercial building by control restrictions, it seems about time for the Government to consider sleeping space for those for whom it provides working space.

The Cabinet reorganization, and particularly the elimination of the Minister immediately in charge of the matter, gave the Government an excuse for delaying announcement of its promised concessions to the prohibitionists. Word is that it really paused to reconsider. A lot of resistance to "disguised prohibition" is working up down Montreal way. It may not go as far as had been intended. But it is going to do something for them—even if it is nothing more than restrict the release of liquor from bond to retail outlets. The campaign for sales restrictions is something that can be passed over to the provinces.

**This photograph, taken at a glider training centre in England, shows one of the motorless craft in tow behind a power plane. Air-borne troops are now being trained by RAF pilots to guide the gliders so that when these are set free over enemy territory the troops within them can glide to their objective.**

**With the appetite-stirring aroma that says . . . "Come and get it!"**

Today's meals are *so* important in keeping up both spirits and energy. And Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup is a perfect, practical, inexpensive *morale-builder* for any meal. With its creamy smoothness and delightful taste, this good soup fits into the smartest dinner, adds a delightful dash of difference to family suppers, turns the simplest lunch into a tempting treat!

Before Campbell's started making it, cream of mushroom was a specialty of clubs and restaurants—unknown to most homes. Today, Campbell's Cream of Mushroom is enjoyed by millions of people. They praise its creaminess, its nourishing goodness and, above all, its rare tempting flavour. Campbell's Cream of Mushroom is made of young hothouse mushrooms and extra-thick cream, seasoned delicately and supplied lavishly with tender mushroom slices.

**Once saved for company, now a soup for any day!**

At first, women were inclined to reserve Campbell's Cream of Mushroom for "special occasions." But their families soon said "Oh, no—we want it often!" And today you'll find savory, steaming plates of it on Canadian family tables everywhere. Have you had Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup yet?

We're dining a crowd of Canadian troops. They sure go for Mushroom —the cream of the soups!

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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's CREAM of MUSHROOM

# How Far Can Women Meet Manpower Crisis?

BY ANNE FROMER

**"The supply of employable men in Canada is exhausted. We have come to the point where we must put our dependence on woman-power." The words are those of Mrs. Rex Eaton, director of women's selective service, and they point to a new phase in Canada's wartime economy.**

**Victory has become contingent upon women's ability to man the machines that make war's weapons, upon women's capacity to meet and better production schedules, upon women's endurance in the strain of an industrial emergency.**

**Can they do it? In this article are suggested the pros and cons of the problem of womanpower.**

HELP Wanted—Female!

From hundreds of undermanned order-burdened war industries comes the clamor for female help, for able-bodied women to "man" the nation's expanding arsenals.

The story of women in war industry is not new. But what is new is this: that the vast majority of women who worked in war factories in 1940, last year, and even today, in addition to motives of highest loyalty, were those who gravitated to that work because they were eminently suited for it, temperamentally, physically, and by training. But before the year is out that story is destined to become a saga. Canada's women will find themselves, by the hundreds of thousands, engaged in war industry for the simplest and most urgent reason—that victory demands it.

The position is stated quite bluntly by Mrs. Rex Eaton, assistant director of National Selective Service, in charge of women: "The supply of employable men in Canada is exhausted. We have come to the point where we have to put our dependence on woman power."

Already there are 150,000 women in war industry but manpower director Elliott Little is about to dip even more deeply into Canada's feminine reserves, and hopes to come up with a quarter of a million new workers in the next five months, an almost complete cross-section slice of Canada's womanhood. Before the war is won, employment of women in war factories at its peak will exceed men possibly by as much as 2 to 1. In other words, we must look to the implications of the time when Canadian industry is predominantly feminine.

The labor emergency facing Canada today means that even if women were far less efficient workers than men, even if their production were lower and more expensive, the country would need them, would have to use them.

## Women Require More

Fortunately, this is not true. It is true that to employ a nation's womanhood on a large scale is more troublesome than employing men. It is true that you cannot uproot the wives and mothers of a community without providing a number of services and concessions which men do not need: nursery schools for young children; more complete provision of industrial hygiene measures—women are more susceptible to skin trouble caused by chemicals in the plants; convenient transportation facilities late at night; suitable housing; supervised nutrition; more elaborate rest room facilities; time off for attention to grooming; maintenance of morals and morale.

In other words, all the items that come under the heading of industrial welfare have to reach a new high when women are employed en masse, despite the emergency conditions under which industry is operating. There are admitted limitations. The average woman has only half a man's lifting power, two-thirds of his pulling strength, her endurance on night shifts particularly is rather less than that of men.

On the credit side of the balance sheet are these facts: of the 623 operations required in war plants, women can successfully perform all but 57. They have proved that their lighter touch means faster work on operations requiring manual dexterity; that they are sharper at inspection because all their lives they have been accustomed to pay more attention to detail; that generations spent at monotonous tasks of the housewife have given them more patience in handling repetitious machines. In addition to handling tools and machines they have shown great skill in production planning, in routing and control of operations connected with production, drafting, toolcrib, and store tending, dispatching and timekeeping.

## Ability as Inspectors

Women are considered exceptionally able inspectors and most plants have a number on their staff. On the Inspection Board of the United Kingdom and Canada there are more than 8000 unskilled and 350 skilled inspectors, all women, and their work includes passing on munitions, inspecting gun barrels and gun-carriage parts, explosives, radio equipment and rejected materials.

To siphon off the needed quarter million women into war industry, the Selective Service Board has instituted a nation-wide "inventory" of women by means of registration. First group to be registered were women between 20 and 24, except members of religious orders, active forces, inmates of hospitals and jails, or those in insurable employment, but now a far more inclusive register—18 to 50—is being considered.

Already more than 200,000 have registered of whom 50,000 are ready to start full time work at once, and 17,500 are prepared for part-time. This plan goes beyond, but does not replace the previous methods of enlisting women—patriotic appeals by national leaders, local recruiting campaigns, and the closing down of non-essential industries to release workers.

Women who registered in this latest "census" may be wondering "what next?"

As this is written, registration cards are being closely examined by officials in Ottawa, classified, and returned to the newly-formed women's branches of regional Selective Service offices for "action".

Within a matter of days, registrants will be "given appointments" in town. These appointments are not quite like appointments with hairdressers or dentists—they cannot be broken because of whims, tea parties, or bridge games. Naturally, they are not dictatorially "or else"—but they must be kept at a mutually agreed time.

## Employment Advisers

Specially selected "employment advisers" now being appointed by the Civil Service Commission will interview the registrant and in a half-hour's friendly tete-a-tete will go deep into her capabilities, experience, temperament, preferences of work. This will be the final interview before the registrant actually goes to work.

Beside the adviser will be a pile of "workers wanted" requests from local industry. Adviser and registrant will go over them together, mutually—it is hoped—agree on one that suits, and the registrant may start on her new job as early as tomorrow morning.

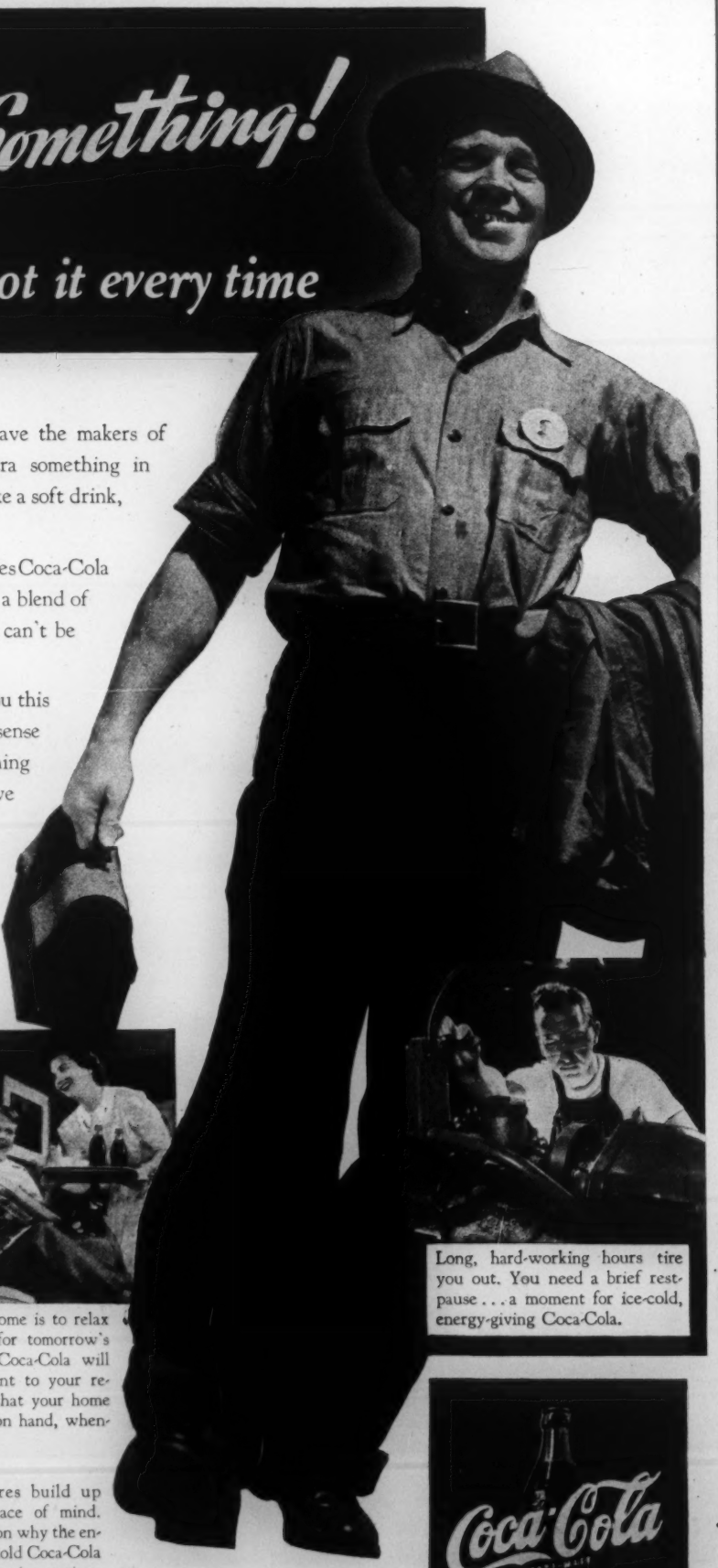
She's "in the army now"—the industrial army, but the registration is only the beginning. The majority of new workers will be housewives, stenographers, waitresses and others utterly unfamiliar with the big machines they are to operate. Few of them will feel like the young matron who told Mrs. Eaton: "My life will be ruined if I can't be a welder. And I'm sure I'd be good at it too, because welding is like baking cakes—you need a feeling for the temperature and consistency of the ingredients." And she became a welder too, although perhaps not entirely on the basis of her "experience".

A large proportion of the new workers will need considerable training, and one of the most important features of the "womanpower drive" is its carefully planned systems of training inexperienced women into efficient machine operators in the shortest possible time. Basic training system is the chain of technical schools which have been set up in Ontario, Quebec, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia to teach ma-

**Assistant Director of Women's Selective Service, Mrs. Rex Eaton says: "... we have come to the point where we have to put our dependence on woman power." In Britain this point has long been reached. There is virtually no "man's job" there that today is not being carried on by women like those shown above, busy on railway bridge maintenance work.**


That Extra Something!

...You can spot it every time



Skilled workers have "know how". So have the makers of Coca-Cola. That's why you find that extra something in ice-cold Coca-Cola. Almost anybody can make a soft drink, but nobody else can make Coca-Cola.

You sense a finished art in its making which gives Coca-Cola a special quality. Its unique taste comes from a blend of pure, wholesome essences—refreshment that can't be duplicated.

What other drink of any kind could give you this special plus ... this unique taste and after-sense of refreshment? When you realize that nothing takes the place of ice-cold Coca-Cola, you have millions of other folks for company. It's the best-liked soft drink on Earth—because contentment comes when you connect with a Coke.

Wartime limits the supply of Coca-Cola. Those times when you cannot get it, remember: Coca-Cola, being first choice, sells out first. Ask for it each time. No matter how short the supply, the quality of Coca-Cola will not be changed in any respect.

Long, hard-working hours tire you out. You need a brief rest-pause ... a moment for ice-cold, energy-giving Coca-Cola.

Your job at home is to relax and keep fit for tomorrow's job. Ice-cold Coca-Cola will add refreshment to your relaxation. See that your home has a supply on hand, whenever possible.

Simple pleasures build up morale and peace of mind. That's one reason why the enjoyment of ice-cold Coca-Cola has new meaning in wartime.

Coca-Cola

*The best is always the better buy!*

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

chine shop practice, fine instrument machining, electric wiring and aircraft fabrication. In Toronto 400 women are training at four technical and vocational schools.

The duration of the courses varies from two weeks to four months. The shortest fits the trainee for bench work using hand tools and machine shop work using lathes, drills and shapers. The aircraft work course can be completed in six to eight weeks and equips the trainee for work on fuselages and on the assembly line. A welder is made in ten weeks. The four month courses are in industrial chemistry and turn out fully qualified laboratory assistants. Special drafting and fine-instrument work, which prepares girls for employment with firms manufacturing aircraft instruments, is another course requiring the maximum time.

Dominion, provincial and municipal governments subsidize the emergency training plan and subsistence allowances are paid the trainees according to their needs. Single women away from home get $8 a week, and a minimum of $5 is paid trainees not required to contribute to the family income.

Nearly 1,400 women from these classes completed their training and were placed during July alone. On July 31 there were 1,504 women in training..

## Plant Schools

The training given in these pre-employment classes is rather general. Post-graduate work, aimed at teaching the women their specific jobs, is undertaken by two major programs—plant schools and job instructors. Why have two systems, it might be asked? Could it not be decided which of the systems was most efficient and concentrate on it? The answer is simple. Plant schools are designed to teach workers in the shortest possible time the special jobs to be done in that plant, while job instructors teach workers the most efficient standardized practice, in use in all plants throughout Canada.

Plant schools were inaugurated early this year in four Ontario and one Quebec plant, under approval of the Department of Labor. Field representatives of the federal training branch co-operated with the plants. Official objective of the schools is "to give the essential technical knowledge and practical skill for a specialized occupation in the shortest possible time".

The schools are located within the factories and salaries of instructors are paid by the Government. Trainees also receive a subsistence allowance for a maximum of 12 weeks. Since the inauguration of the program some 30 schools have been granted the department's certificate of approval. They have a single-shift capacity for some 800 trainees or 2,400 trainees on a three-shift basis. Since courses run from three to 12 weeks, with an average duration of 7½ weeks, the average potential turnover is 16,800 trainees a year, and additional schools are being established all the time.

## Job Instructors

The other main system of training new workers, the "job instructor" program, operates on the "chain letter" idea, and is geared to produce 15,000 war plant job instructors in three months, according to Hon. Humphrey Mitchell, Minister of Labor.

His department "borrowed" Clifton H. Cox from the "Training-Within-Industry" division of the U.S. War Production Board to train a group of 12 supervisors chosen from the principal war production areas by officials of the training branch as "institute conductors". After intensive training they returned to their home cities—Toronto, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Hamilton, Kingston and Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Port Hope, Oshawa, London and Chatham, to open 12 training institutes to which war plants in those areas send selected employees. These courses, lasting a week, are also conducted for groups of 12.

Men and women trained in the institutes are given certificates as "war production trainers". They, in turn, open courses in their respective plants in "job instructor" training for men and women who are engaged in a supervisory capacity. Each job instructor trainer in the plant handles four groups of 12 at a time. By staggering the classes over two weeks so as not to keep plant supervisors away from their jobs for too long at a time, it will be possible for each trainer in a plant to produce 48 instructors every three weeks. They will receive certificates in turn as war production job instructors.

"This program is designed to develop and improve the facility of persons responsible for training others and to provide uniformly effective instruction for all our war plants," said Hon. Humphrey Mitchell. "The instructors will be equipped to train more rapidly and efficiently the workers at the bench and the machine, in the job they are to do. The plan should do a great deal to better production schedules all through industry. It has been shown in the U.S. that one of its most important benefits is in the development of new workers—those thousands of new hands to whom factory life is both new and strange."

And so a quarter of a million Canadian women march to war—in overalls.

**Rest time in a war day nursery at Windsor, England: an inevitable development on wider scale than now witnessed in Canada will be such institutions to look after children of women working in war industries.**

AS WEEKS of war have stretched into months and years, men and women of General Motors have piled up the staggering total of over 25 million man-hours of work in the production of the much-needed "tools to finish the job." Today, in every theatre of battle, the guns and shell components, transport and combat vehicles from General Motors of Canada support the fighting men, help them strike the blows that will hasten peace throughout the world.

It is well to remember that when the clouds of war burst over the people of Canada more than three years ago, they found a country unprepared, save in the keen minds and broad backs of its people and the equipment of its great industries. That these people and industries readily responded is evidenced by the vast quantities of war materials that day after day pour from our factories, the products of the unresting efforts of Canadian men and women.

When the all-important goal of Victory is achieved, the men and women of General Motors will return to the business of building cars and trucks, will lend their brains and strength to the affairs of a nation at peace. Until then, there is only one job to be done, whether it takes another 25 million man-hours, a hundred million or a billion.

And so, today, at General Motors we have only one thought in mind—"Victory is our Business!"

*Canadian-built GM War Products*
*Are Serving in Every Theatre of War*

GM GENERAL MOTORS



THE GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA LIMITED

# The Ramparts of India: A Century of the Khyber

BY DAVID ENGLAND

**Axis ambitions visualize Nazis and Japs linking hands on the fertile plains of India. If the Nazis take the Caucasus, will they try to force the Khyber Pass to India? And could they succeed?**

INDIA has another frontier which, in these days of threats from the East, we are inclined to lose sight of. Yet if the Nazis gain their objectives in the Caucasus, added to another assault upon Egypt, this rocky rampart would assume a vital significance in Imperial strategy.

If the average person does not think of it, the British and Indian troops guarding it are never allowed to forget that wars and tumults have been the chief characteristic of the North-West frontier down the centuries. Keeping watch on this wild country are men who fought throughout the short campaign in France and whose memories of Dunkirk are still vivid, magnificent troops of India's so-called "fighting races", for whom the fanaticism of Congress extremists has no meaning, and, of course, the ubiquitous machines of the R.A.F.

Life in those savage parts is not easy. The officer commanding the turbulent Waziristan district has, after a brilliant surprise march through country teeming with armed tribesmen, where every village is walled and has its watch-tower, and every hill-top is an eyrie for sharpshooters, relieved a British outpost, whose supplies had been cut off for three months by repeated sabotage of road communications. In such country everything is in favor of the cunning tribesmen who know every rock, and one by one each vantage point must be reduced, for half a dozen determined snipers ensconced in one such natural fortress can hold up a column. But British troops aided by the Indian units, are proving more than a match for them.

Fortunately, although it is well known that Nazi agents have been active in Afghanistan and neighboring territories, Axis propaganda has fallen on stony ground. The tribesmen fight because it is in their blood. Like certain ebullient politicians, they must always be "agin the Government". As a matter of fact quite a number of Pathan hillmen have enlisted in the tribal legion of guerrillas, and in a speech to the Afridis (most powerful of the Pathan warrior tribes) Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, during his visit to India, expressed the hope that "my brothers of the Khyber" would join hands with the Allies to defeat the Axis. The Afridis have furnished many fine soldiers in the Indian Army.

It is an interesting historical fact that it is exactly 100 years ago since General Pollock made his daring attacks on the Khyber, without question the world's most famous mountain pass. After forcing it he marched on and relieved Jalalabad, finally occupying Kabul. This notable expedition was undertaken to revenge the terrible disasters of the previous year, when the Afghans broke their plighted word to respect the terms of a convention made with the British. The latter evacuated Kabul in accordance with this, but then the Afghans fell upon them and indescribable scenes of confusion and massacre followed. In a week an army had been reduced to 20 muskets; and Dr. Brydon, the sole survivor of the Army of Kabul, except those the Afghans had taken prisoner, reached Jalalabad alone.

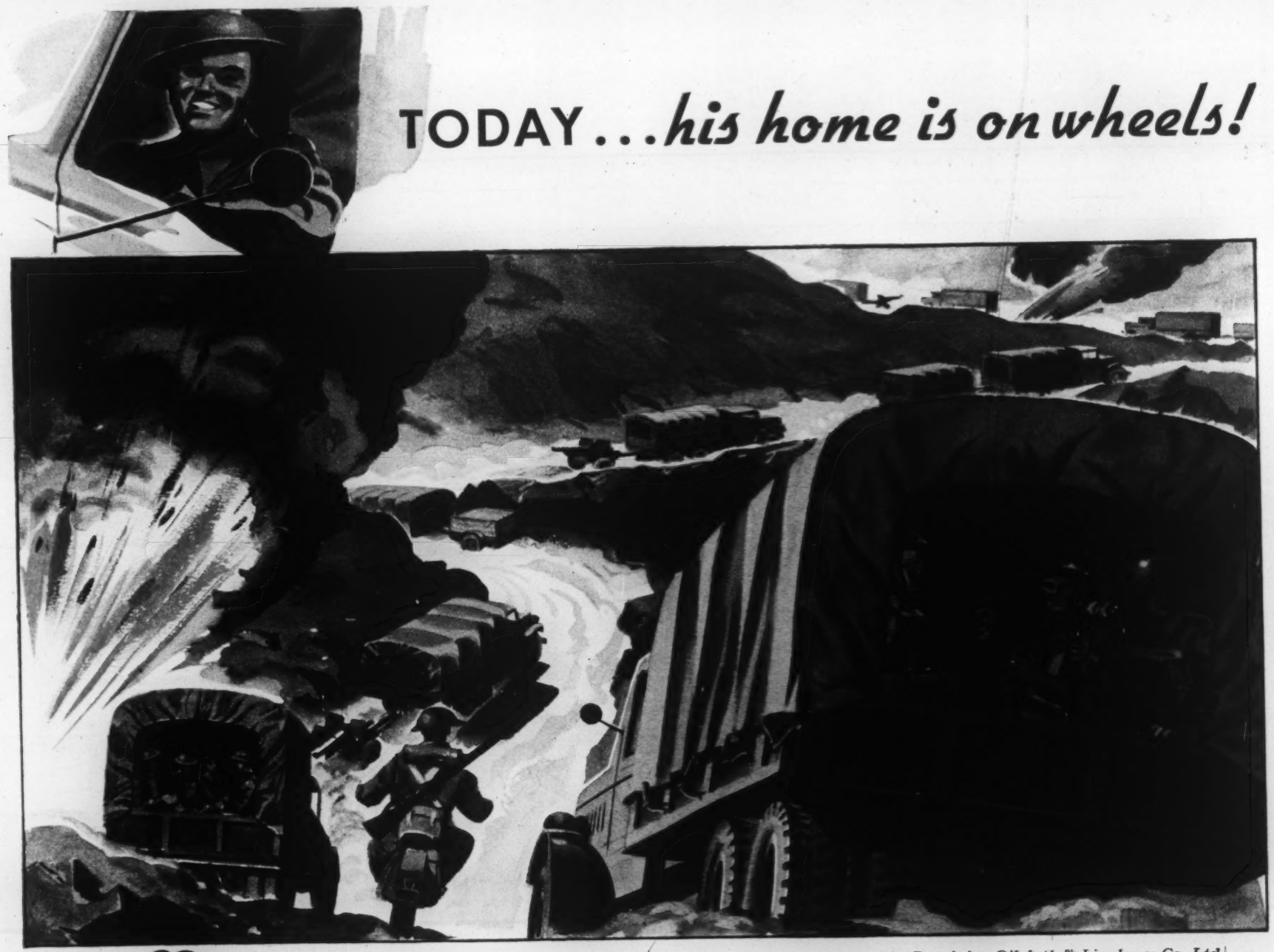
## Under British Control

It was just over a quarter of a century later that the pass came fully under British control. Then the way through it consisted of a rocky track, traversed throughout the ages by caravans, but before the end of the century a road was driven through. For many years the defile was the scene of turbulent operations. The British were often hard pressed, and as late as 1897 the neighboring tribes succeeded in gaining control of it. They held out for months. Since the advent of mechanized transport the road has been much improved and lorries and cars are able to run straight through to Kabul.

Through this historic defile, only 15 feet broad at its narrowest point, pour all the riches of Central Asia, the lands of which are even now little known to the civilized world. Through it, too, have come the invaders of India. Axis ambitions are boundless. It is known that the most fantastic visualize Japs and Nazis linking hands on the fertile plains of India. So the question arises: is India impregnable? Victor Bayley, the man who drove the strategic railway through the Khyber, recognized as one of the most remarkable mountain railways ever built, completing it in 1925, probably knows more about this than any other person. His opinion is that the hard facts of geography force on a would-be invader a definite plan of attack, a feature which greatly facilitates the adoption of early measures for defence. Where the North-West Frontier is concerned it can be said these have been taken.

The railway mentioned has done more than anything else to make the Khyber impregnable to any attack, either by the hill tribes or other enemy. It rises to a height of 3,500 feet and cost £50,000 a mile. Thirty-two tunnels had to be bored through treacherous shale, and in the face of the wild and lawless tribes who resented it. The "stations" are halting places, rather, and they are heavily shuttered and guarded. The line serves to link up the forts and is used for the transport of troops.

At the northern end strong fortifications overlook the plains of Afghanistan.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# CANADA OVERSEAS

## "Mayor" Montague of the Canadians

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

THERE are three key men running the Canadian army organization in Britain. The first is Lieut.-General A. G. L. McNaughton, C.-in-C. of the army overseas, symbol of the Dominion's fighting effort, chief planner of our operations. The second is Lieut.-General H. D. G. Crerar, commander of the Canadian Corps, shrewd, talented organizer of our troops in order of battle. The third is Major-General the Hon. Price J. Montague, senior officer at Canadian Military Headquarters in London. He is administrative head of our organization overseas. His authority is so wide, his responsibilities so varied, that his post is most easily explained as "mayor" of the Canadian military community in Britain.

If Canada is to play its full fighting part in the coming test of arms, our army overseas must have inspiring leadership by a single responsible mind; it must be trained to the sharpest degree in the most modern style of warfare, and its morale must be kept high by a system of administrative efficiency and justice in which the men have full faith.

This prodigious job is handled by these three men, and it is a matter of the highest importance to Canadians to know that McNaughton, Crerar and Montague work together with a cordiality unattained in any Canadian war effort of past generations. There is a complete absence of personal politics. Their ambitions run parallel: They want the Canadian Army to play its fullest part in winning this war quickly—and then they want to go home.

Of the key trio, General Montague is the only militiaman. Both McNaughton and Crerar are permanent force officers. Price J. Montague, Ontario-born, is a lawyer by profession, and for 35 years a cavalry officer by hobby. After a distinguished career in the last war, in which he entered as a lieutenant and emerged a colonel, he returned to the bar in Winnipeg.

The outbreak of this war found him a judge of the Manitoba Court of King's Bench and honorary colonel of the Fort Garry Horse. He was called up for active duty and he arrived in Britain with the first Canadians in late autumn of 1939. He was a colonel then, he is a major-general now.

His duties stagger the imagination. They make the post of a big business executive back home appear like a sinecure. General Montague is (to mention only a few of his responsibilities) the official liaison between the Army overseas and National Defence Headquarters in Ottawa; he is judge advocate general of the Army and the R.C.A.F.; he is in direct command of all reinforcement units, indeed of all units not in the order of battle; he runs headquarters in London which controls the Forestry Corps, the quartermaster services, pay services, auxiliary services, medical, dental and chaplain services, the General Staff branch; he is the official through whom must go all appointments, promotions and retirements; he is chairman of the Claims Commission the daily business of which would make the average insurance company look like small potatoes; he controls civil and military crime in the army and air force; and he runs a trans-Atlantic transport service.

All this must be done with speed, efficiency and discipline and at the same time a highly sensitive balance must be maintained in order that morale should be kept high. In the performance of these multifarious duties, General Montague must answer to public opinion at home, to civil direction at Ottawa, to the Canadian high command overseas, and to British civil and military services.

I think his is one of the most fantastic responsibilities ever shouldered by an individual.

WHEN he is asked how he does it, he has a quick explanation.

"We're of one mind—Generals McNaughton, Crerar and myself," he says. "I am their Man Friday, and they have no objection to being mine when the occasion arises. We see eye to eye on what we are striving for. There is no backbiting in the Canadian commands overseas."

So much for the men with whom he must work in closest co-ordination. As for his responsibility to Ottawa, he pounds his desk and says firmly, "So far as we are concerned, the Government doesn't try to use the slightest political influence. Take promotions for example. There is no one in Canada who can have the slightest effect on a man becoming an officer in the army overseas. The selection committee does the job and the only consideration is merit. This is an important factor in morale and efficiency. French-speaking Canadians, for instance, have the fullest opportunity. We need them. There has never before been so clear an avenue for the qualified man who speaks French."

As for our liaison with the War Office, General Montague says simply, "The Statute of Westminster is being applied in the very finest spirit throughout."

If you press him further on the secrets of his organization, he will ramble off from memory the names of each departmental chief and deputy at Canadian Military Headquarters. "They are the best men Canada has," he says with a beaming pride. "My staff knows its job."

One gets the impression General Montague knows his job too. He is a vigorous man and the only readily recognizable link with his former career on the bench may be seen in his minute application of the test of fairness in any proposal involving men. He keeps a judicial mind within the frame and bearing of an old soldier. His language in conference is notable for making its point with speed and emphasis, and he is not squeamish about whether his words are included in Webster's unabridged. Although he is senior in age to any general officer in the Canadian forces overseas, he is among the youngest in mind, speech and action. He works 16 hours a day, sometimes more. And his motto, if one is to judge by his constant repetition of the phrase is, "The King's business must go on."

For General Montague, it has gone on—through blitz and discouragement and personal tragedy. When, two years ago, he received word that his wife was desperately ill in Canada and not expected to live, he weighed his personal inclination to fly to her bedside against the multiplying problems of Canada's growing army in Britain. The decision he imparted to a few intimates at Headquarters was "The King's business must go on." He remained on the job.

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# THE HITLER WAR

## Germany Starts Down The Slope To Disaster

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

WITH the German military failure in Egypt and at Stalingrad, the speeches of the Nazi leaders, and the increased terror in the occupied countries, signs are multiplying week by week that Germany has passed the crest of her successes and has started down the slope which can only end in crack-up and disaster.

In our way we will probably take up this theme, as we did the 1000-bomber raids last June, so that you may soon hear people predicting that the end is going to come "next week," or "next month," or at the latest by "Christmas." If you do, just remember how the same people predicted after Cologne that we would soon be raiding with 1000 bombers every night; and if we should miss a couple of nights on account of the weather, we would use 3000 bombers to keep up the average.

### Things Develop Slowly

It is now four and a half months since Cologne, and in the past four of these there hasn't been a single 1000-bomber raid. The Americans have been at war over ten months and, as far as is known, haven't put a single bomber over Germany yet; on only one occasion have they sent more than 100 against targets in Northern France. In North Africa we were almost ready last May to renew our offensive to destroy Rommel, when he struck instead. We have been pushing our preparations to this end, I believe, ever since the disaster of mid-June. But we have not yet been able to launch this offensive. The moral of all this is that in this war things almost always take longer to happen than one expects. It took Hitler, for example, a full half-year to prepare this summer's drive in Russia after calling a halt last December.

The Belgian Minister of Justice and Information, M. Delfosse, who has only lately escaped from Belgium to London, declared last week that "we are already in 1918," and the only real question is how long Germany's final struggle will last. The German occupation troops in his country, once smart and alert, are now dull and dejected, and complain openly about the unexpected length of the war. Those on leave from the Russian front have a real terror of being sent back; some desert, others commit suicide, rather than return.

This ought to be an expert opinion. I believe myself that we are "in 1918," and that the only real question is how far along in that year we are. Have we, for instance, still to face one more great German effort such as that of March-July 1918, or has Germany already made that last supreme effort on the Russian front? It isn't safe to carry these comparisons too far, as there are many factors in the German situation today different from those of 1918, above all the new factor introduced by our bombing. Nor must this new 1918, supposing we stand at the beginning of it, necessarily last exactly 10 months and 11 days.

If the linch-pin of the whole German system is confidence in final victory, then one might argue that the Germans stand today, after the failure of their recent gigantic exertions to win a decision in Russia, where they stood after the failure of their great double offensive of March-July 1918 to drive the British Army into the Channel and take Paris, before the Americans could appear on the field in force.

### What Happened in '18

They must know now, after Hitler's "we have to hold on to everything and see who tires soonest," and with American air raids added to the RAF, that they can no longer win the war, just as they did after their final failure at Rheims, in July 1918. Then the crack opened on August 8th, before the Canadian-Australian-British attack in front of Amiens; and when, seven weeks later, Bulgaria quit, Ludendorff at once requested his government to sue for peace.

Today, however, we haven't an army on the continent to open that fissure. If this remains for us to do, it may well be next mid-summer before we can establish a powerful army across the Channel, with adequate supplies for a big offensive. But if we consider that this is 1918 turned about, from east to west, with German troops tied down on the Channel today and all through Europe as they were in defeated Russia in 1918, and the active front in the east taking the place of the then active front in the west, then the question is whether the Russians have the offensive power to open the fissure which will crack Germany wide open.

For this a sharp blow is required. Up to now the Russians have not shown that kind of striking power. Their achievements have been rather in the line of stubborn defence, or a steady offensive pressure such as they are exerting north-west of Stalingrad, and at Rhzev, and which they applied to Mojaisk until it broke. That was the only one of the Nazis' winter strong-points which the Soviets succeeded in taking. They have never yet succeeded in pressing open the Nazi grip about Leningrad; and have been besieging Rhzev somewhat longer than the Nazis have been attacking Stalingrad, without taking the place.

From all the evidence, therefore, and considering that Russia must have been weakened by this summer's fighting as much as Germany, *materially if not morally*, it would seem unwise to expect the decisive blow to come from the Soviet side. There is also the consideration, which I have mentioned here before, that the Germans are likely to fight harder to keep the Russians, with the score which they have to settle, out of the Reich, than they would the more "humanitarian" and "sportsmanlike" British and Americans.

### Entering Final Phase

A further indication that we may be entering the final phase is the campaign which has been opened by President Roosevelt to take advantage of such German feeling and further soften the resistance to our ultimate offensive. There will be no mass reprisals against the German people, he promises. Only the ring-leaders are to be sought out and tried. It will be recalled that the 14 Points were launched by President Wilson in January 1918.

The Nazis have done their best to anticipate this, and to shout it down. As long ago as last November Goebbels began telling them that they would be utterly destroyed if they were to lose the war. In his recent speech Hitler picked up the suggestion of a Dutch newspaper in London that it might be necessary to take German children away from the Reich for a spell to re-educate them, and presented it as a fiendish scheme to steal their children and thus condemn the German nation to extinction. (The Germans have some understanding of these methods.)

I suspect that the new Nazi dodge, of chaining our prisoners, has some hidden motive connected with this. It is certain that it has no real connection with our treatment of prisoners. The Germans know how much better treated and better fed their men are than ours, and probably are contemptuous of us for our "softness," on this account. Nor are they going to be deterred from their policy by reprisals on our part. That must have been all thought out before they began.

### Hidden German Motive

When one considers it in this light, does it not look as though they had tried to push us into exactly the move we have made: reprisals against their men? Then they can trumpet this to the German people as a revelation of our true policy of mass reprisals against "innocent" Germans, selected at random.

Aside from the fact that we don't hold a quarter as many German prisoners as they hold of ours, we cannot compete with the Germans in brutality, and I don't believe we should try. Our reprisals have been taken with the aim of forcing the alleviation of the condition of our men, for whom we are deeply concerned. *The Germans began this with entire unconcern for the lot of their men in our hands, if not with the precise intention of bringing hardship on them, for such uses as they could make of it in their propaganda.*

They may next cut the food ration of our men, as a "reprisal" against our reprisal. This might, indeed, be another ulterior motive of theirs; to save food, of which they are short. Would it not have been a cleverer move on our part, therefore, to announce that we weren't going to make any difference in our treatment of prisoners?

### Our Propaganda Policy

Admitting that in any case we wouldn't treat our prisoners as badly as the Nazis do (though I don't believe we should feed or treat them so well that they feel they are having a fine holiday in Canada), it comes down to a question of what propaganda policy we are pursuing towards the German people. Have we decided on one? We should have done so long ago, for it will make a difference in the toughness of their resistance in the final phase. President Roosevelt's two recent declarations against mass reprisals look like the initiation of a clear policy, though I would rather see it termed "no reprisals against the innocent" than against the "mass", for there certainly is a large group of Germans involved.

Another purpose of announcing that ring-leaders will be tried, and that lists of names are being made up in the occupied countries, is undoubtedly to try to avert the final phase of horror and destruction which Hitler always promised for Europe if he should fail. There are indications that this phase has begun, with the launching of a new terror in Norway, much sterner measures in France, and hints that Denmark may be annexed, as Luxembourg has been, and hear the firing squads at work at last.

For the mistreatment of our prisoners and of the conquered populations there is more than one way of retaliation—and far more *effective* retaliation than the shackling of a few hundred German prisoners over here,

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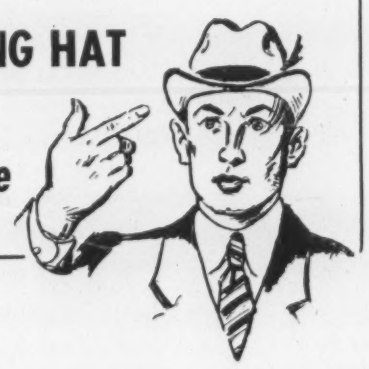

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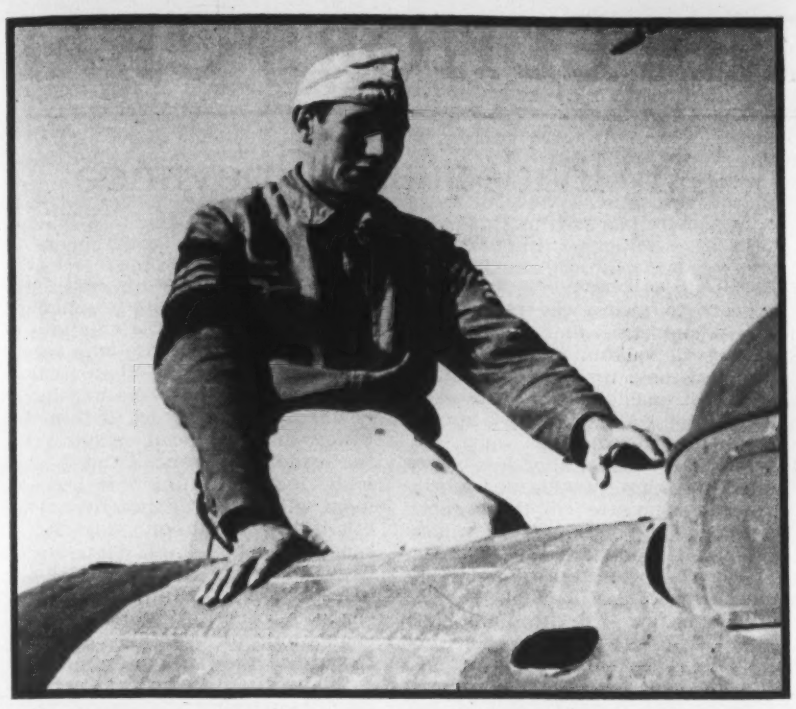

**Last ride for a German pilot. Shot down in Libya, this sergeant-pilot climbs into an RAF machine to be flown to a prisoners of war camp. The German Radio recently admitted that their fabulous Libyan "ace", Lieutenant Marsé, who quite commonly picked off 5 to 10 of our fellows a day and ran up a total score of over 150 (or so they said!) was killed in action. How Rommel can carry on without the Lieutenant now remains to be seen.**

about whose fate the Nazi leaders are entirely callous since they are of no further use to them during this war. The bombing of Germany is surely the best and most direct form of retaliation, and one which will speed the day of release of our boys. So I say let's keep our eye on the ball, and get on with it.

## Two Bombing Sensations

There have been two notable developments in our bombing policy in recent weeks, the use of small groups of from one to three *Mosquito* bombers to dart in to attack vital objectives in Western Germany in daylight, and the launching of the American high-level daylight offensive. The sensational *Mosquito*, it can now be revealed, is being produced in Canada as well as Britain. About all that can be said of it yet is that it is made of plywood, is twin-engined, has a range of over 1000 miles (as proven by its flight to Oslo), and, after dropping its bomb or bombs, can run away from the Nazis' fastest fighter, the FW-190.

The daylight raids of the American *Fortresses* and *Liberators* has attracted much more attention, and the attack on Lille last Friday may be esablished as one of the minor landmarks of the war. Consider the cold mathematics of that day's air fighting—quite apart from the damage caused by some 400 tons of bombs to one of the most important locomotive works in France. (Locomotives seem to hold No. 1 place in our current list of key targets, with the object of slowing down and gradually crippling the whole flow of German war materials and food. In the great raid on Kassel last month the target was the Henschel Locomotive Works, largest in Europe.)

We sent over 115 *Fortresses* and *Liberators*, escorted by 500 fighters, which also carried out diversionary attacks beforehand to draw the German fighters away from the target area. The Germans were heard on the radio calling their squadrons hastily back to Lille. They made a dead set to shoot down the bombers, avoiding our fighters almost entirely. And what happened? Whereas on the biggest day of the Battle of Britain our fighters accounted for 185, and perhaps 247, German bombers and fighters for a loss of only 25 planes and 14 pilots, this time our bombers accounted for 48, and perhaps 86, German fighters, for a loss of only 4 of their own machines, the crew of one being rescued. Our fighters added another 5 German victims, for a loss of none.

## German Blitz No Criterion

Thus once again we have proven that the German failure to knock out Britain by air means very little, since we have far superior planes and air-crew, and far superior strategy and tactics. Just as we developed an intensity of night attack against Cologne one hundred times as great as the worst German blitz against London (5 times the weight of bombs, dropped on an area about one-quarter the size, in one-fifth the time), so we are sending over German territory, in daylight, bombers carrying two to three times the load which the *Dorniers* and *Heinkels* carried over Britain, with a loss rate only one-fifteenth of that which the Germans suffered, and exacting a four times greater toll of the defending fighters.

That is a set of figures to keep the Nazis sitting up of nights. It could be the pattern of their doom. If they can't keep our heavy bombers from attacking key links in their transport system, key war factories, or just their civilian population, they can't go on indefinitely with the war. And if they send up their fighters and suffer such damage in trying to ward off the bombing attack (but still not succeeding in this), their air power is going to shrink drastically.

To achieve this ascendancy the *Fortresses* have increased their initial, entirely inadequate, armament to an imposing battery of thirteen 50-calibre guns. This gun fires a much larger bullet, at a much higher velocity, than the 30-calibre guns with which the British heavy bombers are still armed. It is true that, a year or two ago, the ten 30-calibre machine guns of the *Lancasters*, *Stirlings* and *Halifaxes* would have been considered a heavy armament; and our big machines have shot down many attacking German night fighters. But in the famous daylight raid on Augsburg the German cannon-mounting fighters simply stood off beyond the range of the *Lancasters'* 30-calibre guns and picked off four out of the first flight of six machines.

Against the higher-power 50-calibre guns of the *Fortresses* and *Liberators* the Germans cannot do this. Indeed, with the *Fortresses* flying in tight formations of three and presenting from 12 to 18 guns against attack from any quarter (*Fortress* guns are mounted two in the tail, two above and two below the fuselage, three in the nose, and apparently two at each side) the tables are turned on the Germans. They just haven't a fighter, even their new *Focke-Wulf 190*, with the fire-power to face this combination.

This has been proven now in a dozen encounters. They have tried attack from every quarter, and various tactics, including coming in three at a time, obviously under orders to master this new menace. On one occasion 20 *Focke-Wulfs* attacked 4 *Fortresses* for half an hour over the North Sea. Result: the Americans got 3 confirmed and 9 probables, and lost none.

## Liberators Suffer More

There are, of course, often heavy casualties among the *Fortress* gunners, but in the Lille raid not a single man in the 111 bombers which returned home was fatally wounded. The *Liberators*, it seems, suffered much more than the *Fortresses;* there were fewer of them in the raid, yet they contributed at least three out of the four losses.

What must the Germans do to their fighters to meet this challenge? The obvious step would be to try a 37 mm. cannon, though it would not be surprising to see them try rocket bombs. The present armament of their *FW-190-A3*, according to a splendid description in *The Aeroplane* of one which was captured intact and test-flown in Britain, consists of a pair of "very fine" Mauser 20 mm. cannon in the wing roots firing through the airscrew, each supplied with 200 rounds; a pair of inferior Oerlikon 20 mm. cannon, in the wings, each carrying only 55 rounds; and two regular machine guns mounted on the fuselage. The total weight of fire of all this armament is 610 pounds per minute, as against 600 pounds for our 4-cannon *Hurricanes*, which cannot, however, fly nearly so high.

If the Germans cannot meet this daylight assault of the big American bombers effectively, then it holds out great possibilities for us. Besides the effect of the bombs, each attack—which they must at least try to meet—gives us an opportunity to pare down their air power.

Why should we not go at them in the air, where we have the greatest superiority over them, and cripple this one supremely important arm, while weakening all their other arms, ground troops, U-boats, transport and industry, before sending over our army, our least experienced branch, to meet theirs, which is their most-experienced and strong branch, entrenched in enormously strong positions? Our air assault, developed to the extreme of our resources during the next six months, can ensure that our troops will face a much weakened enemy on the Channel coast in the spring, and not, as many fear, a much stronger one.

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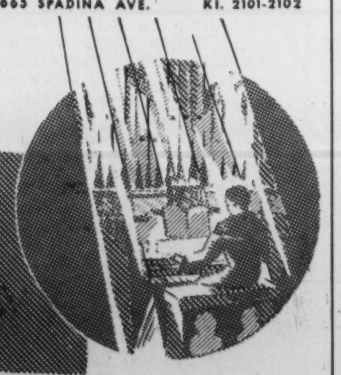

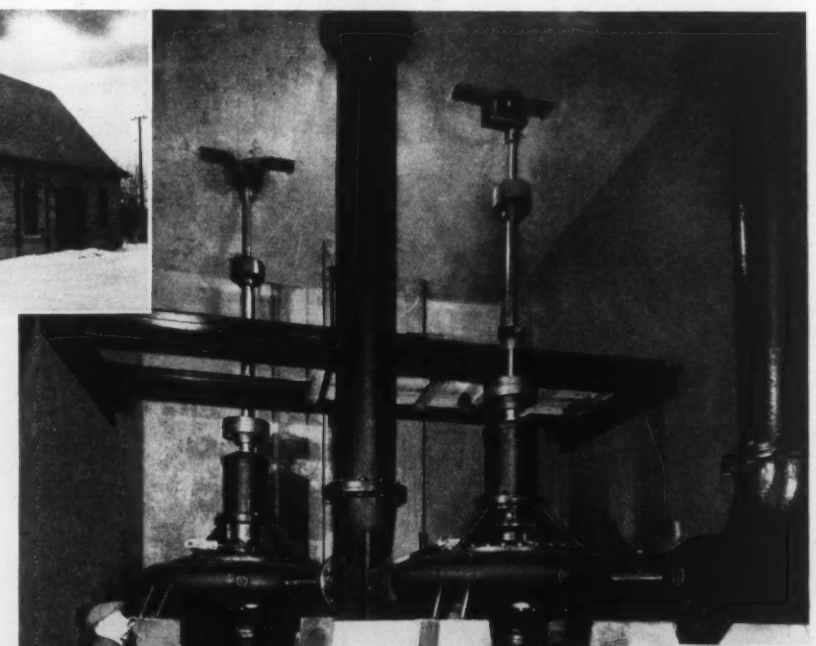

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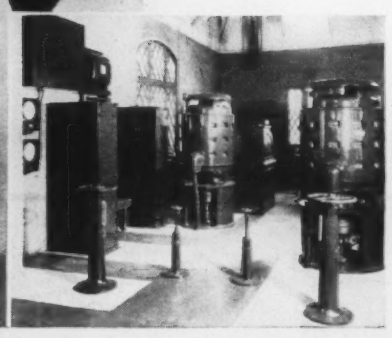

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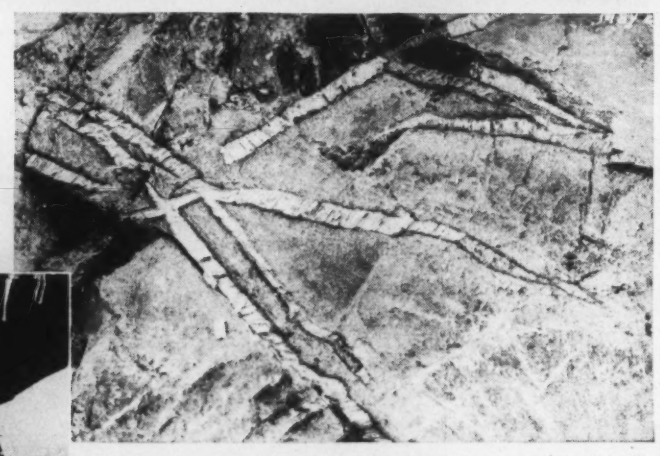

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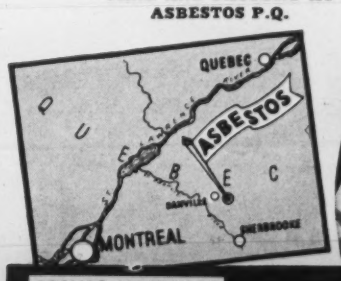


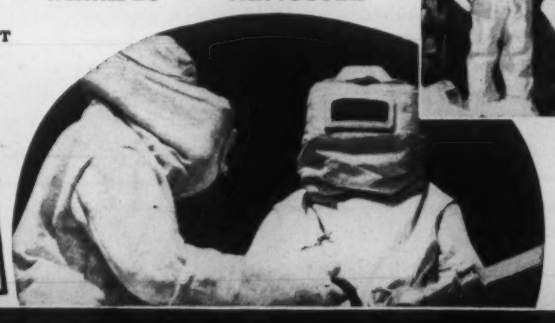

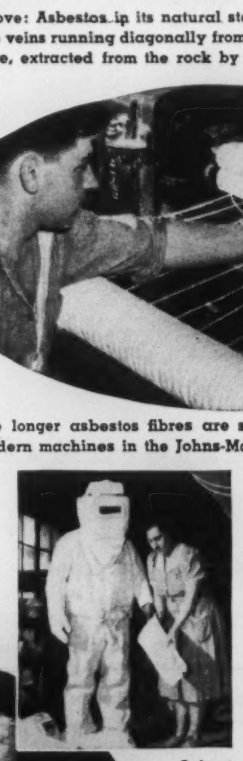

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# THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

## An Inadequate Grievance

BY B. K. SANDWELL

ANXIOUS as I have been for many years to secure the widest possible recognition among English-speaking Canadians of the validity of some of the claims and complaints of French-Canadians, and of the reasons why some others of these appear valid to French-Canadians when they may appear considerably less so to English-speaking Canadians, I am by no means committed to the proposition that *all* the claims or grievances of French Canada are well founded. And the claim of discrimination, in business circles and in public service circles, against French-Canadians merely because they are French-Canadians is, I believe, almost wholly without foundation. Yet it is one of the most important causes of the existing feeling of dissatisfaction among the masses of the French-Canadian population, before whom it is played up by writers and politicians who have their own interests to serve, and who make no effort to ascertain whether there are other reasons than mere race prejudice for there being a disproportionately small number of French-Canadians in the higher branches of many businesses, professions and public services.

This question has been brought once again to public attention by a recent article in that able and on the whole broad-minded French periodical, *l'Action Catholique*, of Quebec. This paper, after declaring that French-Canadians are disciminated against in the civil service generally, goes on:

"Will they (English-speaking Canadians) admit that the Canadian military staff office comprises 33 English officers and one French? that there are 84 English and 6 French attached to the adjutant-general? 119 English and not one French to the quartermaster-general? 40 English and 3 French to the major-general (meaning the general staff)? When our friends who sincerely desire national unity have denied or admitted these figures, we can try to discover an explanation for our inferior position. And perhaps we can claim their support with the federal authorities in order to obtain a military college for our race and other essential schools to provide an adequate French-Canadian military set-up for those of our people who wish to take advantage of it."

### No Real Prejudice

This charge has been taken up in the Winnipeg *Free Press* by Mr. Grant Dexter; and both the newspaper and the writer must be acquitted of any special prejudice against French Canada, for they have both made the most earnest efforts in recent years for the preservation of national unity. Mr. Dexter admits that the proportion of French-Canadian officers in seven different branches of National Defence (Army) headquarters is below the proportion of French-Canadians in the population, being 47 out of 525, or about nine per cent; but this is considerably more than the total of ten alleged by *l'Action Catholique* (Mr. Dexter gives the actual figures for each branch.)

But the more serious part of the misrepresentation lies in the charge that the small proportion of French-Canadians is due to the unwillingness of the higher authorities to give positions to members of that element of the population. This is precisely the same misrepresentation as is constantly made about "big business." There is no unwillingness to employ French-Canadians, but there is a pronounced inability to obtain French-Canadians with the requisite qualifications for certain kinds of higher positions. Nor is this in the least surprising. It is only during the last few years that the educational institutions of French Canada have begun to make provision for the training of French-Canadians in the technical sciences, and the students turned out by these institutions are still far from numerous, and are not yet of an age to aspire to senior positions; the only French-Canadians who are available are those who received their training in English-language institutions, and these are few in number because attendance at these institutions has not been encouraged by the leaders of French-Canadian opinion. (I do not think this last statement will be challenged by anybody, but if it is I can only say that the reason for the small attendance of French students at McGill University and similar institutions elsewhere is certainly *not* any obstacle in their regulations or practices, other than the use of the English language, nor is it any hostility on the part of the English-speaking students or instructors.) The natural result of this situation is that French-Canadian representation in army headquarters is weakest in precisely those departments where scientific knowledge is in most demand, namely Ordnance and the Quartermaster - General's branch.

### Losing Caste at Home

Mr. Dexter also puts his finger upon one of the most extraordinary elements in the whole situation, which is the fact that the French-Canadian soldier who *does* succeed in establishing his right to promotion and gets into a post of responsibility "tends to lose caste with the Quebec malcontents. They treat him as a turncoat, and tend to speak of him as one who has become Anglicized." This statement of Mr. Dexter's refers to the military service alone, but it is equally or even more true of private business. The Montreal French-Canadian—and he is by no means a rarity—who rises to a position of power and influence in the business community usually joins one or two clubs which are frequented in the main by English-speaking citizens, although the chances are that he continues his membership in the clubs and societies of his own race. He may also go to live in Westmount or Outremont; and he will obviously use the English language rather more

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freely than his compatriots who have less intercourse with those who speak no other. The result is invariably exactly what Mr. Dexter describes; he ceases to be considered a representative French-Canadian, and is thought of as one who has "gone over."

It is frequently cited as a further proof of the hostility of Canadian Big Business to French-Canadians, that other non-Anglo-Saxon racial elements more recently arrived in Canada get on very well and often rise to high positions. The Jews are most commonly mentioned; but the conspicuous success of the Italians in the contracting industry may be cited, and the Greeks have prospered notably in certain lines of business. There could be no greater error than to charge this to any favoritism on the part of the English-speaking community in the province of Quebec. The Jews have vastly more prejudice to contend against than not only the French-Canadians but almost any other racial element, and the Italians and Greeks get no special favors. The answer in these cases is precisely the same as in all the rest; the people who succeed are the people who have sought the kind of education which, in a capitalistic mercantile community, makes for success, and that is not the kind of education which, on the whole, is imparted in the French-Canadian educational system.

The Jews are the most obvious and convincing evidence of this. Fully aware that education is the only means by which they can overcome their racial handicap, they will make any sacrifice to secure the kind of education which will most readily contribute to that end, that is to say, the kind of education which will make them most like the successful men among the English-speaking community. It is entirely possible that this may not be the best obtainable education; it is entirely possible that the education imparted by the French-Canadian system may be better from many standpoints; but the fact remains that the education which the ambitious Jew seeks, and which is made reasonably (not excessively) accessible to him by the Protestant educational system of Quebec, is education for success in a capitalist society. That education is equally accessible (indeed a good deal more accessible than to the Jew) to the French-Canadian in Quebec, but he does not to any appreciable extent seek it; and the kind of education which is provided for him in his own schools and colleges, and which he does seek, is not education for success. It may, I repeat, be better than an education for success; but the price of seeking and obtaining that kind of education will always, in a capitalistic society, be the sacrifice of some measure of success.

All that I am arguing is that it is an error to blame any want of success that results from this kind of education, on a supposed prejudice or hostility in the mind of Big Business against the French-Canadian. There is no such prejudice, and no "successful" French-Canadian will ever claim to have encountered any. There is, obviously, a necessity that the man who aspires to be a "success" in any but a very limited range of business in the province of Quebec shall be able to use the English language freely; and it must be admitted that there is no corresponding necessity for the non-French-Canadian to be able to use French freely, or indeed at all. This situation is not due to prejudice either; it is due to the fact that business is an inter-provincial and international affair, and that throughout this continent, outside of the province of Quebec, it is conducted entirely in English, with the result that English becomes necessary for its conduct even in the province of Quebec. But this in itself, though resented by many "nationalist" French-Canadians, is no obstacle to French-Canadian advancement, for practically every ambitious French-Canadian speaks and writes English far better than is required merely for business success.

### For a French R.M.C.

The demand, voiced by *l'Action Catholique* among others, for a special military training college for French-Canadians is mainly due to the idea that in such a college the educational process could be carried on in French, and the necessity for English could be avoided; at R.M.C. the training is obviously almost entirely in English. But that raises the entire question whether an officers' corps in a single army can possibly consist of two sections, one using one language and one using another. The answer seems to me to be in the negative; I do not think it is possible for a country to have what would be in effect two officers' corps, unless it is going to have also two armies, one using English and one using French. If this is a limitation on our bilingualism I fear we must accept it, along with the necessity for the use of English in the higher walks of business even in the province of Quebec. But let us get away from the idea that the necessity of English is in itself any handicap on French-Canadians, unless they have conscientious scruples against the use of it. I know of no successful business man in English-speaking Canada who has ever ascribed his success in any degree to the fact that he did not have to learn French, and I know of scores who have admitted that they would have been much better off intellectually and culturally if they had had to learn French. The need to know two languages is not a handicap on French-Canadians, it is a source of strength. There is no handicap on French-Canadians resulting from any hostility to them among English-speaking business men or English-speaking administrators in the public services. There is a handicap on French-Canadians resulting from the nature of the education provided for them in their own institutions until very recent years; that handicap is beginning to be lessened by the modernization of that education, but it will take a long time before that modernization begins to make itself felt by qualifying a proportionately large number of Canadians for responsible posts in the senior ranks of any department of activity where scientific or technical knowledge is called for.

## HOW WISE?

HOW wise are we who flaunt our knowledge
Under the doubtful skies?
Remembering Flodden, Marne, Ypres,
How brave? how wise?

Our children wake us from our dreams
And cling to us, and weep. . . .
And still the curved smile of the Sphinx
Is strange and deep.

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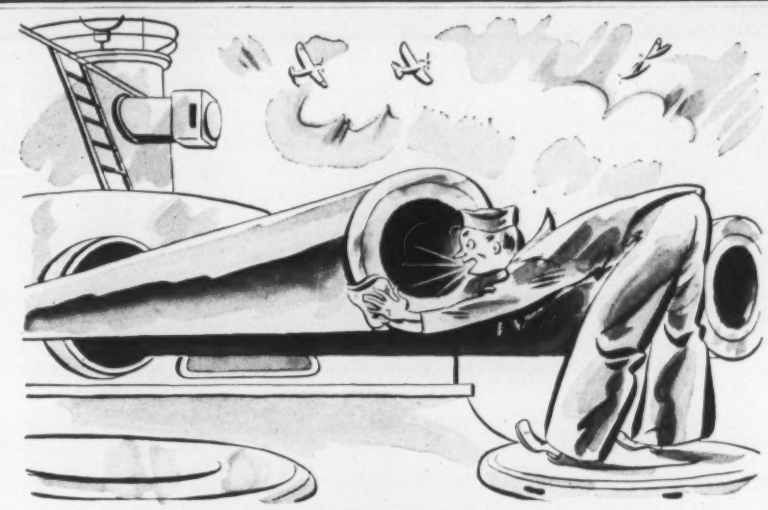

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A GERMAN PROTECTORATE (Czechoslovakia), by Sheila Grant Duff. Macmillan. $4.00.

# LATEST WAR BOOKS

## The Lament of Mr. Douglas Reed

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

I AM sick of Douglas Reed's bitter lament. I would hate to have to look for the new order in Britain to his nasty anti-Semitism and his suspicion that something sinister hides behind every geranium in the land. I am also tired of his pose as the one prophet who foretold all the woe that has come upon the British nation. He foretold some things correctly and some wrongly, just as I did during those same years, in the columns of SATURDAY NIGHT. After all, he predicted in *Disgrace Abounding* that Britain wouldn't fight, but would go fascist, and abolish the freedom of the press, so that he probably couldn't publish any more books. Unfortunately, he has been able to.

### Sees Treachery About

It isn't enough for Douglas Reed that Britain got into this war through a pusillanimous, policy-poor leadership, or perhaps through the evil schemes of the Nazis. He must see her intentionally hood-winked into it, and left unarmed through treachery—treachery which he believes still remains in office. He goes so far as to accuse certain unnamed British personages of conspiring to bring about Dunkirk and a German invasion. It must have been treachery, too, which withheld our bombs from the Ruhr during the winter of 1939-40, by which attack Reed thinks we "might have thwarted the German knockout blow." Here, it seems to me, he forfeits any claim to being a military expert, if he thinks we could have struck such an effective blow with our small bomber force of that time.

Even today he suspects the British Government of "pulling its punches" against Germany. There is a "stealthy, obstructive Something," a "dead hand behind the scenes," which seems always able to hinder those who would "press on with the war." He hates the Government so much that he even accuses it of being anti-British! (And not only the Conservative members; for he is fairly kind to Anthony Eden—a "nice young man," but in the grip of the Gang—but contemptuous of the Labor leaders Atlee and Morrison.)

"A man must sometime wonder by whom the English people are most disliked, by the Germans or by their own rulers." He sees "some awful plot" afoot in Parliament to "degrade and abase the people until they have no remnant of self-esteem left, . . . no inherent dignity or human rights whatever."

Is he, therefore, a champion of the people? He poses as one, but at the same time is either patronizing or contemptuous of "Honest John," citizen or soldier. Reed, who rages at the government for calling up men of 41-51 putting "the men who came back, England's best," to "menial" tasks in this war below their former rank, sees the British soldier "sheepish and half-ashamed," without "alertness" or "self-pride", "furtive", led by the nose.

The British people he finds "bemused, bemazed, baffled and bewildered," "donkeys." In his patronizing way he tells Stupid John there are "only two things he needs to remember today: that Germany is our inevitable military enemy . . . and Russia is our indispensable military ally."

### Against Everything

It is very hard to discover what Douglas Reed really does believe in. He *says* he wants to see an increase in human dignity, and kindred feeling among the peoples of this planet. But he has not, in his time, seen any such increase—quite the contrary.

It is much easier to discover what he is against; in fact, that is what the book is about. He is against stupidity, against the Jews, against the Tories, against the Labor Party; against the BBC (he once heaved his radio through the window to the street); against Parliament, which makes him tear his scalp; against public opinion polls, against archbishops and bishops, against Beverley Baxter; against officialdom and well-paid political appointees, and men over 60 in general. Certainly he is against the Nazis. But he is also against the Bolsheviks—their leaders were "an even more pestilential clique" than that which they supplanted, and the "majority" of them, besides, were Jewish. He thinks the war will be ended "by an arrangement between powerful groups."

As a champion of the British common people and a prophet of the new order which is coming, I will take the sane, healthy Mr. Priestley. Anyone who wants the griping Mr. Reed is welcome to him.

By way of a complete change of subject, *New World Horizons* is a beautifully-produced "geography for the millions," containing highly-colored maps and a straightforward text on map-making, geopolitics, the air age, and the various regions of the world. Some of the maps are quite original, trying to show how reduced travel-time has narrowed the oceans; and the new horizons and perspectives of the air age.

How the Atlantic has shrunk in a century, from a sailing voyage commonly taking 6 weeks, to an air passage which has been flown by a Liberator bomber in 6 hours, 40 minutes! Even more astounding, because more recent, is the shrinkage of the Pacific. A standard three-weeks passage by steamer before the war, the trip from Australia to San Francisco was accomplished by General Arnold of the U.S. Air Forces this month in 35 hours, 53 minutes! Particularly appropriate today, when air transports are leaving the United States daily for the ends of the world, is a world map centered on New York. Yet—almost incredible in an atlas "for the air age," the maps, while indicating the main deposits of iron, oil and coal, show no air bases or air routes! They also show no railways and very few place names, being chiefly notable for their pretty colors.

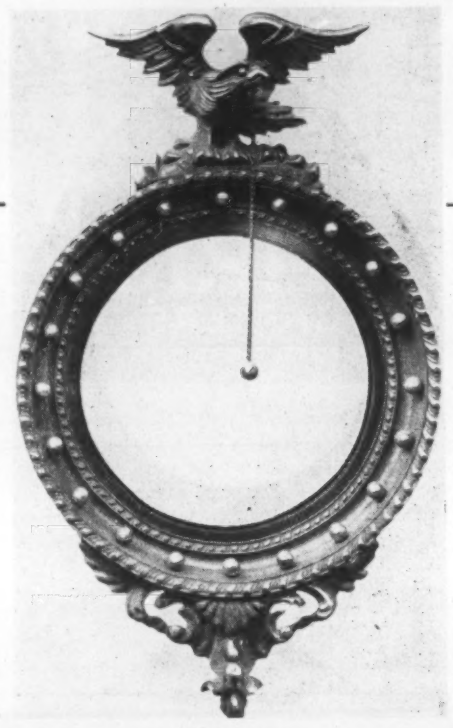
A book which could have done with a few good maps of railways and rivers, sea and air routes, is E. V. Francis' *The Battle For Supplies*. Lacking such, it can be best read in conjunction with the admirable new *Global War* atlas by Mowrer and *Rajchman* (McClelland, $1.50), which has been reviewed here recently. It is a sane and valuable little volume, containing, particularly, a mine of information on Germany's supply and transport problems and what she can hope to get out of Russia. I hope to deal with it extensively in an early article of *THE HITLER WAR* series.

### The Beast We Fight

Do you, good reader, sitting amid the comfort and security of your Canadian home, yet realize what we are fighting against? They put out people's eyes in Poland; they tear out their tongues; they bury people alive; they take women and girls into the woods, and when they are finished with them, they run over them with tanks.

They bury Catholic priests in manure piles. They line up hundreds of innocent citizens against a wall, tell them to kneel, and then fire machine-guns just above their heads, driving them mad, or killing them through heart failure. They then steal all the worthwhile possessions of the remainder, including art treasures and famous libraries, close the schools, deport the young men to hard labor in Germany, and the girls to brothels, and try to reduce the rest of the population to cattle or simply starve them to death.

You won't like reading these things in the Black Book of *The German New Order in Poland*, the greatest officially-documented record of torture and extermination in history. But it is still necessary for Canadians to read at least a part of this richly-illustrated book, to know the stark truth about the unspeakable barbar-

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***They're carrying on . . .***

The business of those agents who are in the armed services is frequently being carried on by their associates—sometimes by members of their immediate families. We urge that you continue your insurance account with such agencies. We shall be glad to be of service to anyone whose insurance man has gone to war. If you have any questions to ask regarding any form of insurance—write us and we will endeavor to be as helpful to you as we possibly can.

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ism which we are fighting to keep away from our homes; and to realize that after the war fundamental measures must be taken against the German people to make sure that they will never get another chance to display their "higher" culture in this way.

I heard one of the most respected of Canadian ministers preach the other day about the need for forgiving the Germans. President Roosevelt has since called for a trial of the Nazi ring-leaders. Before forgiveness must surely come justice; and no one can read the story of what the Nazis have done in Poland, and believe that only "ring-leaders" are guilty. There are some "good" Germans, as I know from many visits to their country, but there are millions who are ready and willing to commit any obscenity, and now stand guilty of such deeds.

### A Gallant Story

Let it never be forgotten that in spite of everything which the German beasts could think up to do to the Polish population, every Pole who was free or who could escape has carried on the fight. That's what *Polish Invasion* (of Scotland) is about. And who but a Pole could tell the story of these men of tragedy with such humor?

They burst out of the German trap through French west coast ports which hadn't seen war for centuries, brushing aside the gendarmes' request that they lay down their arms. "What do you expect of Poles?" wailed the mayor; "they have never been sensible people." A plump stockbroker shook his cane at them and shouted: "It's you we owe for all this." Another scoffed: "England? One would have to be mad like a Pole to go to England now!"

Indeed the author's group of Poles thought they must be mad after their first encounter with an English sailor, for he said: "Englishman, no. Scotsman." But a companion explained to them that in the north of England there is a nation called the Scots, who are different, and whose men go about in skirts. Our Poles got to know the Scots much better, and their story is one to warm your heart and restore your faith in human nature.

The Poles could hardly help being depressed that first summer. They had seen the lesson of Poland's fall go for nothing in France. Many of their Polish troops which had been gathered and trained in France had been lost in the débacle, and with the fall of France the war had moved off the European continent, and the rescue of Poland seemed very far removed. No longer did news of any kind get through to them from the homeland. Yet on the third day in Glasgow Corporal Gruba, an old soldier whose authority stood high among the men, had declared: "This front won't crack."

Do try to get hold of *Polish Invasion*, a thin, paper-bound, but highly civilized book by Ksawery Pruszynski (London, Minerva. 3/6). You can learn more in it about the most engaging race on the Allied side than from any weighty treatise. Another intelligent and humorous book with a slight Polish background, but more particularly about travels in the Baltic countries and Russia, is *Borderline Russia*, by H. Foster Anderson (London, Cresset Press. 10/6).

### René Kraus' Fine Work

René Kraus' *Europe in Revolt* is much the best job that has been made of that subject. It is more reliable than Curt Riess' "Underground Europe", and has more cohesion than the official compilation "The Sixth Column". On top of this, it is excellently written, with a real style, interspersed with convincingly dramatized incidents which make the story flow. What a task this was, gathering thousands of scraps of information from a score of countries and making them into, not a catalogue, but a story, I can appreciate. For a great many of his sources, the newssheets of the various emigré governments, pass across my desk.

To achieve his artistic and, what is important, highly readable result, René Kraus took first a "horizontal" and then a "vertical" section of Europe, so to speak. That is, he first describes the incidents which were the "signal fires" of revolt in one occupied country after another, then how the New Order worked, with its economic squeeze, its process of Germanization, its "monstrous midgets" and its lackeys (the Quisling leaders and collaborationists), and its little Hitlers, governors of the occupied lands.

Of the Jews, Kraus warns that it is a grave error to regard their fate as an isolated one. The same fate has already been meted out to Poles, Serbs and Greeks, and may befall any captive nation, according to the German plan or whim. In his second, or "vertical" section, the writer takes the occupied countries one by one.

To Kraus the question "Hitler or the German people?" is unanswerable. The relation between them forms a vicious circle. In the sense that it is Hitler who has "corrupted, stultified, terrorized and crazed scores of millions of previously decent people", the Germans are guilty only of ommission—of failing to resist his return to cannibalism. On the other hand, "even if Hitler had been a super-man instead of a pathological crank", he could not have done what he has done without the powerful support of many Germans, and without representing fundamental German impulses and vices.

Hitler's unique strength is thus not the strength of a single man. "It is magnified by 70 million of his kind, and would be formidable if it were not totally unbalanced. Nazism's rigid discipline is only the overcompensation of the German insecurity and wavering. The German delight in being trodden on, the more to trample those below, is a mixture of sadism and masochism—present in other peoples as human afflictions, but in their close inter-relationship a German epidemic."

"The German colossus has not only feet of clay, but nerves that shriek. Its people, although shrewd bargainers, live in a sinister, phantasmagorical world. They dream of dominating the world and have made a nightmare come true: the New Order." Almost the entire army, from High Command down, and almost all the German civilians who have moved into the occupied countries stand indicted by their own actions, as detailed here.

Accurately, René Kraus, writing several months ago, predicts that the supreme ordeal of Europe has yet to come. "It will come at the moment when Adolf Hitler realizes he is cornered." The signs multiply daily that this hour of ordeal has struck. And though this may be taken as an encouraging indication of how the war is going, it betokens a terrible winter for Europe, perhaps the most terrible in its long history. As Rauschning has recorded, Hitler has sworn many times that if he fails he will drag the whole world with him, in flames.

"Yet," Kraus believes, "there is a good hope that the last crime Hitler undoubtedly plans, the blitz destruction of Europe, will not be carried out." When the day of collapse comes, it will be sudden. The New Order will be shattered by an earthquake without precedent.

A full-length, thorough-going study of the New Order in action in Czechoslovakia is given by Shiela Grant Duff, in *A German Protectorate* (Macmillans, $4.00). *All for Norway!* is a beautifully and profusely illustrated survey of Norwegian life, of the German conquest and occupation, and of Norway's continuing struggle, published by the Norwegian Information Office in London to commemorate King Haakon's recent 70th birthday. It is the best thing of its kind which I have yet seen done by an emigré government. *R.A.F. — The Second Year* (Macmillans, $2.50) is a collection of 111 photographs, with a brief text, covering the post-Battle of Britain period.


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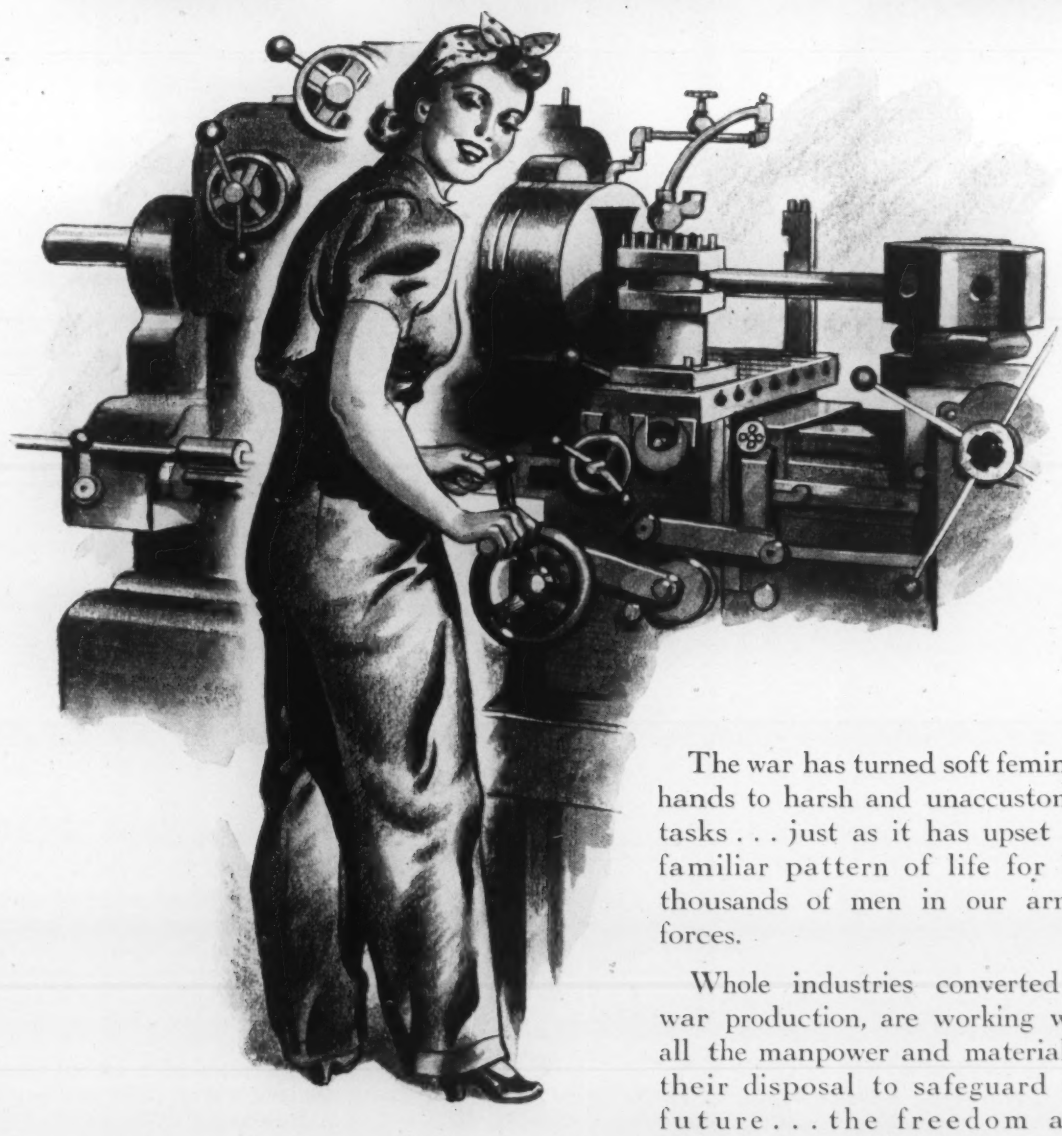

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# Seaweed a Big Source of Cellulose

BY JULIAN DAVIDSON

**Countless tons of seaweed are washed up on the British coast. In the days of Napoleon it was the raw material for a considerable industry in the extraction of iodine, but modern chemical methods are more economical.**

**Seaweed is a rich source of cellulose, one of the most valuable of raw materials. Already experimenters have produced excellent artificial leather and rayon fabrics from this source.**

**If the process is sufficiently cheap seaweed might replace wood-pulp, spare the forests, at least in a measure, and bring a new prosperity to coastwise dwellers.**

SCIENTISTS who have been moving round the coasts of Britain since the beginning of the year have nearly finished their task of surveying the island's seaweed resources. War economy demands the use of any available raw material, and a first step towards the systematic use of seaweed is necessarily exact knowledge of the varying types found at different places and the likely quantities. Their report will go to the Ministry of Supply who have already taken steps to use this harvest of the sea.

The huge quantities of seaweed available can be gathered from the amounts shipped up. Worthing used to employ 1000 men every August to rid the beaches of the seaweed which was a "nuisance" to holiday makers. It was estimated that there were sometimes 60,000 tons washed up at this one point, by no means the "weediest" of the British Isles. In peace time about the only use made of seaweed was as a farm manure, but the cost of transport restricted it to farms adjoining the beaches on which it was washed up. It is considered a particularly valuable manure for asparagus beds, probably because of the salt adhering to it.

In the past seaweed has been prized for its edible qualities or chemical content. Although the seaweed gatherer became a less and less familiar figure every year, there were still many in the West Country who gathered the weed familiarly known as "Black butter." It was generally served with vinegar, butter and pepper. Amongst the other seaweeds eaten in different parts of the country were carageen, recommended for digestive troubles and "sloke" or sea-lettuce. In some parts, notably North Wales, fishermen would store winter gathered seaweeds in jars for eating in summer. Dulse was formerly gathered in the Western Highlands and mixed with barley meal for making bread.

## A Food Product

Perhaps wartime's shortages will result in a return to seaweed as food. It is extensively eaten in Germany and even more in Japan where it is said that 42 different articles are made from different weeds. But attempts to revive these "old English" dishes before the war, never met with much success. On one occasion seaweed cakes were presented to Dame Margaret Lloyd George by Welsh girls and pronounced excellent.

The chemical for which seaweed has been chiefly prized is iodine, but like all vegetable matter it contains considerable amounts of nitrogen and potash. Some years ago German scientists were invited to Britain by a Briton interested in the exploitation of seaweed and they showed that the ash of seaweed properly burned made a good fertilizer. But nothing came of the idea because at that time fertilizers could be imported so cheaply.

Seaweed ash was known as "kelp" in the West Highlands where it was collected in enormous quantities for the extraction of iodine until the discovery and exploitation of other easier sources.

The extraction of chemicals from seaweed, except in an emergency, does not seem to offer great possibilities. With modern plants, it is cheaper to extract the chemicals from the sea water itself. The Atlantic Ocean is one of the United States' major sources of magnesium and bromine for its war industries. But seaweed as a source of cellulose offers enormous possibilities and scientists have seriously forecast its becoming the world's major source of this now very important raw material.

From cellulose the industrial chemist now makes rayon, and synthetic materials varying from artificial leather to linoleum. Certain kinds of seaweed have for many years been made into sound absorbing panels for sound-insulating buildings. Today we cut down forests by the hundred square miles to supply our cellulose needs for paper, rayon and similar manufactures. But the world's forests of soft woods are not inexhaustible while the demand for cellulose rises continually.

## Farming the Sea

Lecturing to the Society of Chemical Industry some years ago, Professor Thomas Dillon forecast that when the cellulose shortage became acute, seaweed would be extensively used. The world's seaweed is virtually inexhaustible. Off Southern California, 100,000 tons of seaweed a year have been harvested from 3,000 acres, "farmed" by an enterprising manufacturer. He found that the more the weed was cut, the faster it grew and invented a special reaper, a barge fitted with an underwater knife to cut the weed and an endless chain to pick it up and load it in the barge. In the tropics, plants of seaweed sometimes grow to enormous size.

On a small scale, the manufacture of synthetic materials from seaweed has been in progress in Britain for some years. "Leather," upholstery materials and floor coverings are amongst the articles manufactured and some time ago it was reported that Dr. J. B. Speakman of Leeds University had made a rayon from seaweed which had fine qualities and dyed well. But all but a very small percentage of the huge harvest that grows on the coasts of Britain and for that matter every other country of the world is never gathered. Cellulose is the basis of paper and the invention of a method by which seaweed could be turned into this material would be of great importance. Many attempts have been made but none have been successful, at any rate in a way making possible its manufacture at a cost comparable with that from wood pulp.

Large scale industries based on seaweed would be of particular value to the hard-hit Highlands for it is here that seaweed is found in its greatest quantities. It is estimated that in the best days of the iodine industry 400,000 tons a year were gathered.

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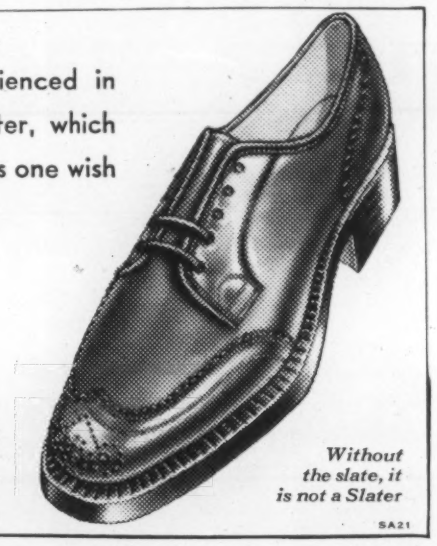

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# Some Curiosities of World War Time

BY D. G. JOHNSTON

**When war spills all over the world looking both ways for Sunday is normal, though confusing to sailors as well as to fixed persons.**

**The author surveys some of the oddities of Standard Time and the variations from it that occur in many countries.**

SOLDIERS, sailors and airmen fighting in this war of vast fronts and rapid movement may understandably sometimes become uncertain not only about the right time but even about the correct day of the week. The ship which puts out of Chatham Island in the Southern Pacific early on a Monday morning for instance, and sails eastward may find that it has become Sunday evening, for Chatham Island is 12 hours 15 minutes fast of Greenwich whereas a few miles to the east, the time is 11 hours slow of Greenwich. The same situation exists, more or less, all the way up and down the mid-Pacific for it is here that each day is born and dies twenty-four hours later.

On many maps of the world you will see a dotted line running down the middle of the Pacific, deviating at several points a little from the 180 degrees longitude line. This is the International Date Line, an imaginary one fixed by international agreement some sixty years ago. When it is noon on Monday in London—leaving out Summer Time complications—it is midnight on the International Date Line. A few minutes later, Tuesday has been born west of the Line and sweeps across New Zealand and Australia. East of the line it is the very early hours of Monday morning—in Hawaii it is 1.30 a.m., in the Aleutians, where fighting is now taking place, it is only 1 a.m.

The deviations of the line from the 180 degree line are explained by the awkward situations that would arise through neighboring groups of islands having differences of time amounting to nearly twenty-four hours and of the necessity of preventing the line passing through any actual piece of land. If this happened, it might be late Monday evening on one side of a street and early Tuesday morning on the other.

## Greenwich's Opposite

In fact there is very little land in this part of the world and Nature might specifically have designed it as the "opposite" of the Greenwich meridian. The major deviations of the line are to include the Aleutian Islands with the American time system and New Zealand and neighboring Islands with the Australian system. Presumably on the islands on which they have landed in the Aleutians the Japanese have put the clock forward twenty-four hours to prevent confusion. Otherwise they might fly from Japan and arrive on the Aleutians on the previous day!

On liners crossing the line, it is not clocks that have to be altered so much as calendars. Obviously a liner travelling eastwards has to put the calendar back a day and a liner travelling westwards has to put it forward a day. In peace time this meant that passengers got up in the morning after Monday to find it was still Monday or, travelling in the opposite direction, to find that, according to the calendar, they had slept 32 hours. It must sometimes be very confusing to warships cruising in this part of the world.

Before the institution of Standard Time and the International Date Line there was considerable confusion. This mattered little, except perhaps to telegraphists, for communications were comparatively slow. Standard Time resulted in the world being divided into zones of 15 degrees each, with deviations where it was convenient, each an integral number of hours fast or slow of Greenwich.

There are some interesting exceptions to the integral number of hours. Venezuela and Uruguay found the exact hour awkward and put in a half hour. A number of places in the British Empire also used half and quarter hours. But some, for local reasons, adopted very odd amounts. For instance, although India generally is 5½ hours fast of Greenwich, Calcutta is 5 hours 53 minutes 20.8 seconds fast. The 20.8 seconds particularly appeals to me. The Tonga Islands and Chatham Island, very close to the Date Line, find it convenient to be fast of Greenwich although they are east of the 180 degree line. They add 19 minutes and 15 seconds to Greenwich to make the time "fit" the sun.

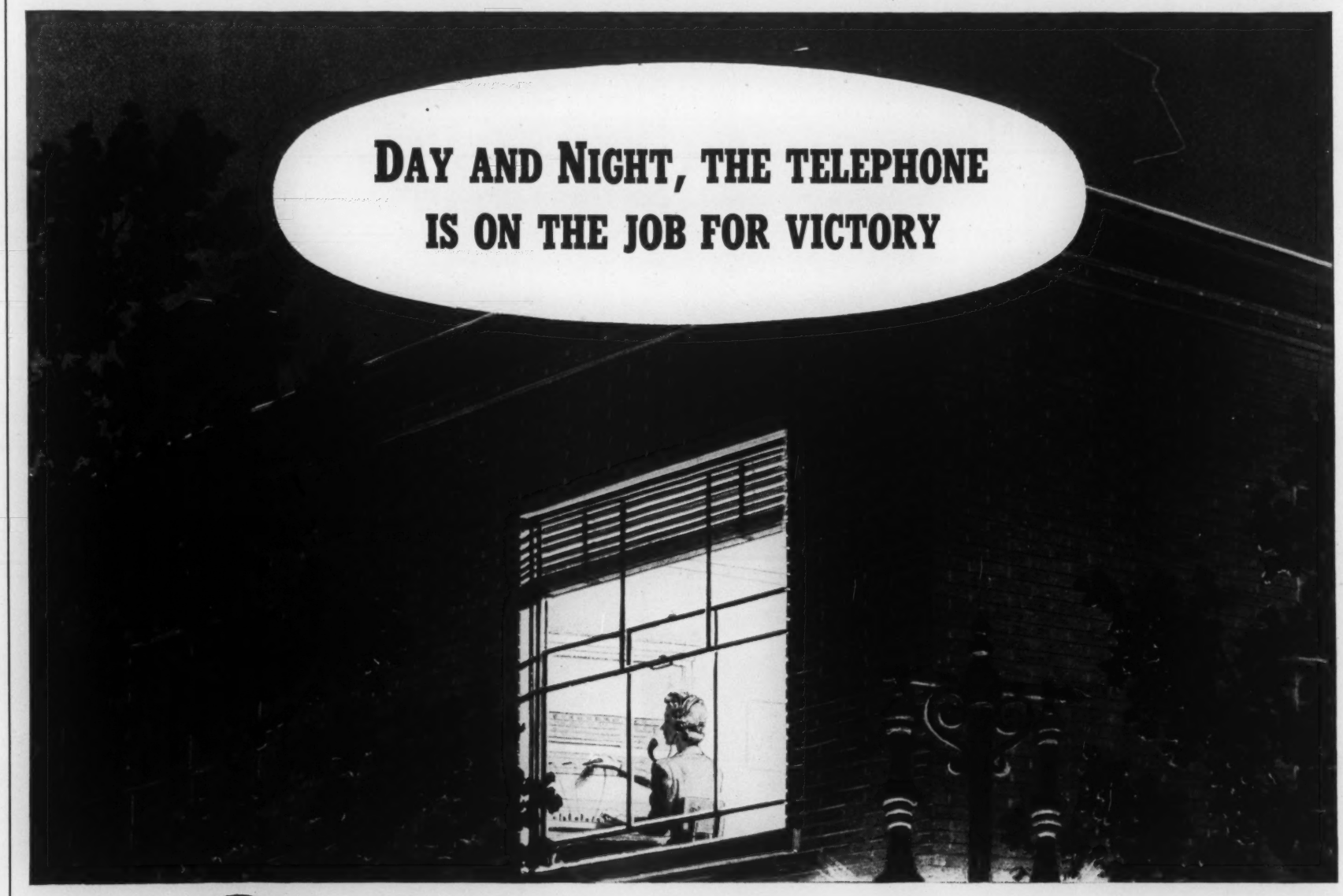
## A Nazi Slip

With the added complication of Double Summer Time and Summer Time—or War Time as the U.S. call it—it is easy to get confused nowadays. A most interesting case of confusion occurred with a German radio station which pretended to be working from inside Britain. All the verisimilitude was perfect and the British experts were puzzled as to whether the station was not really in Britain. But the announcer gave himself away one May when he forgot that Britain had changed to double summer time and continued broadcasting at the old time. It was incredible that anyone in Britain should make this mistake for three days and the evidence was considered conclusive that the station was actually on the continent.

When the Germans entered Paris, they put the capital on Berlin time—apparently even the sun has to enter into collaboration. This actually put France on British Summer Time, for she is normally on Greenwich Time.

The idea of Summer Time, devised in Britain, but first put into practice in Germany in the Great War, has spread round the world. Other countries take it in odd amounts and at what seems—to us—odd times. For instance, New Zealand has 30 minutes summer time from September to April. Sierra Leone has twenty minutes from January to May 31st. Sarawak also has a 20 minute summer time from September to December.

Russia has the biggest variety of time in any country in the world. In 1930, a decree had all clocks advanced permanently one hour—Summer Time all the year round—and, because of the immense stretch of the U.S.S.R. the clocks vary from 3 to 13 hours fast on Greenwich.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# Check Up on Charity Cheats

BY DOROTHY NORWICH

**Most of us give willingly, but do we give wisely? Statistics say we quite often don't, particularly in these times of war when emotions and sympathies are easily stirred.**

**An astounding percentage of our charitable dollar goes to war charity cheats and well-meaning bunglers. Note a few of the fake charity schemes and see that you don't fall victim to one of them.**

CHARITY cheats, like the poor, are always with us but in times of war three spring up where one was before, all waving the flag and carolling the national anthem in a fervor of simulated patriotism. Mushrooming along with them are the hundreds of "special projects"—war benefit entertainments—that, through mismanagement, return to their designated charities less than 29c on the dollar. Due to the activities of these two groups, the one dishonest, the other merely muddling, genuine war charities have suffered. Money that should have been going to war victims has been lining the pockets of crookdom when it hasn't been eaten up in expenses.

Perhaps the slickest, meanest and hardest to pin down of all charity rackets is the one known as "the mercy ship". Persons of Norwegian, Greek or Austrian descent are its chief victims. They are accosted by a man who hands them a letter signed by a mysterious "Captain Johnson" or some other Norwegian cognomen if the victim is of that national strain, or possibly "Ducoff" if the prospective sucker is of Greek descent, and disappears without uttering a word.

The letter tells of a "mercy ship" prepared to carry 3000 refugees to America and freedom. The ship, however, is in dire need of money for food and supplies, a few hundred dollars will be suffice to buy what is needed. The letter urges the contributor to exercise the utmost secrecy lest enemy agents get wind of the venture and the ship be sunk and advises him to send his money to "Captain Johnson" who is acting as intermediary.

Countless dollars had reached the pockets of one "Captain Johnson" before the hoax was discovered. The captain himself, however, never has been caught.

## One Third Wasted

$91,000,000 was raised in the U.S.A. for foreign relief between September 1939 and December 1941. In Canada, 30,000,000 since 1939. In the U.S. 60% went to five organizations of national repute, the other 40% was divided among hundreds of small groups hurriedly formed and improperly managed. In Canada, one third was collected by the Red Cross, another third by War Service organizations and the final third was either gravy for crooked promoters or swallowed up in production costs.

The situation became such that the Canadian Government was moved to put teeth in the Federal War Charities Act. It is no longer legal to hold a "carnival, bazaar, show, exhibition or other entertainment" unless the estimated cost is less than 25% of the gross proceeds. That means 75 not 10%, as was the case in the poem-selling stunt, must go to charity.

The promoter of the poem idea was not dishonest. He was an opportunist. He wrote a poem—a surprisingly good one—and mailed copies of it to Churchill and Roosevelt. In due course he received polite letters of appreciation from the secretaries of these world figures. His next step was to have the poem printed on cards with the pictures of Roosevelt and Churchill mounted above. These he sold for twenty-five cents apiece, presenting the innocent acknowledgement letters as authentication and announcing that the proceeds from their sale were going to the British War Victims Fund. He was doing very well until the police discovered that only 10% was going to the Fund and clamped down on him forthwith.

They also clamped down on a man and woman who travelled about the countryside selling lottery tickets, the lottery purporting to be sponsored by a nationally-known fraternal organization. They had cleaned up plenty before their activities came to the ears of the organization who had never heard of the lottery, let alone operated it. At their request, the police went into action and the ambitious pair were fined $200 and sentenced to 30 days in jail.

## Lending Names

While the above mentioned organization was unaware of the use to which its name was being put, other service clubs have lent their names in good faith and for the sum of two or three hundred dollars to slick promoters. Usually this original few hundreds dollars is all the charity in which the club is interested ever sees. The promoter, using the organization's name, which he is now legally entitled to do, puts on a dance, concert or what-have-you, collecting for himself anywhere from $1000 upward. He pays the charity for which his benefit was allegedly held as little as he dares and pockets the rest.

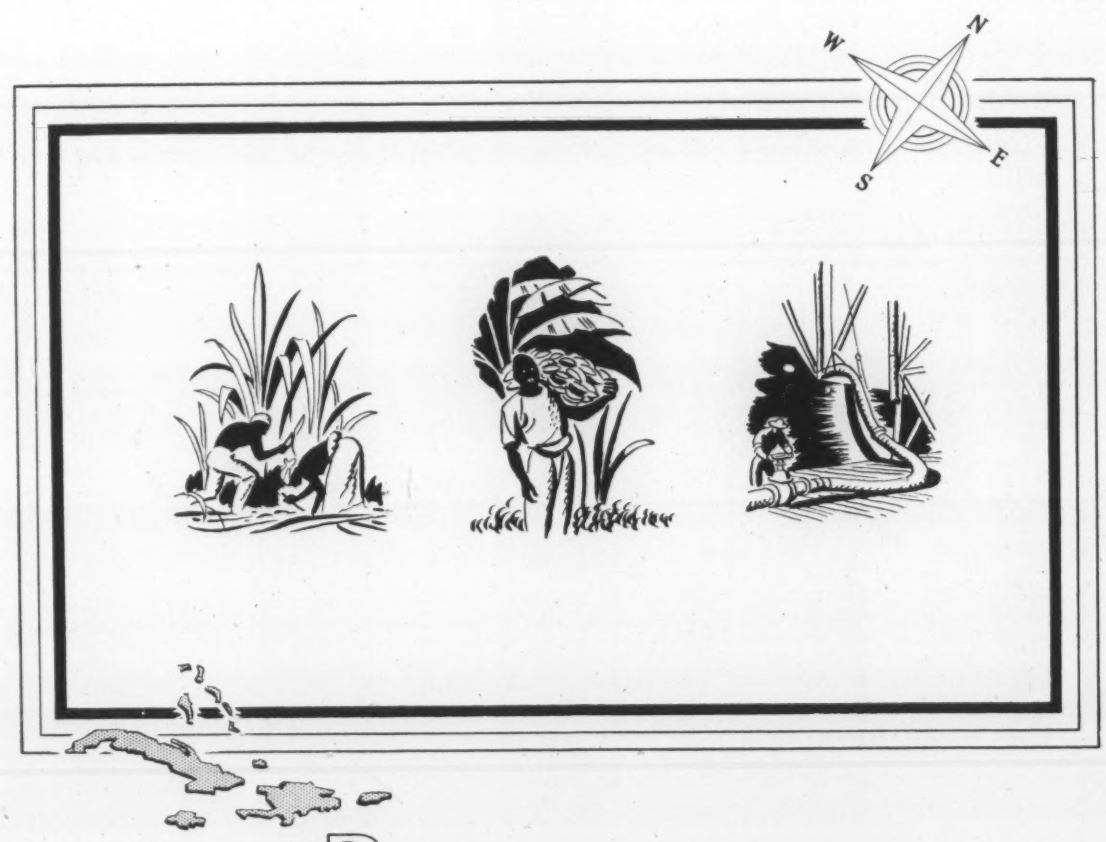
It is well for individuals, as well as service clubs, to investigate any proposition before lending their name to it.

Bungling has almost as disastrous results, so far as charity is concerned, as outright dishonesty. There was the case of the light opera production that, out of a take of $1,912, netted a paltry $134. There was the one of the Los Angeles theatrical group that put on a musical comedy. Affected, perhaps, by their proximity to moviedom and its lavish expenditures, their outlay exceeded their receipts by some $1,300. Their backers footed the deficit and charity went begging.

Then there was the organization that ran four dances, all advertised to be for war charity purposes. Out of the $300 taken in, charity received the staggering sum of $9.00!

Because many so-called war charities have been proven fakes, is no reason why we should tar all charitable organizations with the same brush. Where there is doubt, the police department will gladly check up on any charity at the request of a prospective contributor.

It is time we, the public, realized that our charity, like our war effort, must be an all-out affair. The desire to make our giving as painless as possible is natural, perhaps, but unworthy. There should be no profit made out of war emotions.

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# WORLD OF SPORT

## Fate and This Column

BY KIMBALL McILROY

THIS column has been the victim of a deep and dark conspiracy, no doubt the work of Nazi agents. The part of the conspiracy directed at making a liar out of the column was less successful than the part designed to have us write a lot of unnecessary words. This is because it was the St. Louis Cards who beat the Yanks whereas the Louis-Conn fight was stopped once and for all.

Calling off the fight had a lot of unpleasant results beside making this column write perhaps five hundred superfluous words. It robbed a large number of fight fans, including a large percentage of the United Nations' armed forces, of a pleasant evening on the radio to which they had been looking forward. It deprived certain widows and orphans resulting from the war of little windfalls which would have meant much to them. It confirmed a belief that certain officials of a certain government didn't know their elbows from third base.

That there was skulduggery concerned in the 100%-charity angle of the bout was something so obvious that even this column noted it. But that was something that surprised no one but the U.S. government. Mike Jacobs knows more politicians than a crooked contractor. For years he has had an unhealthy grasp on the fight game. Certain honest souls squawked loud and long and were told to mind their own business. At every fight promoted by Honest Mike (and that included all but barroom brawls) the big shots sat at the ringside beaming happily and patronizingly at their retainers.

Why the war should make any difference is a major mystery. Other industries are skimming the cream off the top; war workers are making more in a day than a soldier makes in a week. The government hasn't done much about that. One gathers that either Mike has mislaid his copy of "How to Win Friends and Influence People" or departments of the U.S. Government that shouldn't give a damn for public opinion are doing it with a vengeance.

The rest of the conspiracy consists of the New York Yankees, individually and collectively. Who ever told those guys they could play baseball? Of course we didn't say that the Yanks would beat the Cards. We said they'd beat the Dodgers, which only makes the conspiracy deeper and darker. But we thought they'd beat the Cards. Just about everybody thought that.

Just what the upset goes to prove is a little obscure at this point. Maybe it goes to show that you never can tell or that pitching is coming back into the game again. Or that baseball cores made from reclaimed tires and whatnot aren't so good as the natural kind. Or that you can't win them all. Personally, we think it just shows that you never can tell.

### And Rugby

The rugby situation is beginning to shape up. In the East the R.A.F., by the damn'dest coincidence, turned out to have great quantities of football talent plus the country's outstanding coach, all stationed in Toronto. This happy chance looks as if it might result in the Grey Cup sprouting wings. The only opposition in sight comes from Hamilton. The Wildcats didn't have much of a team last year but they came mighty close to trimming the champion Rough Riders. They haven't got much of a team this year either. The rest of the competition appears at this writing—to take the brightest view—mediocre. We will reverently skip Balmy Beach, De Mortuis and all that. The Navy might do better as the boys grow to like this new game they're playing. The Toronto Indians are in there trying, and Kitchener is a very nice town.

In the West the Winnipeg Bombers are well on the way to proving that a team can beat itself by the simple expedient of giving its players to someone else. Then, too, all the R.C.A.F. personnel who haven't located in Toronto seem to be in Winnipeg. One gets the impression that there is not to be found in the rest of Canada a lad in air force blue who has ever seen a rugby ball from real close up. It's going to be mighty embarrassing for someone if the dominion championship turns out to be an all-R.C.A.F. affair. The long arm of coincidence may get its elbow in the soup.

This and that: They say that Scotty Ramage, who used to go around disguised as a pugilist, is now going around claiming the Canadian bantamweight championship. Many readers will recall having seen Scotty in his prime, usually in plan. But Scotty is reported to be sporting, in addition to one of the most spurious claims of recent years, an honorable discharge from the navy. This is something that should be the source of more pride to him than the bantamweight championship, especially the Canadian edition. It doesn't take much to be a champion outside the services these days. The competition isn't very tough.

Gordie Drillon has been sold to the Canadiens by Toronto. It ought to have a good season.

Certain Toronto sports writers have very short memories. When the O.R.F.U. put on the first of its two-game Saturdays, a morning paper called it "the first senior double grid bill in history." Without bothering to translate this for purists, we must remark that back in the days of the old Toronto "city series" for the Reg. de Gruchy Cup they used to put on something whose resemblance to a rugby double-header was surely more than coincidental.

The American football scores are well worth a casual glance. When Wake Forest (sic) beats Duke, that's unusual. When something called Iowa Pre-Flight beats Minnesota, that's extraordinary. But when Williams beats Princeton that's treason.

"If a nation values anything more than freedom - it will lose its freedom - And the irony of it is that if it is comfort or money which it values more it will lose that too"

*W. Somerset Maugham*

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# There is Really No New Type of War

BY O. T. G. WILLIAMSON

**The idea that this war can be won by the use of machines without any great expenditure of human blood is entirely wrong and fatally misleading, writes Mr. Williamson.**

**The introduction of new machinery into warfare makes a difference only by the element of surprise. As soon as the new machinery is understood, methods are devised for countering it.**

**Effective manpower properly equipped is the secret of victory in war, and expenditure of that manpower is the price of victory.**

A DANGEROUS state of mind is being fostered in this country. It is based on the text, "This is a new kind of war." This theme is expounded endlessly in all its variations. It is to be a war of machines. Expenditure of shells will take the place of expenditure of lives. The methods of the last war are outdated. The old fogies of the last war can have nothing of value to contribute to this modern, streamlined type of warfare. All this has just enough of truth in it to be extremely dangerous.

This war is no newer than the last war. It is in its fundamentals as old as wars so far in the dim past that they are myths rather than history. Strategically it differs little from the Napoleonic wars. Its tactics are the tactics of Genghis Khan, Wellington, Robert E. Lee or any other great imaginative leader. The element of surprise is no more potent now than when practiced by the Greeks at the siege of Troy. Since no army has a monopoly on speed, increase in fire power, or the means of communication, and every army is similarly equipped, there can be no basic change. The Abyssinian war of 1935 might be considered a new kind of war in comparison with Napier's campaign since the advance in equipment was almost entirely on the side of the invader. The present war in continental Europe is basically no different from Marlborough's campaign in a more restricted theatre. It is dangerous and, in so far as we are being deliberately misled, wicked to preach the gospel that this is a new kind of war.

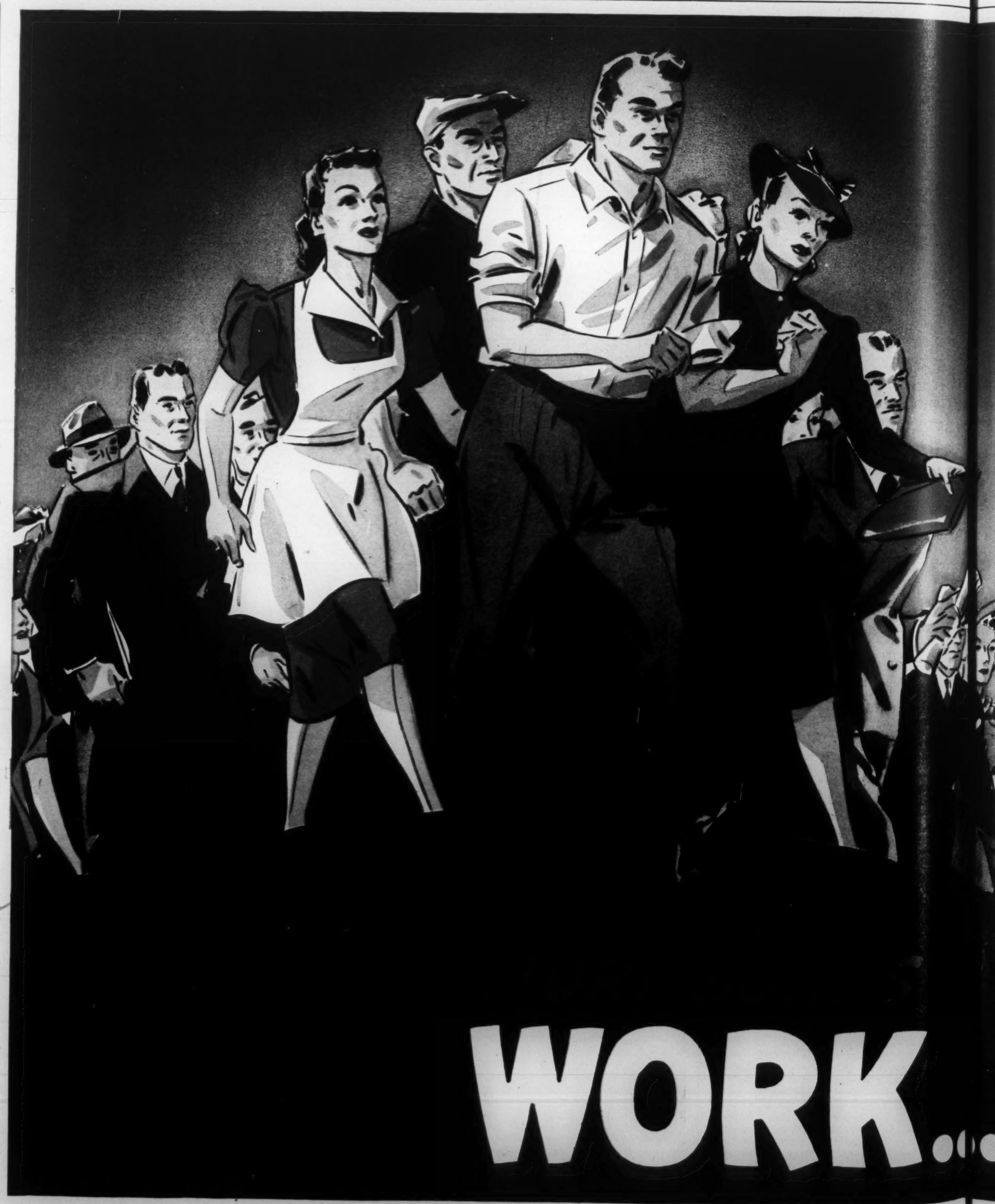
## Worship of Machines

In a machine age we are prone to make gods of our machines. Having had brains to devise them, we lacked brains properly to use them. Through paucity of understanding, we are now being asked almost to worship them. We are losing sight of relative values. The war chariot of ancient times was the tank of to-day. It was an effective and awe-inspiring weapon until means were found to counter it. The tank in the last war had a surprise value which, had it been properly exploited, might have been decisive. To-day this is no longer true and it may well be that before this war is over it will be used no more frequently nor effectively than was cavalry in the last war. Just as increased fire-power in the last war meant heavy casualties, so in this war increased fire-power will mean more, not fewer, casualties. Air power alone presents some new features, but a stalemate in the air due to balanced forces will make little change in ground fighting. Command of the air will bring great rewards just as it did in 1914-18. As the sole possession of one side in co-operation with an army, its effect would be decisive. Opposed by approximately equal force, its effect can only be to add to the casualties suffered. There is no particular comfort to be found in the theory that machines are going to make this a different war with respect to casualties.

In this new kind of war we are told that shells and munitions of all kinds will take the place of men. In advancing this argument, we are not told that the enemy is all-out to produce shells and munitions to the utmost capacity of a greatly extended industrial effort. It is dangerous and will be extremely damaging to morale on the home front if this theory finds wide acceptance. Certainly our armies must be well supplied with equipment and munitions to meet on equal or better terms an enemy well supplied. These are offensive weapons and the enemy will use them offensively and effectually. Casualties on a large scale are bound to result. We must be prepared for them. To believe that this is to be a war of machines and shells rather than a war of men, we would have to see a reduction in the number of men engaged. This has not been the case. The German and Russian numbers in this war are not less but more. The original British Force in France in the first Great War was eighty thousand men. Within a few months of the outbreak of this war Britain had a force of three hundred and fifty thousand on the Continent. In Canada we are told that we have far surpassed our manpower effort of 1914. If we delude ourselves in this matter, we will not give adequate support to our men who are overseas. The ill-fated Hong Kong expedition proved, if nothing else, that we do not possess a proper surplus of trained reinforcements.

## Lessons From 1914-18

We are being told that the methods of waging war have changed since 1914-18. It is natural and even to some extent commendable that young officers should believe that their own units are the best in a superlatively good Canadian Army. Unfortunately these young officers have been given no opportunity to study the history and achievements of the old Canadian Corps, admittedly the equal of any troops in Europe in the first Great War. The moral and practical value of such study was ignored by the pacifistic experimenters who were permitted to obtain control of our educational system. It is natural then that these young men, ignorant through no fault of their own, should have formed the idea that nothing is to be



learned from the lessons so bitterly taught in 1914-18. They know, from memorial tablets, cenotaphs and monuments, that in that war Canadian casualties were high, and they are ready to believe them the result of an incompetence which they have been assured will not be repeated.

Emphasis, perhaps undue emphasis, is now put on commando training in the belief that it is something new and better. The truth is that it is merely a new name for the trench raid of the last war, a Canadian invention which was generally adopted. The whole theory breaks down in a consideration of the Dieppe raid or invasion attempt. If it was a raid, it lacked all the elements which made trench raids a success in the first Great War. It was merely a frontal attack on a strongly defended position without the softening effect of a preliminary bombardment or proper artillery support. It lacked the element of surprise in great part and it was conducted in daylight. As an attempted invasion, its conduct was indistinguishable from the first landings on the Gallipoli peninsula. It does not justify in any way the comforting assurances we have been given that this is to be a war of guns and shells and not of men. War to-day is essentially the same as in the days of Crecy, Gettysburg or Verdun.

The early and effective use of the tank in great numbers by the Germans as an offensive weapon has created an obsession in the public mind which has obscured more recent tendencies. In Poland, in France and in the first year of the war against Russia the tank was supreme, although in the latter campaign its use was attended by appalling losses of machines and personnel. Even in that year the Russians demonstrated the defensive power of artillery against armoured spearheads. The second year in Russia has found the tank much less effective. Against guns properly sited and served, it now gives little assurance of success. Rommel's recent defeat bears this out. In a war of generally increased speeds, tanks are comparatively no more mobile than was Allenby's cavalry in the great turning movement he conducted which resulted in breaking the Turkish power in the Holy Land. Before this war is over the tank will be effectively countered and will be used as was cavalry in the first Great War and in the American Civil War. The tank was a modern variant of an old idea in the first Great War and made no more fundamental change in the art of war than did the adoption of steam in a service which goes back at least to Noah's Ark.

## No Basic Change

There has been no fundamental change in weapons generally. The Molotoff cocktail is the boiling lead of feudal days, which must have been as uncomfortable in a suit of armour as is gasoline in the interior of a tank. The infantry have Sten and Tommy guns. In the last war they had the Lewis automatic rifle. Mortars were used then as now, as infantry weapons. Aimed rifle fire was effective then and would be again if opportunity were given to develop marksmanship. An increase in anti-aircraft weapons is natural in this war but involves no fundamental change. Anti-tank weapons are constantly being improved and will finally overcome the menace of the tank, thus further reducing the present conditions to those of 1914-18. Only when one side succeeds in developing for its exclusive use a weapon of revolutionary type and devastating effect will we be justified in concluding that this is a new kind of war. Such a weapon is not yet in evidence.

Have tactics changed? In the early stages, if one did not consider historical analogies, it appeared that vital changes had indeed taken place. The use of fast moving armored columns against an unprepared enemy made it appear that the art of war had undergone a revolutionary advance. That idea has since largely been dissipated. Paratroops were effective on occasion in the early days. They have proved less so in the Russian campaign this summer. Air-borne troops were effectively used in Crete but only because a local condition favored them. In general, except where a preponderance of air strength exists, tactics in this war differ little from those employed in the first Great War. The Russian campaign of this year seems to prove this conclusively. After the first strategic withdrawals, in good order, the actions have followed closely the great battles on the Western Front. They can readily be related to the Somme, Verdun and Passchendaele. If the terrain is suitable battles of movement develop as in North Africa. Similar battles were fought, at a lower tempo but otherwise indistinguishable, in 1914 in the great German advance on Paris and in the retreat which followed. They were fought in Palestine and Galicia. Strong points were taken at Dieppe by means of hand grenades and acts of individual bravery. V.C.'s were won that way on the Western Front. Advances are made to-day by infantry with artillery support just as they were then. Careful planning and rehearsal in 1914-18 preceded attack then as now. To forget the lessons of 1914-18 or never to have learned them will lead to unnecessary casualties. Attempts to create the impression, on no matter what high authority, that this is a different war are dangerous and should be suppressed.

## Veterans Have Value

No one will suggest that men who were warwise and hardened twenty-five years ago should once more take their place in the front lines. For all that they are not lightly to be disregarded if we wish to get full value in our military effort. These men were not trained in an obsolete science. Unfortunately during the last twenty years and more little training of any kind has been given to the oncoming generations of Canadians. Such general knowledge of the art of war as we possessed rested within the ranks of the ex-servicemen. That knowledge has been all too sparingly used. Older men must give place to youth in active commands but too much emphasis on youth will result in much youthful sacrifice. Fit ex-servicemen have a value which it is folly to overlook. These men were brought up in a hard school of military discipline. Their moral value to-day should be fully utilized. Too many competent men are being used on menial tasks when as N.C.O.'s they might exert their full influence as builders of morale and discipline. We must not look on this war as merely a struggle for survival, although it is pre-eminently that. The young man who serves in any of the armed forces will gain one thing which will be peculiarly his throughout his life. This is self-respect and self-discipline. To the extent that this is made a part of his service, he will benefit.


# CANADIANS Rally to the Call

THE LAND you love at the feet of the Nazi? Your soul revolts at the very thought of it. Perhaps you refuse to believe it possible. Yet that does not alter the fact . . . we *could* lose this war. To realize it is the first *sure* step to victory.

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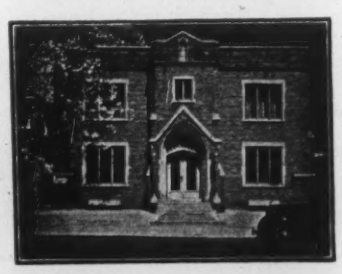

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# THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

## Our Own Great River

THE ST. LAWRENCE, by Henry Beston. (Oxford, $3.)

IT IS not hard to become lyrical about rivers, so much history and romance have mingled with the waters. But even if a stream could be found which warriors never crossed and lovers never gazed upon a poetical person might make much of it. The mere fact that water flows downhill, calmly or with speed, and does it with unforgettable grace is good for a sonnet, if not for an ode.

Some of the famous rivers of America have been honored recently with a book apiece, each written by an author who is already a literary figure. Now comes our own St. Lawrence—though shared for a short distance with New York State—done by Henry Beston of Maine, the author of *Starlight Wonder Book* and other "smoothies." And does he get lyrical? He does! In the very beginning he talks about rapids "soon to break upon the listening ear."

He finds that Lake St. Francis has "the placidity of milk, the quiet of a steel engraving." The variability of noise to be discerned among a steel engraving, an etching, a line-engraving and a half-tone is a bit too slight for the normal human ear. One thinks of those dog-whistles inaudible to man, but of stern command to the dog. And surely Lake St. Louis is not Lake Montreal!

The St. Lawrence is too high and glorious to be complimented by a writer however eminent. So we skip the mellow prose of Mr. Beston when he essays description and turn to the alluring tales about the folk who lived and wrought and loved and fought along its borders. The most of the romance touches the River from Montreal eastward; the veritable father-of-waters for French Canada.

Something might have been said of the loyalists of the upper river, of the Macdonells particularly, but the American point-of-view prevails and these people were misguided Tories who preferred their British citizenship to the republicanism of Sam Adams and John Hancock. So perhaps a description of the Long Sault was considered more fitting.

Mr. Beston comes from Maine by way of the lovely valley of the Chaudière to Levis and Quebec and a pleasant travelogue it is. Already, before the River is in sight, he has fallen in love with the gracious French villages, with the upper veranda, or "gallery," for sociability in the summer evenings, with the French farmers. And this affection grows as he steams down the North Shore and back from Gaspé westward, marking the eel fisheries, the blessing of the boats, an Indian pilgrimage, a religious pageant and other unusual sights. His judgment of the people is crystallized in the following paragraph:

"The real Baptiste of the old St. Lawrence may be very poor, he may have lived a hard, even a gaunt existence but he is never vulgar. He has kept his birthright of human dignity. Bred to endurance, notably patient, touchingly content with little, sociable by nature and with this sociability reinforced by the communal quality of his religion and his life, honest, devout and humanly 'of good will,'—there he is and may Heaven prosper him and his furrow!"

The history of battle, murder and sudden death which the River has seen since the days of Champlain is accurately and smoothly re-told and a valuable chapter is the review of some of the best known folk-tales of the St. Lawrence. *The Fiddler of the Northern Lights* properly belongs to the St. Maurice, a tributary. Also Mr. Beston has traced the history of three little New England girls abducted by the Indians in the bad old times and brought to Quebec. One of them became ultimately Superior of the Ursulines. Another married a Caughnawaga brave and stood true to him and her coppery flock of children despite the pressure of her southern relatives.

Altogether it is a good book. As we have read the text in proof-sheets before publication we have not yet seen the illustrations which are by Dr. A. Y. Jackson. The publishers could not have made a happier choice, for the spirit of French Canada and the changing loveliness of the great river are in his blood.

## Virtue in the Redwoods

BY W. S. MILNE

THE MAN WHO WENT AWAY, by Harold Bell Wright. (Musson, $2.50.)

Thirty years ago, Mr. Harold Bell Wright was a best-seller, whose sales were a joy to publisher and bookseller. Today, not one of a representative group of senior high-school students had even heard of him, although the title of his "Shepherd of the Hills" was recognized as that of a movie some of them had once seen. Nothing else is quite as dead—with obvious exceptions—as a best-seller of the previous generation. Those that survive their heyday continue to be read not because of, but in spite of, the fact that they once topped sales' returns all over the country, a thought that fills us with hope for the future.

The present novel is probably no better and no worse than its popular predecessors. When I was in my teens, I can remember enjoying several of them. After reading *The Man Who Went Away*, I can only conclude that I have grown up, and that Mr. Wright has not.

Mr. Wright's novels are a presentation of Mr. Wright's philosophy. In this work, the chief character expounds this philosophy for fourteen continuous pages in chapter 8. It did not really need so much space, for it is quite simple. There are two sorts of people in the world, good people and bad people. A group midway between consists of the potentially good, or the lapsed good. Both are able to graduate into class A by the influence of a noble character, the love of a good woman, the spell of the forest primaeval, or any combination of these three. Rich people and city people are always bad people; poor and rural bear the moral palm. Virtue is rewarded in the last chapter; the blind see, the lame walk, and the poor become rich. The wicked meet a sticky fate.

In "The Man Who Went Away", a wealthy man with a secret in his past finds regeneration and the missing granddaughter amid the redwoods, aided by a philosophic hermit, who lives with his three deer, Do, Re and Mi; Omar Khayyam the raven; Sally Chipmunk, and Peter Pan, the gray squirrel. Into the sylvan paradise come dope smugglers and G-men, but all is Wright in the end.

## For Boys and Girls

MR. BUMPS AND HIS MONKEY, by Walter de la Mare. Illustrated. (Winston, $2.25.)

A GAY BOOK for boys and girls is this tale of the intelligent little monkey captured in Africa, brought to London, and taught all sorts of tricks, including the very surprising trick of speaking English. How he fared among such strange creatures as men and women until he was able to return to Africa as a wealthy and experienced monkey is admirably told and gloriously illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop who also writes the introduction.

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# THE BOOKSHELF

## The Hell That Is Germany

LAST TRAIN FROM BERLIN, by Howard K. Smith. (Ryerson, $3.25.)

ON DECEMBER 6, 1941, the day before Pearl Harbor was bombed, Howard K. Smith, aged 27, crossed the frontier of Germany into Switzerland, and stared at the lighted shops and streets of Berne for hours on end. In his hotel, after a T-bone steak with six vegetables and appropriate drinks, he couldn't go to bed, but sat at the window all night long, staring like a backwoodsman in the city for the first time.

On the day that Great Britain declared war against Germany, Smith had been appointed to a desk in the London office of the United Press. Three months later he was sent to Berlin, and after a few months was with the Columbia Broadcasting System.

On graduation from Tulane University, New Orleans, Smith, with total assets of one hundred dollars had crossed the Atlantic as a deckhand and had gone travelling in Germany to perfect himself in the language, also "for to admire and for to see." Returning home he won a Rhodes scholarship and went to Oxford where he became active in the students' Labor Party.

Clever, with the urgency and decisiveness of youth, and steeped in Liberalism the whole Nazi set-up angered him, but his personal prejudices were set aside while he attempted in honor to see and describe what was going on for the benefit of American readers and listeners.

Censorship infuriated him. He could see some things, under inspection, but he wasn't allowed to describe the swift decline of German morale, the growing scarcity of food, clothing and every necessity of life, the depth of civilian depression, the persecution of Jews.

As a Press correspondent he was in a favored position. He was supposed to have more supplies than the German civilian. He had abundance of money but there was nothing useful to spend it on. After two years he had the appearance of a beggar in patched and ragged clothing. He writes: "For months in our apartment Fleischer and I had only two beds, a couple of straight chairs and a broken wireless set. When friends came we dropped a few pillows on the floor and sat there. Our crockery was in a pitiful state and it was impossible to buy more. We possessed one water-glass, and treated it with love and care as if it were the Holy Grail."

Concerning food-shortage he writes, "At the Kaiserhof, a famous hotel, they give you a chalky, warm, red liquid called tomato soup, but which a good-natured waiter-friend of mine called 'Dye-trust formula Number 20X.' The meat is generally two little sausages of uncertain contents, each about the size of a cigar-butt, with four or five yellow potatoes with black blotches on them." He is scornful of a Press Club meal, which, he says, "I abandoned on the door-step."

This is not the grousing of a high-strung civilian, but the straight talk of a high-salaried correspondent, cold to everything but news and the writing of it. The daily irritations caused by insolent or nit-wit officials, the colossal lies in the German press, the feeling that he was useless, being stopped by liars and thieves from what he was sent to do, brought upon him and all correspondents a steady depression which they called "The Berlin Blues."

What Mr. Churchill calls "This evil thing called Nazi-ism" is catalogued and described in full detail in this book. The author explains the terror of civilians, the wicked might of the Army, the incompetence of all civil officials, the hideous treatment of Jews, the black atmosphere of lies, and the steady creeping forward of famine. But he doesn't visualize a sudden end to the war, even though the Communist Party, the Catholic Church and the Prussian officer caste are hostile to Hitler and his gang, and even though fully ninety-five per cent of the people are against the Nazi Party. It's a story no one should miss.

## Hangings

BY J. V. McAREE

BY THE NECK, by August Mencken. (S. J. Reginald Saunders, $3.)

IT IS explained in this curious compilation that the purpose of the author was to give readers a picture of what happens in the mind of a man condemned to death, how he comports himself in his last dreadful hours, and what impression is made by him on those who have the duty of destroying him and the others who witness his taking off.

But there is really no analysis on the part of the writer. In fact all he contributes is a brief summary of the crime; the story of the execution is left to some contemporary, generally an anonymous reporter. The one exception is that the last hours of Lord Ferrers are described by Horace Walpole, and naturally this is the most interesting chapter in the series. We do not understand the design of the book if indeed it has any. It is true that the hanging of some notorious murderers is described; it is also true that some murderers of whom we never heard are treated with equal respect. Crimes historic and obscure seem equally to attract Mr. Mencken.

If we may draw any general conclusion it is that as a rule murderers meet their death bravely, and that their hangings are warmly approved by spectators. Public hangings in the past have drawn greater crowds than the prize fights or the races.

## Poetry of War

FLYING COLORS. (Ryerson 60c.)

EDITED by Sir Charles G. D. Roberts comes an anthology of war-verse; manly, straightforward stuff, as is fitting; for, as the Editor declares, "The verse which would give winged words to the passion of patriotism must be clear and must be simple, or the words, however ingeniously winged, will miss their aim entirely."

Of the Canadian poets forty are represented. Twenty of the great Englishmen appear, nine from other Dominions and fifteen from the United States. Every one of these sturdy songs should be in the ears and minds of young and old in these grievous days.

## The Problem of Scarcity

STRATEGIC MATERIALS AND NATIONAL STRENGTH, by Harry N. Holmes. (Macmillans, $2.)

A GOOD deal is heard in these times about essential and non-essential industries and products. How to discriminate is rather difficult, since this ferocious war differs vitally from all previous wars. Lists of contraband suitable for war-ships on blockade in 1918 would be outmoded in these times. Indeed it would be difficult nowadays to name any industrial or agricultural product that could not be adapted to the use of the fighting forces.

The author of this book is President of The American Chemical Society. His survey of the scarcities may be taken as authoritative and his summary of the progress in the making of synthetic rubber and of substitutes for quinine, morphine and a score of other necessities is informing. He points out that if the United States in peace time had built-up a three-year stock pile at a cost of, say, $100,000,000—but it didn't and he fears than when peace comes it will not do it then.


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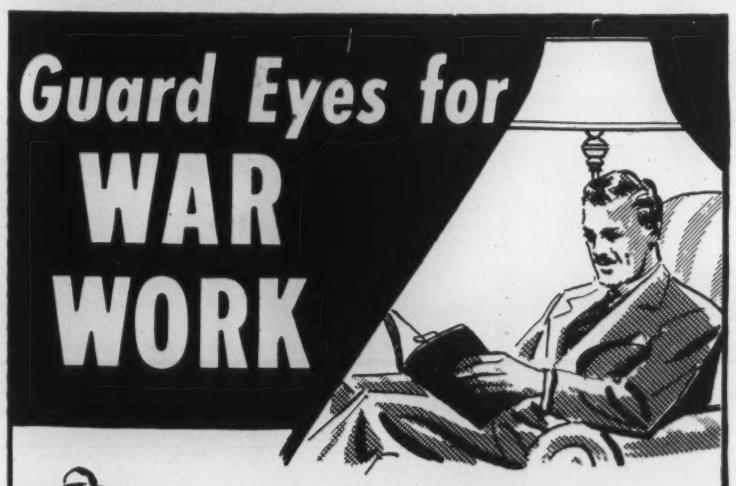

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# WORLD OF WOMEN

## Home On A Bayou

BY MARION SIMMS

ONE of the oldest buildings in the Mississippi Valley—formerly the old New Orleans Custom House during Spanish rule—has been home for more than 30 years to Mrs. Helen Pitkin Schertz.

"The place was built in 1730, I understand," said Mrs. Schertz, who is a cousin of Walter (Life Begins at Forty) Pitkin and herself a leader in social and Little Theatre activities in the Louisiana city. "Before I bought it, the building was used for years to store hay. The walls originally were a foot and a half thick, so it was possible to tear out some of the brickwork to make room for shelves and cupboards.

One of the show places of the state, the structure is a fine example of early Spanish colonial architecture showing the influence of West Indies plantation homes. It stands on the banks of Bayou St. John, at the point where explorer Bienville landed when searching for a site for the new city.

From the plantation house across the Mississippi River in Algiers, where she was born, Mrs. Schertz brought many prized possessions when she went to live on Bayou St. John. Her grandmother's inlaid catch-all table—made like a huge jewel box—was one. Another was an unusual old smoking chair designed so a man might sling a leg comfortably over the back. In order to use the tall cast-iron gates from her childhood home, Mrs. Schertz added a two-storied drawing room to the old Custom House.

A colored glass window near the ceiling of the drawing room is studded with pieces of glass once used as decorative touches on the third *Natchez*, a luxury ship of the old Mississippi River paddle-wheel days. When she burned, many sentimental people of Louisiana obtained fragments of furnishings and ornaments from the old boat.

The travels of Mrs. Schertz and her friends over the world in the last 20 years have further enriched the bayou home. The unusual front door bell, for instance, is an altar bell from Mexico which Mrs. Schertz found while visiting quaint Olvera Street in Los Angeles. Large lanterns on either side of the front door she found at a French chateau in Tours.

An exquisite brazier which rests on a base of silver brocade in a corner of the drawing room is of particular interest to collectors. Found by a friend while travelling through the Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean, it is one of five copies in existence. The original—created by Benvenuto Cellini by order of one of the popes—stands in the Vatican at Rome. One copy also is there. Besides Mrs. Schertz' reproduction, a bronze heavily overlaid with silver, one copy went to the King of Italy, one to the former King Alphonse of Spain, and the final one to the Prince of Monaco.

On Mrs. Schertz' veranda there is a seated statue of a smiling young colored boy which is so life-like that newcomers passing by often smile back at him. And a legend has grown among the children of the neighborhood that the statue is really a petrified boy!

Hanging in Mrs. Schertz' home is the large oil painting of her grandmother done by Sir Thomas Sully. At the time she was 16-year old Helen Mar Gilroy, of Gilroy Castle in Dundee, Scotland, on a visit in London.

### Queen Victoria's Robes

"Sir Thomas was painting Queen Victoria in her coronation robes at the same time," Mrs. Schertz related, "and the royal garments were kept in the studio for use on a model so that the queen need be detained only for her portrait. Whenever my grandmother came to the studio for her own sittings, girl-like, she would slip on the magnificent robes and parade around the room."

Colorful family history related by this grandmother—whose marriage took her to Boston and later to Louisiana where she helped to rear the motherless granddaughter on the Algiers plantation—are part of Mrs. Schertz' cherished childhood memories. Grandmother's first husband was a cousin of the English poet, George Byron, and the young couple in their home on the Boston Common entertained many visiting celebrities.

"She liked to tell me of the time when Charles Dickens visited America and she was chosen to lead the grand march at a ball given in his honor," said Mrs. Schertz. "Her second husband was a descendant of Nell Gwynne."

### "The Wilderness"

Mrs. Schertz' father, John Robert Fuller, a New Orleans lawyer, was appointed by President Harrison as special envoy to the Argentine Republic. He was a descendant of Governor William Pitkin of Connecticut, whose sister crossed the ocean from England to anxiously urge him to return from "the wilderness". Instead, she remained to marry into the Wolcott family and to become the wife, mother and sister of governors.

On finishing school, Mrs. Schertz went into newspaper work in New Orleans and stayed 16 years, writing a popular column called *Eve Up To Date*. She also authored a book on voodooism in New Orleans. She is a long time friend of *Advice to the Lovelorn* columnist Dorothy Dix.

In the flower gardens surrounding a delicate iron-work well, Mrs. Schertz likes to start work at 5:30 in the morning. Here there is a superb view of a broad sweep of Bayou St. John. From her own front door it would be possible to sail directly to La Havre, a thought that used to intrigue her considerably in pre-war days. It has been done, too. Although not wide enough to accommodate an ocean liner, the bayou can easily handle a klinker boat stout enough to withstand the strong currents of the Gulf of Mexico.

Actually, it was from this point that a notorious lady of New Orleans once escaped irate citizens—sailing hastily down the bayou, through Lake Pontchartrain, and out to the freedom of the sea and Europe. She was Mme. Lalaurie, and there are numerous references in old Louisiana history to the scandal which finally sent her rushing through the night to the bayou.

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# WORLD OF WOMEN

## Canadian Women at War

BY BERNICE COFFEY

FOR those who seek something more than generalities in reply to the question "What are Canadian women doing in this war?" the most recent addition to the Canadian Series of Macmillan War Pamphlets offers a very complete answer. Written by Charlotte Whitton, the pamphlet "Canadian Women in the War Effort" (fifty cents) contrives to cover a great deal of ground in its fifty-seven pages. A most complete picture is presented of Canadian women at work in this war—from the woman on active service to the women who, to quote the author, "by taking on their war work in a very restricted and intimate sector of the home front—the area comprised between their own front and back doors!—release other women for more direct contribution to the national effort."

What did we do before the war? According to International Labour Office Reports, based on pre-war statistics, Canada is listed as having the smallest percentage (13%) of women over fifteen years of age in "gainful occupations" of any of sixteen comparable modern industrial states. In the United States it was 18%, in Great Britain 27%. National registration in August, 1940, was highly enlightening when it showed Canada with nearly 3,900,000 girls and women over sixteen years. Of this number only about 900,000 were gainfully occupied; 2,300,000—60% were home makers. The remainder

**Comfort and smartness combine in black velveteen slacks, black jersey shirt and emerald green felt coat which has winter scenes embroidered on the enormous patch pockets.**

—459,000 or 12% of the total—"had never worked nor were they homemakers or at present employed". Of these, according to Miss Whitton, as many as 375,000 were probably in the 16 to 40 year age group. About 2½ per cent were listed as still unemployed, and about 3% were students.

Of particular interest is the breakdown showing how those who work for a living are employed "in ordinary times". The largest number—almost a third—are to be found in the field of household and personal service. The next group, surprisingly enough, is represented by women in the professions of whom there are over 125,000 "indicative of the high general level of educational opportunity in Canada." This latter figure includes 50,000 women teachers. About as large as the professional group is the number of those in clerical, stenographic, filing and related activity, "the latter undoubtedly swollen to 150,000, at least by the special demands of the war."

Women engaged in manufacturing and trade rank fourth and fifth respectively. And, as Miss Whitton points out, at any time there are some thousands of Canadian women employed on farms.

The record of each of the four corps of women mobilized for active service is told in considerable detail, as is that of each of the Canadian women's organizations and voluntary war organizations.

### Aid and Comfort

One of the easiest ways of giving aid and comfort—not to the enemy—but to our side, is to collect many of the things of seemingly little value that are taking up space around the house. For instance—

Although the salvage people seem to have become utterly indifferent to the value of the "waste" paper, soldiers, sailors and airmen are as hungry for reading matter as ever. The many organizations that have taken on the job of supplying them with current reading matter are as eager as ever to get their hands on quantities of magazines and books. They have made it a simple matter to get them into circulation again by making arrangements with filling stations, drug stores, and so on, where this material can be left.

Mrs. Rooney of the Women's Committee of the Navy League (Ontario Division) tells us that the lads who sail the seas are in need of records of all kinds from boogie-woogie to symphony. When a ship is at sea it must keep radio silence. To a generation used to the companionship of radio this is a definite hardship, so the phonograph is used to provide music for recreation. By the way, don't throw away records because they are broken. Send them along too. They are turned in to be reprocessed for their valuable lacquer and an allowance is made toward the purchase of new records.

No need to give away your mink treasure—but if there's an old fur coat that has seen better days your furrier will see that it is directed pronto to the Seamen's Fur Vests War Project.


# DEB BRIGHTENS SCENE OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

## Keeps Her Complexion Sparkling

Lovely Bette de Lesseps of Toronto serves as a member of the Women's Auxiliary Mechanics Service. She is the granddaughter of the late Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame. Bette has fresh olive skin, has used Woodbury Facial Soap since babyhood. She says: "A bracing Woodbury Facial Cocktail quickly removes dulling dirt, and leaves my skin radiant."

1. **"On guard."** Horses are one of Bette's hobbies. "Now that social life is planned around men in uniform, I'm anxious to keep my skin appealing. Woodbury Soap never fails me

2. **"Soft cloth,** warm water and Woodbury are the ingredients of my facial cocktail. Woodbury does double duty as cleanser and freshener. A quick rinse—and my skin looks grand."

3. **At service canteen,** Bette dispenses good cheer with good food. "A Woodbury Facial Cocktail, taken before duty and dates, clears my complexion of that day-tired, dreary look."

4. **"For the Skin You Love to Touch,"** use Woodbury Soap. The mildness of this famous skin soap is imparted by a special costly ingredient. Pure, gentle—a skin beautifier. 10¢ a cake.

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## Helen Traubel as Recitalist

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THE recital by Helen Traubel which opened the current season at Eaton Auditorium illustrated a fact known to most critics but often ignored by musical managers, that it takes more than a glorious voice, a striking personality and operatic experience, to make a first-rate recital artist. In music the axiom of the mathematicians that the whole is greater than its parts is frequently refuted. There were splendid moments during the evening but the total effect was disappointing and indeed monotonous. The monotony was mainly due to Miss Traubel's ponderous dramatic style which has become more turgid than it was before her obvious fitness for Wagner's Brunhilde had gained recognition at the Metropolitan Opera House. Really great vocalists, such as Miss Traubel assuredly is, are so scarce that it seems ungrateful to stress the truth that other singers, with smaller endowment, are more pleasing and versatile as interpreters.

The fact is that a really interesting recital, embracing many schools of song, demands a great deal more finesse and a much wider range of intellectual or interpretative endeavor than any performance of an operatic role, however strenuous. When a Wagnerian singer of either sex takes to the concert platform it is necessary for him, and especially for her, as the case may be, to forget Wagner altogether. The screaming oratory of Hitler, to which everyone has listened at some time or other, is typically Wagnerian; in fact he is said to have been coached in expression by Winifred Wagner, daughter of the composer. It is a type of expression that may be useful in rallying a mob, but its fitting place is not a recital hall.

Miss Traubel's voice is unequalled in power among young contemporary singers; its tones are rich, warm and beautifully produced. She can be turgid, as Wagner demands, without sacrificing tonal beauty. She proved this in his song "Suffering" and in the apostrophe "Thou Art the Spring" from "The Valkyrie"; but the same method applied to a trifle like Oley Speaks' "Morning" or a setting of a lyric like "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind" comes near to absurdity. As vocalism her rendering of Negro spirituals is stirring but it ignores all the simplicity and plaintiveness of the originals.

Miss Traubel had evidently been warned off trying to sing the lieder of Schubert as though the composer were a Wagnerite, like Richard Strauss. She sang his "Cradle Song" and a tender love lyric, "Ecstasy," gently and tenderly as they should be sung; and followed with Strauss songs rendered passionately as the composer intended. Very probably a gifted coach like her accompanist, Conrad Van Bos, could make a good recitalist of her after all.

**Sara Perry as Ada Lester, the tragic wife in "Tobacco Road," held over at the Royal Alexandra another week.**

### Kostelanetz Returns

The genial and magnetic conductor, Andre Kostelanetz, must have been flattered at the immense audience which greeted him in Varsity Arena last week when he returned to conduct the two concluding concerts of the Promenade Symphony's regular season—the most successful in the organization's history. In early summer his brace of previous appearances established him as a local favorite, though he had long been so over radio. The concert last week gave opportunity to play *in extenso* the two most popular of Tschaikowsky's works, the "Pathetique" Symphony and the "Nutcracker" Ballet Suite.

Twenty years ago there was in certain critical circles a rather supercilious reaction against Tschaikowsky, which the public ignored. His music was depreçated as "sob stuff," a dictum which entirely ignored the immense scope and variety of his creative genius. Last week Mr. Kostelanetz in these two works presented both his melancholy and his sparkling phases. He unquestionably surprised those who had known him only as a breezy and buoyant radio conductor, by a sincere and deeply emotional interpretation of the "Pathetique" Symphony.

The solo dances of the Nutcracker Suite, which have been more popular and enduring than the Ballet structure they illustrate, were danced by a quartet of skilled professionals from the corps of the Metropolitan Opera. There were other fine numbers by Mozart, Debussy, Johann Strauss and Glinka, which all seemed to fit in delightfully and prove the conductor's skill as a program builder.

**Vivian della Chiesa, soloist at the Special Promenade Concert at Varsity Arena, Toronto, October 22. Proceeds go to the Canadian Merchant Marine Fund. Both the soloist and Conductor Kostelanetz are giving their services for this fine Cause.**

### A Toronto Debut

ON TUESDAY, October 20, Mme. Olga Kondakova, eminent Russian-born coloratura soprano, will be heard at Eaton Auditorium in a recital program. When the war broke out she was in Italy, and since she is a British subject by naturalization she was expelled from the country, and now is a resident of Toronto.

Her program will include arias by Rossini and Puccini, the Polonaise from Thomas's *Mignon*, and a series of notable songs. Leo Barkin will be at the piano, and E. T. Smith, flautist will assist.

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# THE FILM PARADE

Like so many other generals in this war, Brig. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, head of the U.S. Army Air Force Bomber Command, is seeing action at first hand. Here he emerges from a Flying Fortress, just back from a raid.

## The Clark Gable-Lana Turner Legend

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

IF YOU can make a story whopping enough you are bound to have it believed. Adolf Hitler may imagine he invented this theory, but the truth of it is as old as mythology. Actually, we are never so safe and happy and wide-eyed as when we are in the presence of a large and lively myth. That is why we love the screen, where everyone, to begin with, is six times human size. Everything is multiplied, then multiplied again—size, beauty, love, sacrifice, the rapture of the happy ending—and any small nagging inconsistencies are simply swallowed up in scale.

It would never do, for instance to have ace war correspondent Clark Gable ("Somewhere I'll Find You") simply resign when he finds himself out of sympathy with his isolationist managing editor. It wouldn't do, but it doesn't shape up with the Gable myth. Instead he goes into his editor's office and strips him of his shirt and pants. Then while a professional rubber holds the boss down with his nose on the table the hero has the front page torn down and set up again according to his own ideas. That's the mythological touch, and we love it.

Then there is Lana Turner. She's supposed to be a war-correspondent too, but during the whole length of the film she doesn't file a line or even sharpen a pencil. In the earlier sections she spends most of her time in a cosy little restaurant, making love to Clark Gable. She does it so knowingly too, and looks so wonderful, bathed in pure panchromatic light, that we accept her standing as a reporter, and are dreamily assured that given a typewriter and a situation slightly more international she could easily write like Dorothy Thompson. That's the way the Myth affects you. You can believe anything.

But Clark has only been playing with Lana, and when he stands her up she rushes off to Indo-China. There she disappears so completely that even the managing editor begins to notice she hasn't sent back a line of copy. He then calls in Clark and his young brother (Robert Sterling) and sends them out to hunt for Lana. They're supposed to cover the Indo-China angle too, but he doesn't insist much on that. This is a picture about Clark and Lana.

IN INDO-CHINA they find her at a steaming river's mouth, unloading Chinese babies from a sampan. "This is the last," she says, handing up a waif without even bothering to check over the list of little charges. Actually it isn't the last, there are two more Chinese infants wailing in the depths of the sampan; but when Clark Gable is around Lana is as irresponsible a relief worker as she is a reporter. . . Once she is discovered no attempt is made to keep up even the fiction of reporting Indo-China. The three are simply at large together, on an expense account that stretches all the way to Manila, where Clark and Lana are shown dancing together in a luxury hotel on the boss's time. Then up pops a calendar marked Dec. 7, the kid brother joins the defenders of Bataan, Lana signs up with the Red Cross and only Clark remembers that he has a contract, and a responsibility to the reading public back home. Even so, he doesn't settle down in a fox-hole with a portable. He finds a Filipino secretary, who can be spared from the defence of Bataan, and dictates the dispatch to him. It's a fine dispatch too, tough and angry and colloquial, a real Gable tour de force. It's handled so well that it sounds meaningful and urgent instead of merely expert. In fact the final Gable speech, in spite of the fantastic circumstances of its delivery, represents the only moment of plausibility in the entire film.

THE picture, of course, isn't meant to be plausible. It's a legend—the great American legend of Clark Gable and Lana Turner. It's a comparatively new legend, to be sure, but this doesn't detract from its arresting and hyperbolic quality. Everything about these two superbly unreal beings is heightened to the topmost pitch. When they love they love terrifically and for ever. When they are disillusioned they fly to Indo-China. Or they sit about for days drinking whiskey and champagne, till they fall down senseless. The things they say to each other don't mean anything in ordinary human terms; it's just tough and expert dialogue put into their mouths by people who understand the legend. The actual detail of the legend doesn't matter. All that matters is the shape, which is fixed and definite, and the scale, which is practically boundless.

It's easy enough to break "Somewhere I'll Find You" down into its component parts and show that it doesn't make sense. The fact is, it was never for a moment intended to make sense. The thing to do is accept it on its own terms, as a sort of American Mating Myth. That way you come into the larger faith which makes you end by half believing it.

## NIGHTMARE

NIGHT has gone by
Like a black moth,
Creamily quiet . . . and soft to the sense.

If the night were a garden
Only velvet flowers would bloom therein,
Purple . . and carmine . . and tremulous gold . .
With mammoth moss leaves
And plush stalks.

Night has gone by
Like a black moth.

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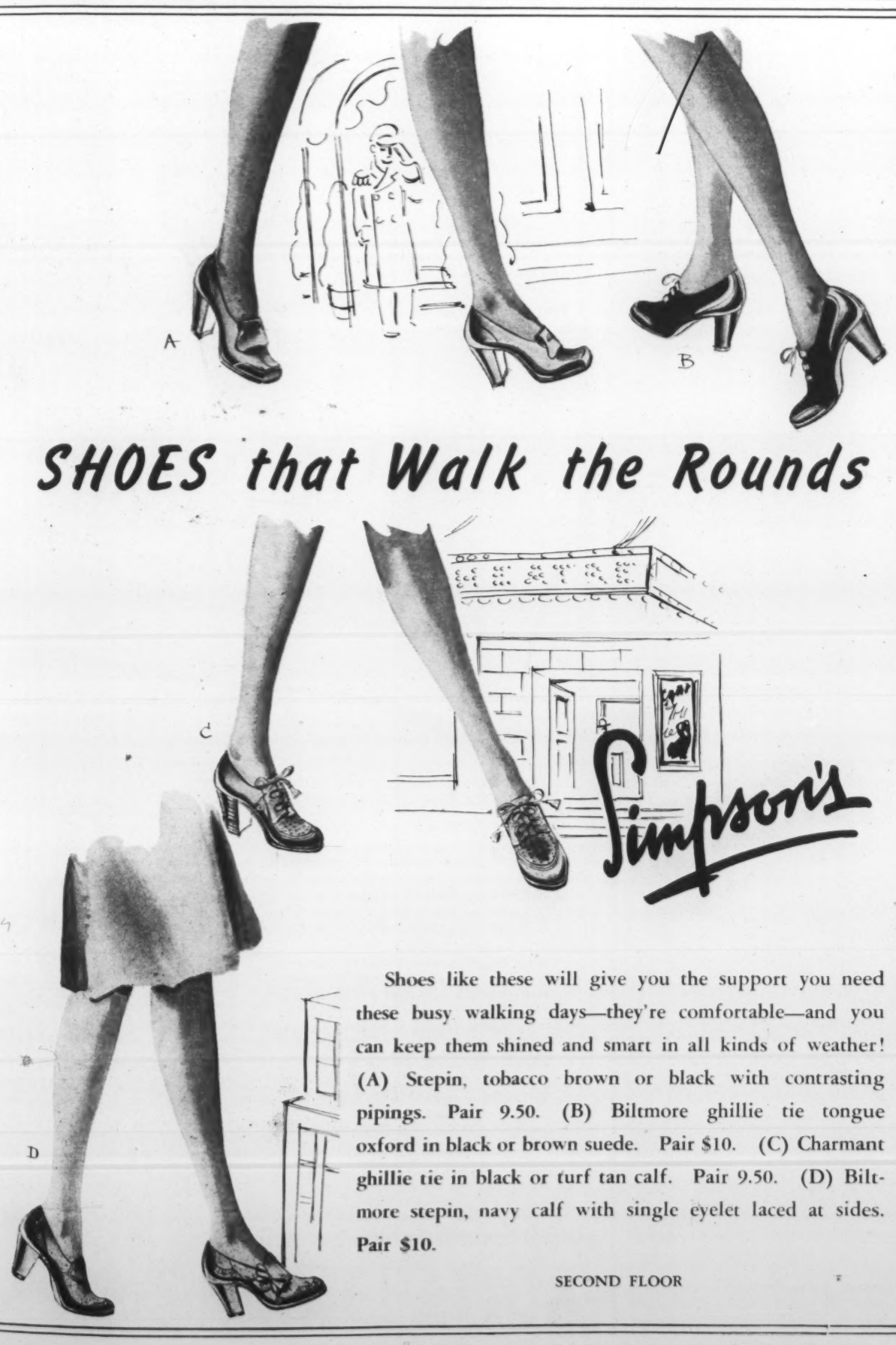


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# THE DRESSING TABLE

## Enduring Charms for Over-Forties

BY ISABEL MORGAN

IT ISN'T exactly a red-letter day when someone sits down and writes a book about how to make the most of one's charms—but it most decidedly is when a book appears that has been written on that subject for women who have either just eased over the forty mark or are far beyond it. Well, chalk this up for a red-letter day for, glory be, such a book has been published. It's called "Those Enduring Young Charms," and is by Ruth Hooper Larison (*Harper-Musson*. $3.50).

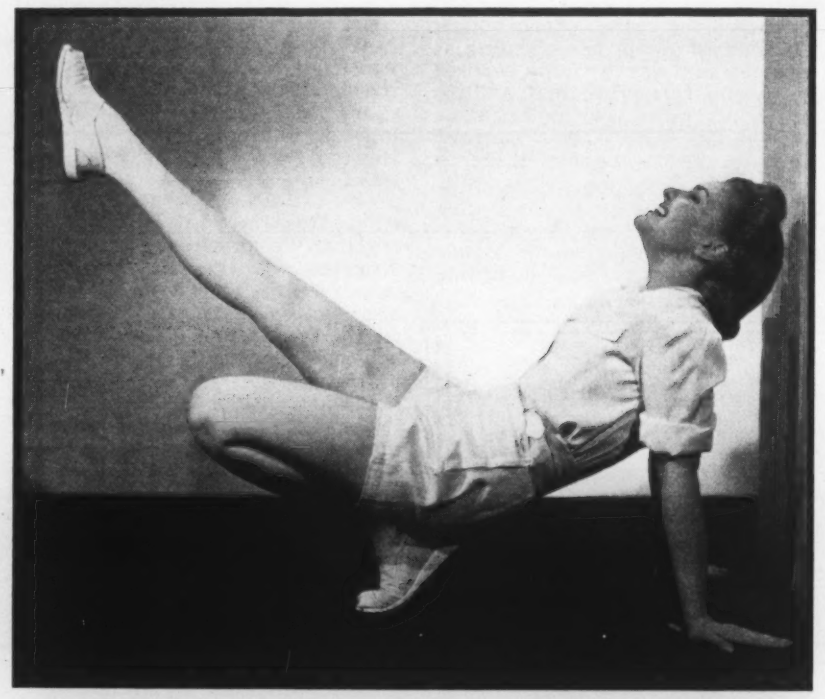
We can only wonder that it wasn't written long ago for, more and more, the older woman is coming into her own. This is true to a large extent of Canada, but even more so in the United States where the direct lie is given to the widely cherished illusion that only the young have an active place in any of the careers. Many of the top career women in that country, long past their youth, continue to carry on with distinction in important posts where their experience and, no doubt, their maturity of judgment and experience are of the utmost value. Two such women are editors of two of the country's top fashion magazines, and, as Miss Larison points out, most of the renowned hostesses the world over are women in their late forties and fifties.

Care of the skin is given a chapter and the author very sensibly doesn't try to sell her readers a bill of goods that they can rival the youth bloom of the twenties. She does suggest, however, how to make the most of what one has to enhance the undeniable beauty of maturity. There is a full discussion about hair—whether it's permitted to remain in the silver-hairs-among-the-gold stage or camouflaged by outside help. She's broadminded on the subject and suggests the best means of caring for it in either state.

Diet, exercise, dress, health, and some good advice which the woman of middle age probably wouldn't accept from well-meaning friends but is unlikely to resent when found in a book, are things that should commend "Those Enduring Young Charms" to the woman of forty and over.

### About Face

Look in the mirror and wipe all expression off your face. Practice going about like that for half an hour a day. A vivacious face, even with wrinkles, is more magnetic than the kind which has no more expression than a china daisy. But there is such a thing as "mugging," as actresses call it. By this they mean expressing with your face more than the occasion calls for. Besides the fact that



**This is Elizabeth Fraser's favorite exercise for keeping that streamlined perfection of legs and ankles. It is accomplished by alternate stretching and pulling of hip and leg muscles in position shown in the photograph.**

### NEWCOMER

MOST days he goes to town in fifteen flat,—
Sometimes, he claims, in something less than that.
Nothing he sees as on he rolling goes
But concrete ribbon out beyond his nose.
The trip means nothing to him but the road
And time. The time-clock is his goad.

And he is rich, they say, and I am poor,
Yet that broad pathway is to me a door
To memories more real, more precious far
Than to him his bright monster of a car.
I walked it as a trail between the stumps,
From it saw deer and cougar take their jumps,
Scared roly-poly cubs and mother-bear
By whistling as I too picked berries there;
And many a wholesome thrill and worthwhile tale
Lies 'twixt his concrete ribbon and my trail.

EMILY LEAVENS.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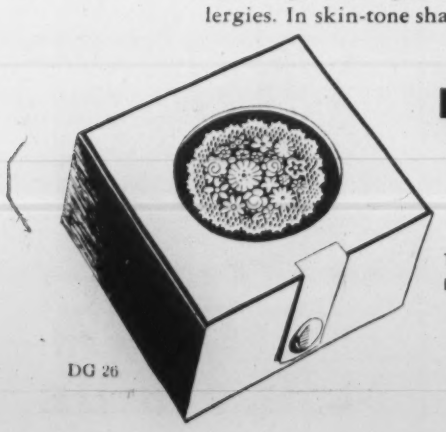

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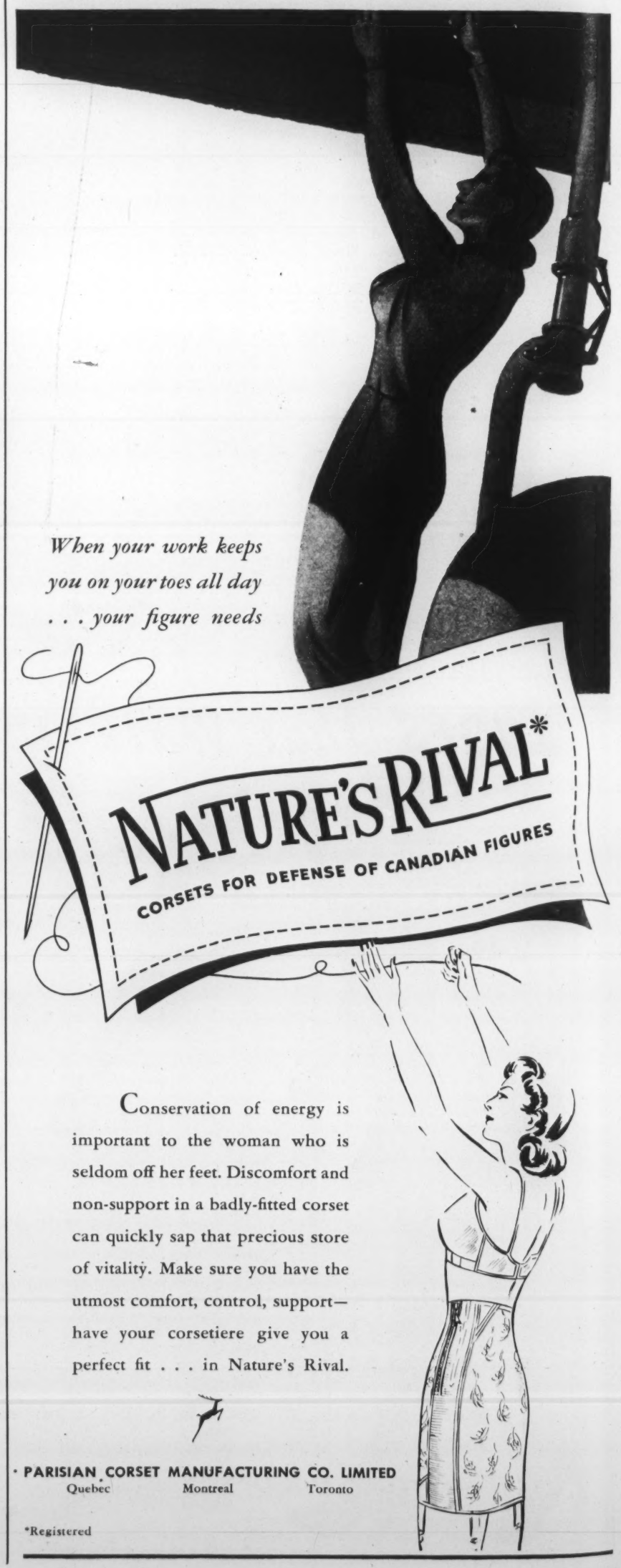

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this habit will eventually make your face look like a map of the Rocky Mountains, it is not in itself attractive. Not that we hold any brief for those cow-like beauties whose faces have never been disturbed by a brain wave. But with faces as with bodies it is by alternating rest and exercise that beauty is developed.

### Stocking Up

Go without stockings in the winter winds? That's a different story, isn't it—and the mere thought of shins protected from zero winds by nothing more than a thin layer of color is sufficient to bring on an attack of goose pimples. Which brings us to the subject of Tintex Stocking Dye because it gives even the lightest colored summer stockings the deeper tones needed to make them blend in with dark winter clothes. It will do a very efficient job on faded hose and is mother's little helper when it comes to re-matching old ones. With the latter one starts from scratch by using Tintex Color Remover and then dyeing to a new and up-to-date shade. The dye works with equal effectiveness on cotton, lisle, rayon, silk, nylon and wool hosiery and there are four shades—Smoke Haze, Hula Bronze, Wine Blush or Brown Butter. Any of these can be varied by changes in the strength of the dye bath.

### Uniform Help

Men in the services are becoming conscious of a problem that women have been coping with for years. Men back from camps talk (to their families) about wearing the same uniform day after day until it becomes redolent—and not pleasantly so! Their uniforms are perhaps heavier than the clothes they've been accustomed to wearing, they are exercising more strenuously, and it's not so easy to send uniforms out for frequent cleanings. Some gallant sage has remarked that ladies glow, gentlemen perspire — but in either case the remedy is the same.

It's a handsome gesture to pass the information along to the male members of our families. Introduce them to a deodorant such as Odorono Cream and they, too, can stop perspiration easily, safely and effectively. It's so easy to use — just a little dabbed on every two or three days—that no one, however busy, can begrudge the time. Many men have already discovered it and are brave enough to go to the cosmetic counters for it, but we think they'd like it better if you'd find it for them.

### Lip Service

If it's your nose that is unsatisfactory, might as well bear up and admit you are stuck with it. But lips are something else again and, with a lipstick as a shaping tool, almost anything can be done to change them. Dorothy Gray appeals to the experimenter in each of us with a clever package she calls "Lip Service." This is a transparent strip on which are printed in true red, six different, life-size lip patterns of six famed beauties to help every woman to reshape her mouth along the lines of the most flattering pair. The strip is rolled around the Dorothy Gray lipstick in its new plastic wartime case.

### Laughton's Tooth

Requiring a teeth-transformation for a character role, the rotund British film actor Charles Laughton consulted a Hollywood dentist who specializes in work of this kind for the film colony.

Laughton studied the collection of dental plaster casts filed away in a cabinet in the dentist's laboratory, then remarked solemnly:

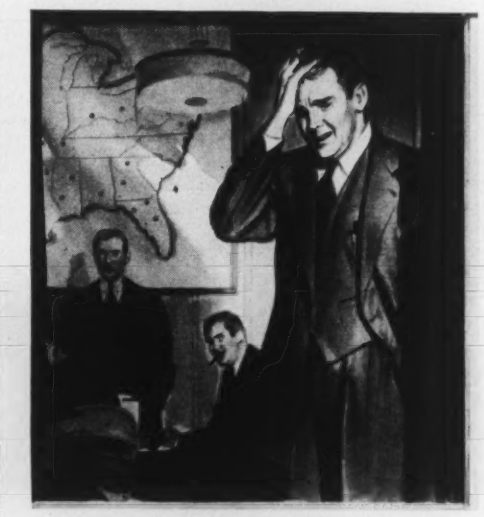
"I don't suppose I'll get one of those choice locations up in front. It would be just my luck to have my teeth pushed way back in a dark corner."

### Holder Habit

Habitual pipe smokers sometimes develop strong one-sided jaw muscles from biting down hard on a pipe which they hold always on the same side of the mouth. Cigarette smokers who use holders are apt to do the same thing. The moral is alternate the sides of your mouth in which you hold the holder.


## As a chairman, Jerry is a flop

**Jerry needs a laxative.** But he's chairman of a Loan Committee that meets at 10. 'Can't risk interruption," he figures. "Better wait till tonight."



**Irritable, uncomfortable, Jerry** finds it hard to keep his mind on the problems under discussion.

"They'd have got along better without me," he confesses to Mrs. Jerry later.

## All's clear sailing for Bob

**Bob needs a laxative.** He's got a Loan group meeting at 10, too. But he takes Mrs. Bob's advice: "Take two teaspoonfuls of speedy Sal Hepatica right away!"

**Before he leaves home,** Sal Hepatica has brought easy, prompt relief! Bob faces the day's problems cheerfully.

His clever handling of the meeting wins praise from visiting officials.

ALL over the Dominion, Canadians have made Sal Hepatica their favourite laxative, because Sal Hepatica has everything a laxative should have.

You'll like Sal Hepatica's speed—it acts usually within an hour. Yet it works gently and thoroughly by attracting liquid bulk to the intestinal tract. You'll like Sal Hepatica's refreshing taste and the way it acts without griping or disagreeable after-effects.

**Combats acidity, too**

A big reason for Sal Hepatica's thoroughness in clearing up the effects of constipation is that it also combats excess gastric acidity. For as long as this condition hangs on, you can't expect the relief you want.

The next time you or anyone in your family suffers from headaches, indigestion, logy, upset feelings, try two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. See how quickly, how effectively this old-established preparation brings you the relief you want, restores you to your own cheerful, peppy self again!

A recent survey among laxative users shows that Sal Hepatica is used in more Canadian homes than any other laxative.

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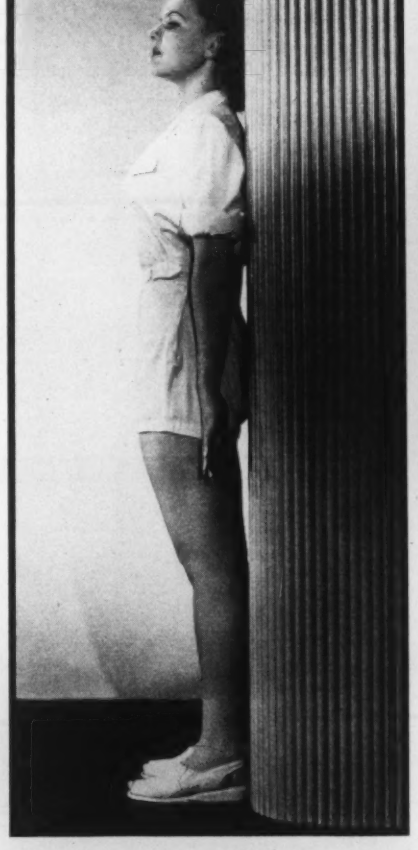
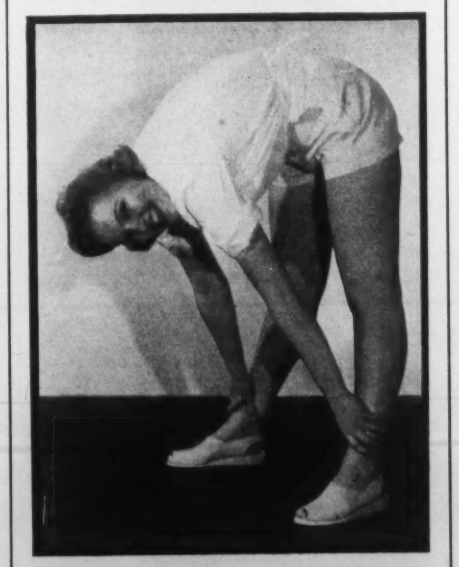
*Made in Canada*

**Whenever you need a laxative take**

**speedy SAL HEPATICA**

**Check posture against wall with chest lifted, stomach flat, head upright. When perfect, there are no spaces between waist, thighs, wall.**



**Fitness is dependent on exercise. Grasp an ankle in each hand and walk with stiff legs to take the inches off back, waist, hips and legs.**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USE BOILING WATER
AND STEEP TEA 5 MINUTES

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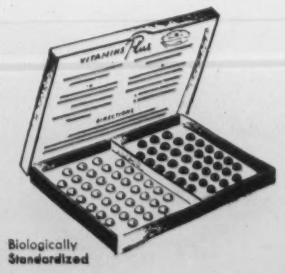


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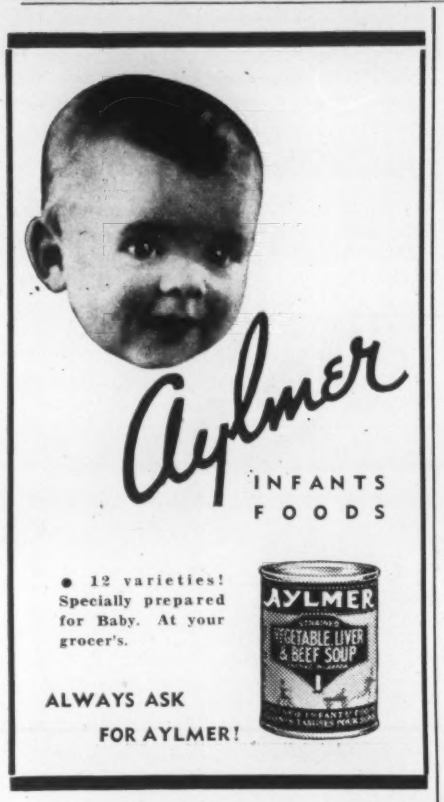


# AT THE THEATRE

## It's All In the Way You Say It

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

IT ISN'T so much what you say as the way you say it, in the theatre, that gets the police and the squeamish part of the public all steamed up. Nearly six years ago this intelligent and prescient critic attended a performance of "Tobacco Road" in New York (being then able to get U.S. funds without the permission of a strict and censorious Exchange Control), and came back and wrote that it was impossible to conceive of its being played in Toronto. Well, it has been played in Toronto; but please remember that that was nearly six years ago, that much has happened in the interim, and that this critic was then quite unaware that "Tobacco Road" would beat all records in the length of its New York run. Even the Toronto police are naturally a bit cautious about clamping down on a play like that.

But the real explanation is in the way they say it. So far as this critic could tell, there was no difference between the text of the New York performance of the first stage of the play's run, and that of the Toronto performance of this (and next) week. Assuredly there was no elimination of profanity; the performance on Monday night had so many ——'s in it that the audience ceased to laugh at them after the middle of the second act. Certain purely animal noises of an amorous nature, emitted by the mentally deficient adolescent girl with the split lip for the benefit of her sister's husband, were less audible than in New York, but the accompanying action was almost if not quite as explicit. Yet the whole performance, save for the last act, seemed to be in a much lighter, less sinister key. The Jeeter Lester farm seemed a less horrible place. The atmosphere was definitely less incestuous.

This, we regret to say, does not mean that the piece was better played. It means that it was somewhat worse played, not because the road company could not play it as well, but because it was supposed, probably rightly, that the Toronto (and Buffalo and Syracuse) audiences could not take it with the New York flavoring. The shift is mainly in the performance of *Jeeter Lester* himself, who becomes in the hands of John Barton (a most competent actor) a rather lovable old rufflan with excusable peculiarities. Now Erskine Caldwell intended *Jeeter Lester* to be a product of his environment (aren't we all?), but he did not intend him to be either lovable or excusable, and he did intend the shadow of extreme horror to brood over his entire play and not merely over the last act. There is also a deterioration in the importance of *Ada Lester*, which we suspect to be not entirely due to the change in the general atmosphere; it is an immensely difficult part, because it is necessary to suggest, by flashes scattered through scenes of extreme despair and apathy, that *Ada* once had pride, and still cherishes a smouldering ember of it in relation to her one beautiful daughter, and Sara Perry did not flash.

The general result of the new, or "provincial," treatment is that the first act, which the audience not unreasonably took to be comedy, does not lead up properly to the second, and the second is an even poorer preparation for the third. This is nobody's fault, being purely a matter of the intentions of the producer, based upon his idea of what the public will stand. But the fact remains that "Tobacco Road" is the property of the playwright who wrote it (not Mr. Erskine Caldwell, who merely wrote the novel, but Mr. Jack Kirkland, who dramatized it), and that a playwright who was artistically sincere would have refused to allow his work to be performed in a manner so foreign to its original intention as this, to say nothing of the even more foreign manner in which it was performed on the screen.

Mr. Kirkland would perhaps reply to us that he can get people to come and see "Tobacco Road" in Toronto and Syracuse, and can get the police to leave it alone, by performing it in this manner, when they would not come and might not be allowed to come to see it performed in the manner of the original: and that even in this form it will do some good because it will awaken them to the frightful conditions of some of the "rural slums" of this continent.


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● Remember that stored heat in your electric range oven will continue the cooking process after power is turned 'OFF'. Plan to use this stored heat and save electricity.
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● Operate your toaster only as toast is required; do not leave 'ON' when not toasting.
● Save on lights, don't use two if one will do. Never leave lights 'ON' in empty rooms.
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# The Record Review

THE placing of the different sections of a long work on the successive "sides" on which it is recorded will probably always be a mystery to me; that is to say, I shall always think that I could do it better, and very likely I shall always be quite wrong. The brilliant and colorful Moussorgsky suite "Pictures at an Exhibition" covers eight sides of the Columbia item D117 and contains nine movements of very varying lengths. There is a great deal of blank space, probably totalling more than one full side, and with this to play with I should have thought it would have been possible to make at least one movement end at the end of its side. But no; all seven of the joins occur in the middle of a movement. Maybe there is something in the order of the universe, or the B.N.A. Act, or the Musicians' Union regulations, which makes this unavoidable; I wouldn't know.

The arrangement is by Stokowski, the performance by the All-American Orchestra under his baton, and the rich Russian coloring is magnificently rendered; the playing of the brass section is especially noble. Moussorgsky, who died in 1881, seems to be taking his place at last as the most essentially Russian of all that country's nineteenth century composers, and there is nothing more Russian in his work than the closing item of this suite, "The Great Gates of Kiev," which is crammed with profound and sincere religious feeling.

THE Sibelius Fifth Symphony (E flat major) occupies seven sides of the Columbia item D118, and the eighth is devoted to another Finnish number, Jarnefelt's Praeludium, all performed by the Cleveland Orchestra under Rodzinski. The symphony, which dates from 1915, is probably the most difficult (for the listener) of all Sibelius' works, and for that reason is one which the student should be grateful to have in recorded form and thus available for careful study. This performance is adequate but not precisely distinguished, and while it will be useful for those who are already Sibelius addicts I am not sure that it will make many new converts.

I DO not expect to want a better record of the "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried" than Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra have given us in the two-sided Columbia C15647. A great deal of Wagner's orchestral music is peculiarly suitable for recording because he deliberately wrote it for performance by an orchestra concealed from the view of the audience, and therefore capable of producing an effect of ethereal remoteness-rather than the direct and clashing impact of the concert-hall performance. (Even the Ride of the Valkyries should be heard as something going on in the clouds, and not as a cavalry performance in the same drill-hall as the listener.) The Forest Murmurs are ideally suited to the slightly heard-around-the-corner effect of the gramaphone, and I would a great deal rather hear this record (which should be played at a pretty low volume) than most of the concert-hall performances.

The chief vocal novelty last month in the Canadian pressings was the mezzo-soprano Suzanne Sten in two Massenet solos, "Il est doux" from "Herodiade" and "Pleurez mes yeux" from "Le-Cid," both with the Columbia Orchestra under Leinsdorf, who is dexterous at getting the precise proper correlation between voice volume and accompaniment. The mezzo is an ideal voice for recording, and Miss Sten is an ideal phonograph mezzo. Her voice is rich in the poignancy which is needed if these things are not to drop—as too much of Massenet does—into sentimentality. It is most important that these should be played at the right volume; at first trial I played the "Herodiade" item too softly and thus got far too little contrast.

LUCY VAN GOGH.




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# THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

## The Can-Can, 1942 Version

BY WINIFRED DAVID PILCHER

THIS is not for you who learned to can the fruits of the earth at your mother's knee. It is for you who have never bothered to learn and who have been encouraged to remain in that state of blissful ignorance by the good offices of the canning companies.

However, this year, what with the tin can situation and the possibility of the whole world to feed, it did look as if these companies might have too tall an order on their hands. Hence this housewife's initiation into the superior Society of Home Canners. And it was quite an initiation—make no mistake about that.

### Beginner's Luck

For that reason, after passing in review a first season of canning, (yield—twelve quarts of peaches) I feel much has been left unsaid with regard to the subject that might save the beginner a great deal of doubt, disappointment and disillusion. In fact, if I hadn't thought the above title such a smart one, this might well have been called "What Every Young Canner Should Know", (unabridged). So be sure and cut it out now for reference next year. By that time you will have mislaid it—which should be all to the good.

Before you start on your season of canning your first impulse will be to read up on the subject and seek friendly advice. Don't do either. The first you will find given to oversimplification, as if the whole thing were child's play, which it certainly isn't, and the second will bog you down in contradiction, obscurity and verbosity. Out of the welter all you will find is that there are three schools of thought re method, depending on whether, (1) the counsellor has a gleaming masterpiece of white enamel with heat control in her kitchen, or whether, (2) she has a stove of horse and buggy vintage. If it is the former she will be lyrical over the advantages of oven canning. If she is cursed with the uncertainties of the latter she will favor either (a) the hot pack method, or (b) the cold pack, the younger ones preferring the former and the older ones the latter, since that was the way they learned it in their respective days. For myself after burning memories of the hot pack method, I am now a rabid rooter for either of the other two. By which you will see how much better off you will be if you don't seek any advice at all.

### Gleaming Masterpieces

Now as to equipment. Of course, if you have one of the aforesaid gleaming masterpieces you will shut everything up in your oven and forget about it, and I'm willing to admit there may be something in that method of passing the buck, but if you have the aforesaid horse and buggy stove that can't be left to its own devices for a minute, then you will have to purchase a huge wash boiler for heating up on your top burners or elements. It will cover the whole of the top of the stove, though only using two of the burners, but by its girth and height try and get at the other two. But it has to be purchased —there's no getting round it, literally or metaphorically. And I should advise you to put in your order now. I began trying to lay my hands on one this year just as the strawberries started to tempt the gourmet's palate at outrageous prices, but by the time the boiler was deposited at the side door — minus the sealer rack for which I had already paid—the raspberries had taken their place.

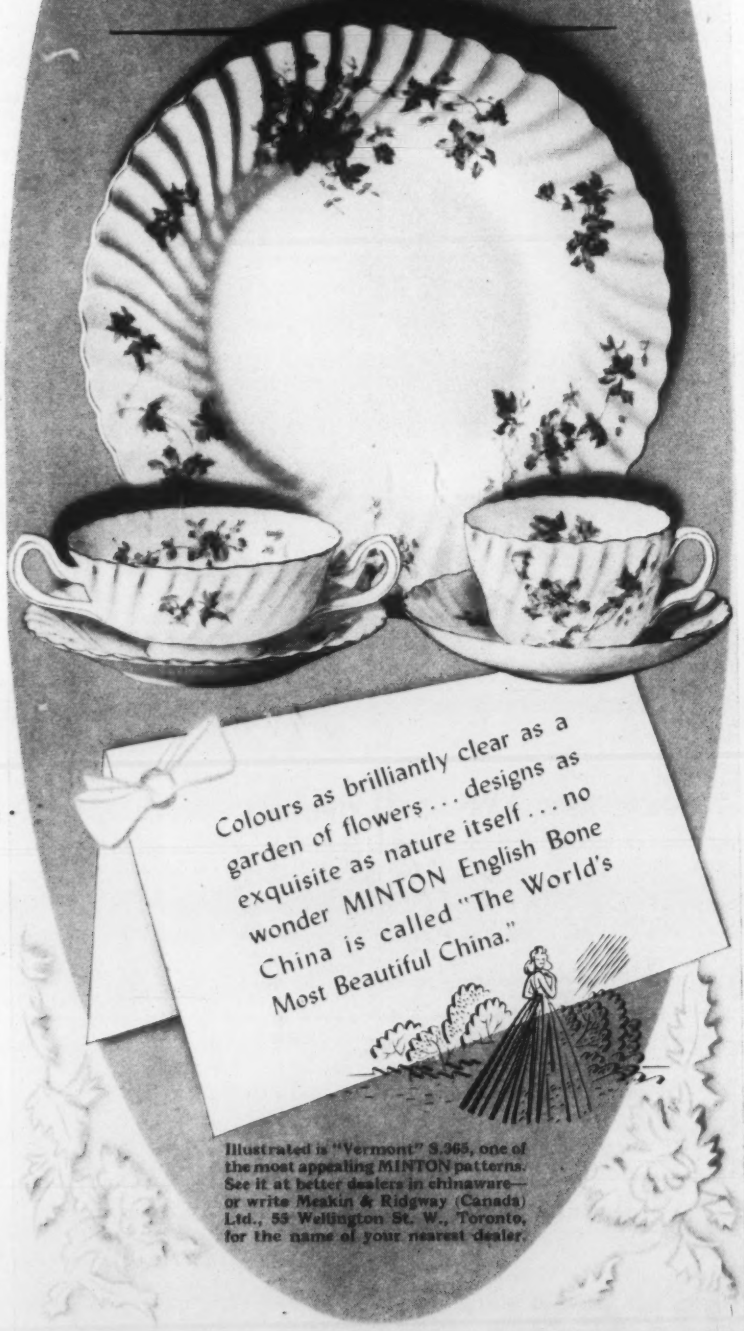
And that brings me to the subject of fruit and its particularly unstable character. It is the aim of every thrifty canner to can her fruit at the most advantageous price possible—that is, the cheaper, the better. So if you are a beginner, you wait for the—say—raspberries to reach a canable level. But sometimes they never do reach your level and by the time you have wised up to the fact that they are never going to, they have passed out of the picture and there you are holding the sealer—empty. To offset this, you secure your peaches at the very first showing and pay plenty for them. Weeks later they will be riper and half the price. So it boils down to a choice of (a) buy fruit at the high, and watch it glut the market a week later at half the price, or (b) wait too long for the low. Whatever you do will be wrong.

There's another side to the fruit character that you won't appreciate either if you're the kind that likes to plan your days a week ahead, and that is its own peculiar and irritating type of blackmail which says, "Do me down when I'm good and ready—or else!" It will do you no good to set aside a special day in which to clear all the household decks for action if your fruit is (a) not going to be ripe enough or (b) on account of too much rain the whole crop is a jam poultice, or (c) on account of no rain there isn't a box to be had.

One last word before I discourage your canning efforts altogether and I wouldn't do that for the world. It has to do with sterilization—of the jars, I mean. That's what kills all the bugs and keeps them in that happy state. But I just wonder whether all the literature on canning makes too heavy weather of it. For example, this business of putting the rubber rings on with the aid of two sterile forks so that the hand doesn't touch the sealer. Well, after you've dropped the forks a few times and the rubber ring a few more times, you are a little inclined to remember that fingers were made before forks, and let the bugs take the hindmost. But then, my fingers may be particularly inept and my peaches full of bugs, though they don't show yet.

And speaking of peaches—lest you think I'm defeatist or fifth column, let me assure you that despite all the surprises, irritations and obstacles that I have set down for your enlightenment, I can hardly wait for next summer to come so that I may outguess the whole galaxy of pesky fruit, right from strawberries down to plums and pears.


Here's Artistry THAT WILL THRILL YOU



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EATON'S-COLLEGE STREET

# THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

## Jean Knox -- Major-General

BY CECILY WICKS

"THIS is just as much a woman's war as a man's war," said Major-General Jean Knox. "And women are learning to carry their share of the burden".

In Canada at present to inspect the Canadian Women's Army Corps, Jean Knox is the youngest and, by long odds, the most attractive Major-General in the British Army. She is 34, a dark-haired, blue-eyed and pleasant-looking woman of medium height, slim build and charming manner. In all Britain's long military history, she is the ony woman ever to hold the rank of Major-General.

A little over three years ago, Jean Knox was a housewife, devoted to her architect husband, George, and her 14-year-old daughter Julie, and engrossed in the care of her home in Radlett, Hertfordshire.

Shortly before the war broke out, her husband joined the Air Force. Mrs. Knox enrolled in the Auxiliary Territorial Service — the Women's Corps which corresponds to the Imperial Army—as a volunteer, or private.

### Family Into Action

When war broke out, the Knox family went into action. Squadron Leader George Knox was sent abroad to serve. Julie Knox was sent away to school. Company Commander Jean Knox went from promotion to promotion in the A.T.S. until, in March, 1941, she was given the rank of Inspector. In this capacity she had the opportunity of seeing the Service at work; of seeing and correcting many faults, until she knew more about its organization than anyone else.

She saw the Auxiliary Territorial Service grow in size and usefulness; saw it functioning with greater and greater efficiency as the kinks were ironed out, freeing more and more men for active service as its members worked in canteens, manning searchlights, operating instruments on the ack-ack guns and range finders, and acting as chauffeurs and Army Cooks. Jean Knox began to take a great pride in the Auxiliary Territorial Service.

Then, on July 21, 1941, she took over as Chief Controller of the A.T.S.—a rank which corresponds to Major-General in the British Army.

In the year which has passed since then, Jean Knox has had to deal with almost as many problems as she has recruits. The chief problem was dissatisfaction with the A.T.S. uniform with its ungainly and unflattering bell skirt. That uniform was doing to A.T.S. morale what a worm does to an apple. Jean Knox shortened it, tightened it, and smartened up the tunic. "No woman can be happy in her job unless she's well-dressed", she says.

### Rings and Lingerie

Today the uniform of the Auxiliary Territorial Service is as becoming as those of any of the British women's voluntary services—not excepting the classic blue and gold of the Navy's Wrens. Today the volunteers in the Auxiliary Territorial Service may wear simple jewellery such as watches and rings; but, read Major-General Knox's orders: "The A.T.S. is expected to wear the stones turned toward the palm of the hand so they will not show." The A.T.S. may be feminine—but only in a Spartan sort of way.

A more delicate problem which she had to overcome was to change the government's idea of a woman's idea of lingerie. Government authorities who issued the "unmentionables" described them as "really very nice". Volunteers' descriptions of the same garments were far less flattering and wholly unprintable. The big complaint was that the lingerie wasn't pink. Major-General Knox made rayon underthings standard equipment in the A.T.S. and granted volunteers an allowance to buy their own. A woman's peace of mind, whether she is cooking or fighting, is based upon a good foundation garment.

A tougher job was to raise the prestige of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, to emphasize its usefulness without making it any less feminine, and to place it beyond the reach of Army jibes. The classic Army order referring to the A.T.S. deals with military passes and reads: "Members of the Auxiliary Territorial Service will show their pink forms whenever required to do so". Since Jean Knox has been in the driver's seat, her smartly-uniformed "Cats" have outstripped such digs faster than a 12-year-old grows out of his first "longs". The Army hasn't accepted the A.T.S.: the A.T.S. has made itself indispensable to the Army.

Another knot which she has to unravel is as feminine as the Venus de Milo—a characteristic which doesn't simplify it. Auxiliary Territorial Service officers are reluctant to accept a promotion beyond the rank of Captain. With a feminine eye on appearance, they point out that a Captain wears three shiny gold pips on her shoulder: a Major has but one dark-colored crown! The General is still working on that one.

For the Canadian Women's Army Corps she has nothing but praise. "I can understand thousands of women going into service when their homes are blitzed, but over here you are a long way from war. I think your women are showing great spirit".

Today British Army women work in thirty-eight listed trades. In the more active services they have been tested and found 100 per cent successful, but it is still the "storewomen and the cooks" who are the great bulwark of the Service. By the end of this year, the Auxiliary Territorial Service will have 200,000 *feminine* shock troops in its ranks who are serving not only in England but in the Middle East. And they will come out of this war, says the General, "not imitation men, but 100 per cent better women".

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# CONCERNING FOOD

## Fishing for Celebrities

BY JANET MARCH

THE Algonquin Hotel in New York always sounded to me like a large and rather austere place where the elect of the writing and the theatrical worlds gathered to discuss the loftier side of the arts. I had never dared to go inside its doors fearing I might be put out unless I had a couple of published books with my name on them under my arm, or a well known producer noisily imploring me to grace his show as a star at my elbow. If any of you ever had some of these same silly ideas forget them. The Algonquin at lunchtime has three smallish—as hotel rooms go—dining rooms filled to capacity. The biggest of the three has leather benches all round the walls with small tables in front so you can enjoy the conversation of your companion sideways and gaze at the leading comic in last night's show, lunching without his whiskers right across from you. Everyone seems to be enjoying himself and exchanging the latest dirt rather than considering the possible future of ART. It is all very re-assuring, just like finding out that your favorite royalty has corns on the same toes as his subjects.

Don't pass up a lunch at the Algonquin if you manage to get to New York for you'll like both the food, which isn't expensive, and the company. Of course fish, to us inland people, always seems extra good in a sea port, but there's no reason why you shouldn't be able to poach fillets of sole, pour a white sauce over them, and add some plump fried oysters and a few mushrooms. It makes a fine luncheon dish. Follow it with a tart filled with green grapes and topped with whipped cream plus a cup of good American coffee and you'll feel the world is a better place than when you started. On the side there are great hollow brown pop overs and that delicious saltless butter.

Even without the Algonquin's chef to cook for you fish is a food a good many people are re-discovering in these days when meat is scarce, so here are a few fish recipes.

### Creamed Finnan Haddie

1 smoked finnan haddie
3 tablespoons of butter
3 tablespoons of flour
1 cup of milk
½ cup of light cream
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon black pepper
Parsley

Parboil the haddie, and when it has cooked about fifteen minutes

**Members of the Red Cross Emergency Nursing Auxiliary Reserve, Mrs. M. Gildeester and Mrs. O. Honey, practice rendering first aid to a child suffering from shock. Mrs. C. J. Bell, a graduate nurse, supervises.**

**A sign of the times may be seen in this new peg top skirt with a split to make easier the mounting of 'bus and street car steps. Worn by this movie starlet, Kitty Kallen, it was seen recently in Hollywood where, as elsewhere in North America, the automobile as transportation is fast becoming a thing of the past for civilians. A special side pocket for tickets features the new skirt.**


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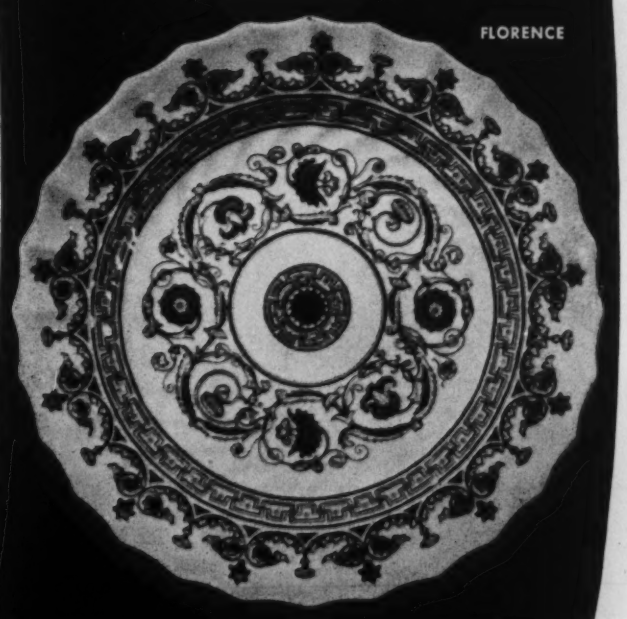

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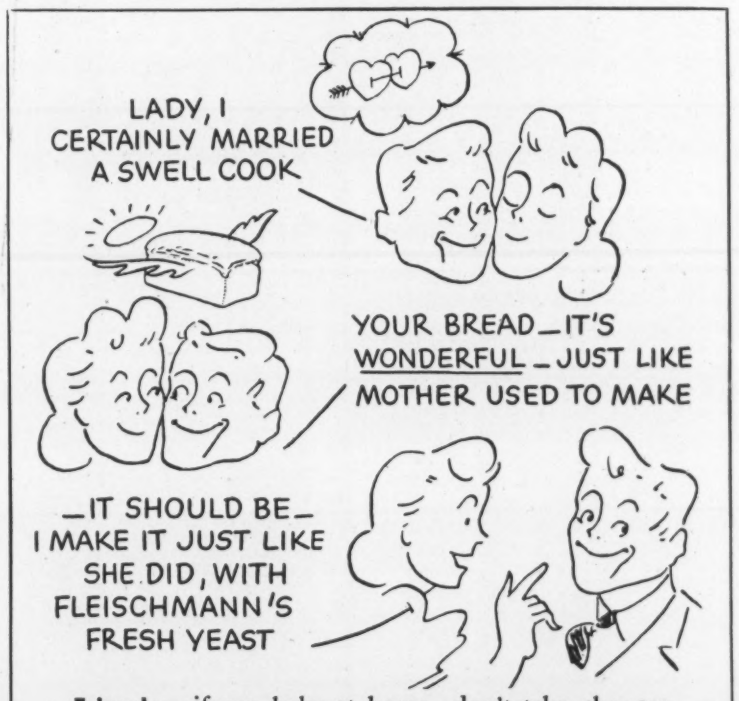
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INSIST ON GENUINE BOVRIL

## Fishing for Celebrities

skin it and take out the bones and flake with a fork. Make a white sauce with the butter and flour and milk, and when it has thickened add the cream and the seasonings. Then put in the fish, heat and serve with chopped parsley.

You will remember the old song about not having bread with one fishball but do you remember just how good the fishballs are with or without bread?

### Codfish Balls

- 1½ cups of shredded salt codfish
- 2 cups of sliced potato
- 2 teaspoons of dry mustard
- 2 teaspoons of lemon juice
- 1 egg
- 1½ teaspoons of salt
- Flour

Before using the fish cut it in small pieces and rinse in hot water to remove some of the salt, and then pour boiling water on and drain it off twice. Then cook the fish with the potatoes in a small quantity of water till the potatoes are tender. Drain and dry by shaking in a strainer over a flame, then mash together and add the other ingredients and cool. Roll into balls, dip in flour, and fry in deep hot fat till brown. Drain on paper and serve.

Here is a way to make a can of salmon taste like something pretty grand.

### Salmon and Mushrooms

- 1 can of salmon
- 1 sliced onion
- 1 green pepper sliced
- ½ cup of water
- 1 can of mushroom soup
- 2 teaspoons of chopped parsley
- Salt and pepper
- Grated cheese

Butter a baking dish and put the fish, onion, and pepper in in layers. Mix the water with the soup and pour on, cover with grated cheese and brown in the oven.

### Hungarian Fish

- 2 fillets of fresh codfish
- 3 onions peeled and cut finely
- 3 tablespoons of butter
- 2 teaspoonfuls of paprika
- 1 teaspoonful of salt
- ½ cupful of sour cream

Melt the butter, and add the onions and let them cook for five minutes, then stir in the paprika and salt, add the fish, cover tightly and simmer for about half an hour. Put the fish in a hot casserole dish to keep warm. Stir the sour cream into the sauce left in the pan till it is warm and well mixed and then pour it over the fish and serve.

### Tomatoes and Halibut

- 1½ pounds of halibut
- 2 onions sliced
- 3 tablespoons of butter
- 1 can of tomatoes
- 1 teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ teaspoonful of black pepper
- Chopped parsley
- ¼ cup of bread crumbs
- 1 teaspoonful of sugar

Heat the tomato and add the sugar and half the salt. Take a flat dish which is oven proof and spread half the butter on the dish, sprinkle half the onion on, then put on the piece of fish and sprinkle the rest of the onion on top. Pour the tomatoes on and add parsley and sprinkle the crumbs over the tomatoes so that the whole thing is not too runny. Dot with the rest of the butter and bake in a hot oven for about half an hour.


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LIPTON'S NOODLE SOUP Mix

# THE LONDON LETTER

## The Masters of Britain's Eating Front

BY P. O'D.

TWO Ministers who are making an exceptionally good job of their difficult duties are Lord Woolton, the Food Controller, and Mr. R. S. Hudson, the Minister of Agriculture—joint masters on what might be called the "eating front". That "joint" is not intended as a joke. Joints are too small and too few nowadays for anyone to make light of them—lighter would be almost impossible.

As someone or other said recently, it may be true that the war cannot be won on the Food Front, but it can certainly be lost there. Lord Woolton and Mr. Hudson are seeing to it that a very large and very formidable wolf is kept well away from the national door. They are doing grand work.

**Mr. Hudson is admittedly playing at present in the best of luck. Thanks to an unusually propitious season, this year's harvest appears to be an absolute record-breaker for size and quality. But the weather must not be given all the credit. Crops don't spring up of themselves just because the weather is kindly.**

**There is an immense amount of work to be done, and an immense** amount of planning. It is for the skill and success of its planning that the Ministry of Agriculture has earned the gratitude and good will of the nation. Even the farmers have ceased to grumble—which may be taken as the rural equivalent of the very highest praise.

An interesting feature of Mr. Hudson's success is that he is not a farmer, not even a countryman. He began his career in the Diplomatic Service, switching over later to politics. For many years he has served in various Ministries, including those of Labor and Pensions. He is, in fact, a professional politician—the very last man, you might think, to make a success of a Ministry that has always been regarded as the graveyard of political reputations.

And yet it may even have been an advantage to him to tackle these immense problems with a perfectly open and clear mind, unhampered by theory and prejudice. But more than this obviously is necessary—organizing genius, the ability to pick the right men and get the best out of them, the courage that makes large decisions and makes them quickly. Whatever it is, he has it.

### "Limited" Companies

Many times have I wondered in my ignorant way why companies should go on sticking "Limited" after their names on any and every occasion. It has always seemed to me a sheer waste of space and ink, whether printer's or just out of a fountain-pen. I know that it has to do with the liabilities incurred by the shareholders or partners of the undertaking, but why go on rubbing it in all the time? Is "Ltd." the equivalent of the D.S.O. that one should flaunt it like that?

I was wrong, of course—when I am wrong, it is nearly always "of course"—but apparently I was by no means alone in my error. The Religious Education Press seems to have had a similarly mistaken idea of the uselessness of thus harping on the "Ltd." The Religious Education Press is indeed Limited, but it omitted to say so in an advertisement in the *Church Times*. As a result its managers appeared in Bow Street Police Court last week, and were fined £5 and £5 5s. costs. They may not have minded the £10-odd, but Bow Street Police Court! Not exactly the place where one expects to see the Religious Education Press.

No doubt this will be a salutary lesson to all the other little "Limiteds", but the R.E.P. was really very unlucky. Why should they be picked on? The *Church Times*, too! As a matter of cold fact—or, at any rate, of less than tepid fact—about half the advertisements in the real *Times*, the "Thunderer" itself, make this very same omission. And it would be a lot to say that anyone is a ha'p'orth the worse off for it. But the law is the law and must be obeyed, otherwise—well, otherwise an appearance at Bow Street among the dishevelled gentlemen who have been roistering not wisely but too well the night before.

### Sir Max Beerbohm

"Charming people have no age." I have forgotten who said it—Oscar Wilde, perhaps—but it doesn't matter. It is the sort of reflection we have all had occasion to make now and then, though not nearly so often as we would like. And here is Max Beerbohm—it is hard to think of him as Sir Max—officially a septuagenarian. The other day he celebrated his 70th birthday. As a matter of record it may be true, but what have mere dates to do with so sprightly and elusive a spirit?

In honor of the occasion the Maximilian Society—yes, he has a society all to himself, just like Browning—gave a party at the Players' Theatre. Speeches were made, a very witty one by the chairman, Mr. Desmond McCarthy, and an even wittier one by the incomparable Max himself.

There was also a music-hall entertainment, which was kept as nearly Victorian in tone as possible—the sort of entertainment that Max used to describe so delightfully when he was dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*, in succession to that other incomparable, George Bernard Shaw. Incidentally, it was G.B.S. himself who welcomed him to the "Saturday" with the adjectives "sprightly" and "incomparable".

One of the minor compensations of the war is that it has restored Max Beerbohm to his native land. For many years he lived at Rapallo—in some sort of Ivory Tower, one likes to think—making occasional, but only very occasional, visits to this country. Even then, it is said, when he grew a little weary of all the welcoming and celebrating, he had a way of bidding affectionate farewells to his friends and slipping quietly off to some unlikely hotel, where unrecognized and at leisure he might one more soak in the atmosphere of London, which he has always loved so much.

Now he lives in the village of Abinger, where according to his own account, he is known to his rural neighbors as "old Gaffer Beerbohm".

### Absenteeism

Not long ago I had a chat with a lady home on leave from a munition factory, in which she is at present a forewoman. She is a very capable and energetic person, and with admirable public spirit had volunteered for this exacting and onerous work. She is apparently very successful at it, in spite of her previous inexperience.

"I am earning a quite ridiculous amount of money," she said—ridiculously large, she meant. But then she has a private income besides, and so, no doubt, takes a different view of her wages to that held by her co-workers. She seems also to take a somewhat different view of her work.

One of the complaints frequently made about women-workers in the war-factories is the very considerable amount of absenteeism among them. Part of this is no doubt due to the exacting nature of the work and the long hours they are supposed to put in at it. Not every woman can stand that sort of strain. But my friend was inclined to attribute a good deal of it, too, to the high wages being paid.

Girls who used to earn very little, or nothing at all, now find themselves in possession of wages far in excess of their immediate needs. There is nothing much they can spend their money on in these days of almost universal rationing, and only the very provident feel any incentive to lay by for the future. The rest lay off—only for the odd day here and there perhaps, but in the aggregate it mounts up enormously.

I was reminded of this conversation by a report of the Select Committee on National Expenditure, which came out last week. It dealt with labor, plant, and hostel accommodation at Royal Ordnance factories, and said that "only three among the factories had an absentee figure for women of lower than 10 per cent." In their kindness of heart the Committee put it down chiefly to "the ill effects of long hours of work."

No one wants to be hard on the girls, but I could not help wondering if my friend's explanation had not also something to do with their tendency to take a day off whenever they felt like it. Regrettable perhaps, but not unnatural. Munition work is undoubtedly both exacting and exhausting. It may also be that my friend, as a forewoman, is inclined to be a little censorious. It goes with the job. But she is a sensible woman, and ought to know.

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# THE OTHER PAGE

## "Let the People Speak!"

BY HORACE BROWN

THIS is a call to arms for Liberty . . . a challenge to your love for Freedom.

Tell me—what's the matter with you? Have you lost the ability to speak, to act? Have you lost the faith in yourselves you used to have?

Yes, I mean you . . . the People.

How long are you going to let a few persons tell you what is to be and what is not to be, when you know so much better than they what you want and what you need? You continually sneer at the appeasers, but you, the People, are the greatest of all appeasers. You continually call for action, but you have lost all desire for action, crying out for leaders, when you, yourselves, should be the leaders. You wail against the way you are treated, when the remedy is in your hands and in your ballot-boxes.

You, the People, are suckers.

This is no war of aristocrats, of moneybags, of professional soldiers, of mercenaries. This is a war of you, the People. The People have been the war from the start, and the People will be the war at the finish.

Will the People then go back to sleep?

On that fogged morning, when the fate of the world hung in the balance, and the last despairing battle of the beaten army of Britain reached the watchers on the coast of Dover . . . on that great morning, who was it rose to the unforgettable occasion? You . . . the People.

In your Thames barges, your little pleasure yachts, yes, even your rowboats, you went forward to battle. You carried no lance, but the shining lance of Faith. You wore no armor, but the armor of Courage. Many of you died in those three days off Dunkirk, how many we may never know. But you, the People, saved the army of Britain . . . snatched it from the very jaws of the Fascist beast . . . brought it back to an unconquered island, where you raised bloody standards and dared Hitler and his hordes to come and get you.

That was you, the People. Your blood, your kin, your comrades.

You, the People, would do the same in Canada.

Those days after Dunkirk, do you remember? They rained bombs on your heads, they burned you out, they killed your loved ones before your eyes . . . and you jeered at them and taunted them and shook fists at the skies and told them to come again. And they came again . . . and again . . . and again. . . And you, the People, took it . . . by the gods eternal, how you took it!

In the British sky were young men, the finest young men in the world. Two thousand of them rode their fiery chariots, and slew the hydra-headed dragon as it reached its way blindly across the twenty-one miles of protecting water. They did not pause or rest, those young men, and of them their bulldog leader said, "Never before in history have so many owed so much to so few."

Those young men were you, the People.

I had the honor of meeting one of those young men. Today, their ranks are very thin, but he was still here, and still very unconcerned. He wore no old school tie. His clothes, when he was not in uniform, looked as though he had slept in them. He was not too particular about his grammar. But he had been through Dunkirk and the blitz of London . . . and he was still carrying-on.

He was one of you, the People.

So far as I know, he has never told anyone of what he has done. If he has any medals, I never saw the ribbons on his tunic. He refused offers of commissions time and again, because he wanted to stay a fighter sergeant-pilot. Now, he is instructing in Canada. I know he would rather be in the skies over France or Germany again, but he is doing his duty as asked.

You see what I mean, when I say he was one of you, the People?

But this world is not just Britain or the United States or Canada. This world is large.

You, the People, are everywhere. Wherever, the standards of Freedom are raised, whether it be Britain or China or Russia, there you will be found.

Before the gates of Stalingrad your bleeding bodies have formed an impassable barrier to the Nazi hordes. In the fastnesses of China, your sombre eyes have watched the oncoming Nipponese, watched until the moment when you swept upon them from above with your guerrilla cries.

You, the People, are not fighting and dying to maintain something in which you do not believe. You are not fighting to tighten the grasp of international finance on the world. You are not dying for imperialism, or the right to live isolated in a world that goes on around you. You are not suffering to suffer again in starvation and misery and depression after your victory.

No! And those who delude themselves that this is what you are doing are stone-blind. Those who think that you, the People, will be submissive and meek again after this war for Freedom has been won by your sweat and your blood are eager for their own destruction.

Then why not tell them so? Why not give them the "war aims" of you, the People? This is Democracy, and the majority must always rule, even though at times it surrenders its rights temporarily to the few. If the few betray that trust, then the majority must regain their hold, regain it firmly, judiciously, and with vigor, going forward resolutely to an all-out prosecution of an all-out war . . . towards the Victory of the Century of the Common Man.

Hold back no longer! There is not a moment to lose!

Let the People speak!

### FRIEND

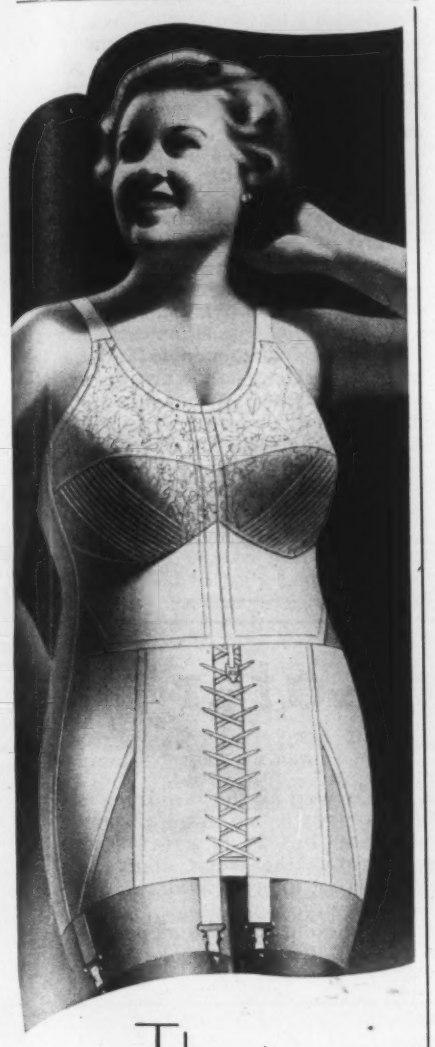
YOUR purposed actions and your sight are clear
As morning birds;

The look of you as sweet
As the smell of summer leaves
In a green rain.

All your speaking is in dear
And memory-seized words

Out of a mind complete
As rounded, rustless sheaves
Filled with unstaled grain.

ANNE MARRIOTT.

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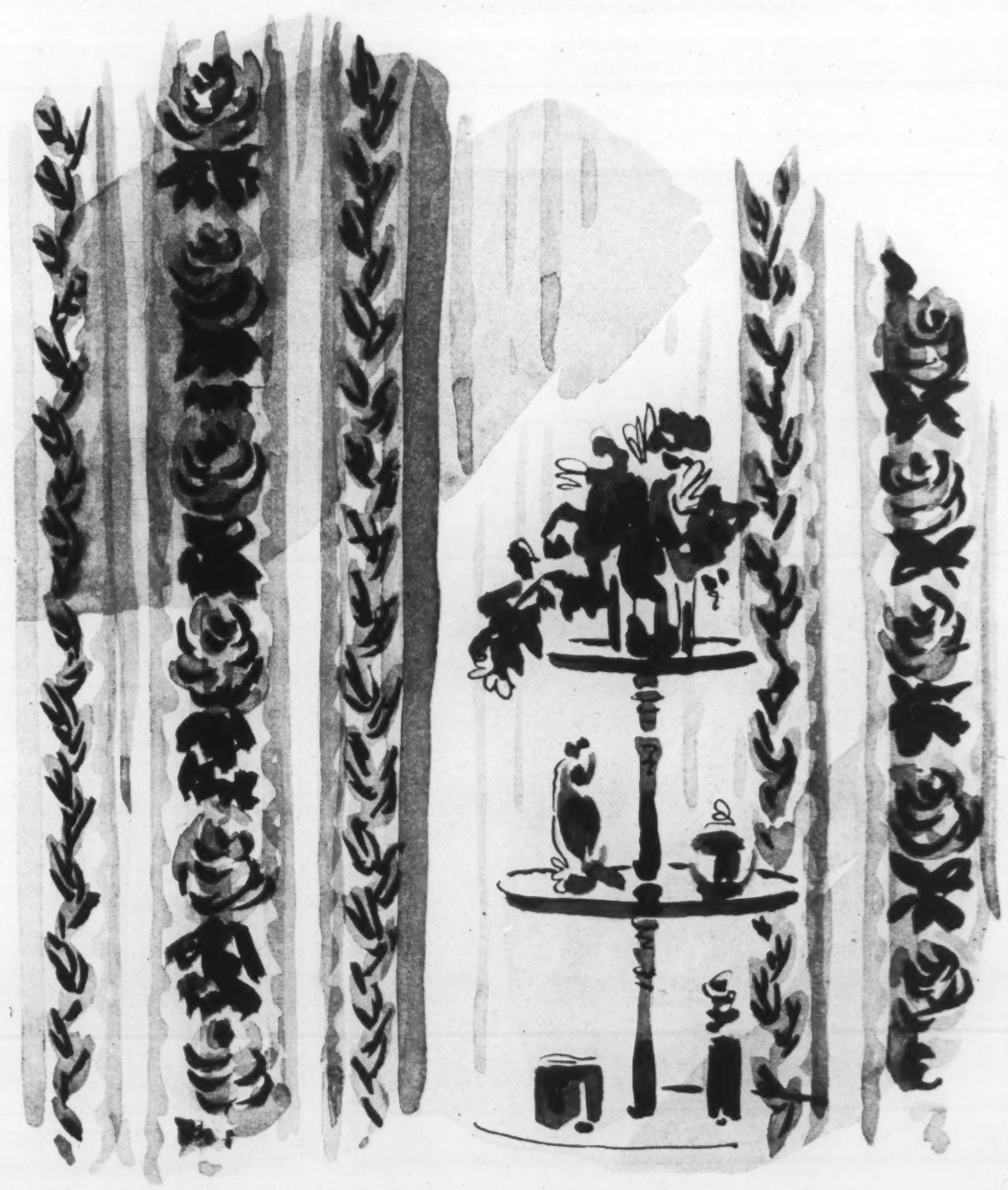

Make Picture Windows with "Dorothy Draper" Prints

One of New York's leading decorators, *Dorothy Draper* is director of *Good Housekeeping's* "Studio for Living" . . . you've probably read her inspiring editorials on bright colour in the home. That's the theme of her drapery prints, exclusive in Toronto with EATON'S-College Street. "Rose on Rose," "Scattered Floral," "Stylized Stripe," "Streamer Stripe" are four of her flamboyantly coloured prints . . . see them in our Drapery Department.

*"Dorothy Draper" print on glazed chintz; "Rose on Rose"; one of several designs in brilliant colours about 36" wide. $1.50 yd.*

DRAPERIES, *Second Floor*

THE T. EATON Co. HOUSEFURNISHINGS LIMITED

## Women of Britain Prepare to Take on Home Defence Duties

**While Britain still believes that use of offensive weapons in warfare is a man's job and always will be, nevertheless her women are taught how to defend themselves. Members of the Women's Home Defence Corps are now training with a view to gaining admittance to the Home Guard. The girls above demonstrate that they, too, can use the service rifle.**

**Above, instruction is given in cleaning the Lee-Enfield, while below, students of unarmed combat are shown how to tackle an armed assailant.**

# Calling All Pocket Books!

BY CHARLES CLAY

**Next Monday Canada launches the Third Victory Loan—the largest one yet. What is the organization which expects to put the drive across? What are some of the special problems it must face? How has it fared to date? Here are the answers.**

BELIEVE it or not, somehow or other every adult Canadian should set aside 50 cents a day each day of the year for the purchase of Victory Bonds and War Savings Certificates. It is a pretty big order, but there is no denying the necessity. The financial chart for the period March '42 to March '43 reads:

| | Millions |
|---|---|
| Total Requirements | $3,900 |
| From Taxation | $2,050 |
| To Come from Savings | $1,850 |
| Compulsory Savings (Income Tax) | $ 100 |
| Borrowings from Banks, Insurance Companies, Corporations, etc. | $ 550 |
| | $ 650 |
| Therefore to be Borrowed from Individuals | $1,200 |

The Third Victory Loan, which officially gets under way October 19, and which has an objective of $750,000,000, is part of this figure. If it is not forthcoming voluntarily, there is rumor in the Capital City that the pressure of the compulsory savings feature of the income tax will be increased in the 1943-44 Budget.

This would be entirely feasible, since the machinery for collecting some compulsory savings is in motion and is already taking a slice off our 1942-43 incomes. But it would not be a happy condition. Total compulsory savings to meet borrowing requirements would have bad psychological effects: the obvious one is weakened incentive, the obscure one is frustration arising from the prevention of voluntary contribution to the national war effort.

Example of compulsory saving is provided by the experience of New Zealand. In 1940 that Dominion undertook a compulsory national loan on a small scale. It got the money all right, with very unsatisfactory results. Public resentment of the measure was extremely pronounced. It has not been tried again.

However, whether compulsory or voluntary, borrowing is a major bastion in Canada's total-war fortress. There has to date been close relationship between economic policy and financial policy, and the result has been to fend off any serious breaches in our home-front defences. We have deliberately lessened the quantity of available consumer goods, we have rationed both by commodity and by distribution: these measures help prevent spending and consequently raise the index of surplus income. Price fixing and direct luxury taxes of 25 per cent help also to keep expenditures down and to increase the volume of loanable money.

The result of these attempts is to put the general public in a position to loan—or, which is nearly as good as loaning, in a position to accumulate surplus unspendable income in bank deposits and life insurance policies. It is possible that such efforts may have to be increased, but they are certainly steps in the right direction.

These facts lend interest to the new Victory Loan Drive. What is the

### THE BUSINESS ANGLE

# Bull Market Now or Later?

BY P. M. RICHARDS

FOR many months SATURDAY NIGHT's readers have been advised, in the weekly "Business and Market Forecast", that common stocks were in an "accumulation area"; that while periods of market weakness and price recession were to be expected, the trend, basically, was to price advancement. For example, on March 14, 1942, at a time distinguished by a great deal of highly unfavorable war news, the Forecast said: "Current markets, in our opinion, as illustrated in the character of the general movement, as well as the action of individual issues, are in the slow process of forming a base out of which cyclical advance is to be anticipated. Accordingly, we continue to recommend, for both yield and eventual appreciation prospects, the purchase of selected stocks during periods of market weakness."

Through the weeks and months succeeding, the Forecast pointed to periods of weakness as they showed signs of developing, while consistently stating its belief that the basic trend was upward and that such periods should be used to accumulate stocks. Week after week, the Forecast has reiterated, in a bold-type preface to a discussion of the current situation, that the market was preparing for "eventual major advance".

### Barron's Interpretation

Last week SATURDAY NIGHT was interested to see that *Barron's*, outstanding U.S. financial weekly, had devoted half of its front page to an article headlined: "New Bull Market Indicated by Action of Averages". Its statement that "the stock averages are indicating that a bull market is under way" was based, it said, upon the fact that after moving within a narrow range for more than three months, the Dow-Jones industrial and railroad averages had both advanced substantially above the tops of their respective ranges. In Dow Theory parlance, the averages had broken out of a "line" on the upside. While there was at first some doubt about the importance of the breakthrough by the industrials, they have persisted in making new highs since.

The fact that the stock market does not move wholly erratically, as most laymen suppose it does, but actually follows a discernible pattern of behavior was first discovered by Chares H. Dow and elaborated by William Peter Hamilton, a former editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, notably in his well-known book "The Stock Market Barometer". The *Barron's* article of last week says that full justification and precedent exist for its interpretation of recent market movements as indicating that a bull market is now under way, but that only one need be cited, from Hamilton's book just mentioned:

"Experience shows that it (making a line) indicates a period either of distribution or of accumulation. When the two averages rise above the high point of the line, the indication is strongly bullish. It may mean a secondary rally in a bear market; it meant, in 1921, the inauguration of a primary bull movement." A review of the 1921 movement, which Hamilton at the time interpreted as the beginning of a bull market and which actually led on to the amazing market rise which culminated in 1929, is presented by *Barron's* in order to "dissolve the worst doubts of those who feel that the present interpretation is over-optimistic".

The *Barron's* article points out that the industrials did not, in the summer and fall of 1921, make a real "line". It says that that term was applicable, however, to the fluctuations of the rails, and that it is their movement then which resembles that of both averages in the present instance. After making a low of 65.52 in June, they rose above 70, and thereafter remained between 70 and 75 (except for fractional penetrations to 69.87 and 75.21) until almost the end of November, when they rose above 76.

When that line was in progress the industrials made their bear-market low at 63.90 in August, advanced to 71.92 in September, fell back to 69.46 in October and soon after that rose well above 72. In December, Hamilton said unhesitatingly that "on all previous experience of the stock market barometer as set forth in the averages, we are in a major bull market".

The point of resemblance to the present situation, *Barron's* says, is that the rail average in 1921 made its line at a level several points above its bear-market bottom. Likewise, the line in the industrials this year was between 104 and 109, against an April low of 92.92. And the rails, whose low in June was 23.31, fluctuated through July, August and part of September between 25½ and 27.

### Haruspex Disagrees

However, the author of SATURDAY NIGHT's "Business and Market Forecast" disagrees with *Barron's* interpretation. Haruspex asserts that the recent action of the averages is not announcing the beginning of a major bull market but only that the intermediate upward swing which started last April is not over yet. When it ends, it will be followed by a corrective decline. Then, if this decline fails to take either or both of the averages below the April low points, and if a second advance carries both averages above the high points of the present intermediate rally, a major bull market will truly be signalled.

Bull market now or bull market later, a bit of ancient wisdom from this paper's "Forecast" of April 11 last seems to us to be worth reprinting now: "Those who have studied markets over a period of years know that the times of greatest danger to the holder of stocks are when conditions are booming, no clouds appear on the horizon, and everybody has confidence in the future. Conversely, periods when adverse news developments are in the forefront, when pessimism is quite prevalent and the future seems extremely dismal, have proved, in general, to be times when stocks offered the greatest attraction to prospective purchasers." Old stuff, or course, but maybe new opportunities.

organization which expects to put the drive across? What are some of the special problems it must face? How has it fared to date?

Canada undoubtedly has the most nicely synchronized public borrowing machinery among the United Nations. It can raise money at astonishingly small cost. Canadian taxpayers will be relieved to learn that every dollar raised in the First Victory Loan cost only 1.09 cents, while the cost in the Second Victory Loan of last February was even less. And officials are striving to set a new low-cost record in the current drive.

## The Focal Point

The National War Finance Committee is the focal point of Canada's voluntary borrowing. While it was only formed early in 1942, and therefore just one—the Second—Victory Loan has come under its immediate jurisdiction, the Committee is really a merger of the War Savings Committee which had looked after the sale of Certificates and Stamps, and the Victory Loan Committee which had been created in 1941 to handle the first Victory Loan and which was made up of men and women who had been active in the First and Second War Loans.

The NWFC is thus a group of 60 representative citizens, from almost as many walks of life, who promote maximum savings by Canadians of all classes. In the Second Victory Loan the Committee raised the number of these to 1,681,000, which was 700,000 more than in the First Victory Loan. The Committee, besides stimulating savings, channels the money into the war effort by urging Canadians to buy government bonds. In the Second Victory Loan the total figure was $997,000,000, which was $160,000,000 better than the loan before.

The NWFC is one of the largest, most ramified, most blanketing of the many wartime organizations now functioning. It has a head office in Ottawa and nine provincial organizations. These are encouraged to adopt selling techniques most suited to their special circumstances. Under the Committee proper comes the working National Executive Committee, an inner body made up of the chairmen of the nine provincial setups and the chairmen of the five divisions of the National Management Committee. These divisions are administration, public relations, general sales, payroll savings sales, special names sales. The provincial organizations duplicate this machinery, and the provinces are divided in turn into units which reproduce the larger grouping on a local basis.

There are 480 local units throughout Canada, staffed by 20,000 workers, practically all of whom serve on a voluntary basis. These workers sell bonds and War Savings Certificates week by week, but during Victory drive periods their number is augmented greatly to take care of the increased volume of work in operations of so huge a character.

## Time-Tested Methods

In selling bonds, as in selling toothpaste and automobiles, the Committee follows the time-tested methods. It arouses the interest of prospective bond buyers through advertising and other publicity. It gives Canada's wartime securities a build-up hard to deny. And then the Committee goes the additional step: it has a salesman call around, fountain pen in hand, to make sure that the potential buyer really signs on the dotted line.

As might be expected, the operations of the NWFC are not without headaches. There is the usual sabotaging rumor that the war bonds will never be redeemed, despite the categorical statement by the Minister of Finance that "the Dominion has always honored her obligations." This damaging rumor therefore has to be counteracted.

There is also the problem of keeping to a minimum the amounts of conversions, and the transfers of capital from other investments to federal securities. Conversions represented $152,000,000 in the Second Victory Loan and $107,000,000 in the First Victory Loan. NWFC is after "new" money rather than money already out of the commercial structure anyway. In the Third Victory Loan there will be no conversion problem since no Dominion bonds fall due during the period of the Loan, but the transfer problem remains.

Then there is the constantly recurring problem of persons who, having bought a bond, want to sell it and get the cash, or sell it and get out from under the instalment payments. This became so widespread that last August the NWFC sponsored advertisements to employers to try to prevent employees from so acting. Another advertisement called upon bond holders who were thinking of selling not to be "welchers": to hang on in the name of Victory.

Still another headache came with the 1942-43 Budget and the institution of the returnable compulsory savings feature of the income tax. Many persons thought it would make a fine excuse for not buying a bond or two. They argued that "the Government is providing a yardstick to measure what we must do in the matter of lending, and that removes our obligations." This unpatriotic and false argument had to have blasts from the NWFC to kill it. The compulsory savings part of the income tax is designed to drain off but a bare minimum of loanable income.

A further headache is found in the competition of the War Savings Certificates with the Victory Bonds. The interest from the Certificates is tax free, while that from the Bonds is not. This means that a person frequently prefers to invest in the former, and while this makes no difference to the total financial war effort, it does make the Victory Loan objectives more difficult to reach.

But the largest headache comes from trying to expand the coverage

(*Continued on Page* 47)


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offers for public subscription

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***THIRD***

# VICTORY LOAN

Dated and bearing interest from 1st November 1942, and offered in two maturities, the choice of which is optional with the subscriber, as follows:

Fourteen-year
**3% Bonds**
**Due 1st November 1956**
PAYABLE AT MATURITY AT 101%

Callable at 101% in or after 1953
Interest payable 1st May and November
Bearer denominations,
$50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, $25,000

**Issue Price: 100%,**
yielding 3.06% to maturity

Three and one-half year
**1¾% Bonds**
**Due 1st May 1946**
PAYABLE AT MATURITY AT 100%

Non-callable to maturity
Interest payable 1st May and November
Bearer denominations,
$1,000, $5,000, $25,000, $100,000

**Issue Price: 100%,**
yielding 1.75% to maturity

Principal and interest payable in lawful money of Canada; the principal at any agency of the Bank of Canada and the interest semi-annually, without charge, at any branch in Canada of any Chartered Bank.

Bonds may be registered as to principal or as to principal and interest, as detailed in the Official Prospectus, through any agency of the Bank of Canada.

---

**Subscriptions for either or both maturities of the loan may be paid in full at the time of application at the issue price in each case *without* accrued interest. Bearer bonds with coupons will be available for prompt delivery. Subscriptions may also be made payable by instalments, plus accrued interest, as follows—**

**10% on application; 18% on 1st December 1942; 18% on 2nd January 1943; 18% on 1st February 1943; 18% on 1st March 1943; 18.67% on the 3% bonds *OR* 18.39% on the 1¾% bonds, on 1st April 1943.**

**The last payment on 1st April 1943, covers the final payment of principal, plus .67 of 1% in the case of the 3% bonds and .39 of 1% in the case of the 1¾% bonds representing accrued interest from 1st November 1942, to the due dates of the respective instalments.**

---

The Minister of Finance reserves the right to accept or to allot the whole or any part of the amount of this loan subscribed for either or both maturities if total subscriptions are in excess of $750,000,000.

The proceeds of this loan will be used by the Government to finance expenditures for war purposes.

Subscriptions may be made through any Victory Loan Salesman, the National War Finance Committee or any representative thereof, any branch in Canada of any Chartered Bank, or any authorized Savings Bank, Trust or Loan Company, from whom may be obtained application forms and copies of the Official Prospectus containing complete details of the loan.

The lists will open on 19th October 1942, and will close on or about 7th November 1942, with or without notice, at the discretion of the Minister of Finance.

*Department of Finance,*
*Ottawa, 16th October 1942.*

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# GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

## INT. METAL INDUSTRIES

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

*I note that International Metal Industries Ltd. are going to make another payment on the back dividends on the preferred shares. As a shareholder, I would be glad of information as to how such payments this year compare with past years and whether there is a reasonable prospect that all the arrears will be wiped off before long.*

*—H. B. F., Calgary, Alta.*

The prospects are excellent that all arrears will be paid off before the end of next year. In fact, this was clearly indicated at the annual meeting last April, when A. L. Ellsworth, the president, told International Metal Industries shareholders that consideration would be given to a reduction in preferred dividend arrears this year and that it was possible that all arrears would be liquidated by the end of 1943.

The declaration on October 5 of a payment on account of arrears of $5 per share on the 6% cumulative preferred and "A" preferred shares, in addition to the regular quarterly dividend of $1.50 per share, both payable November 1, 1942 to shareholders of record October 15, brings total payments on these stocks to $11.00 per share for the current year, $5 on regular account and $5 on arrears. In 1941, there was paid a total of $12, the regular $6 plus $6 on arrears; in 1940, a total of $18 a share was paid and in 1939, a total of $10.25 per share. Therefore arrears have now been reduced to only $5 per share as compared with outstanding arrears of $32.25 per share at the beginning of 1939.

## MOFFATT-HALL

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

*Will you please advise me if Moffatt-Hall Gold Mines is yet in existence? If so, is it active and could one dispose of the shares?*

*—R. A. C., North Battleford, Sask.*

Evidently your Moffatt-Hall Gold Mines' shares were not registered in your own name, otherwise you would have known that this company was

## BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

**CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: American common stocks, for some months back, have been in a broad accumulation area, with various technical indications pointing to a major market upswing as having commenced from the April 1942 low points.**

**INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: An intermediate upturn developed from April lows with peaks, to date, during the past week. Evidence is lacking that this intermediate advance has reached a point of culmination, although possibility of technical price correction at this time is not to be overlooked.**

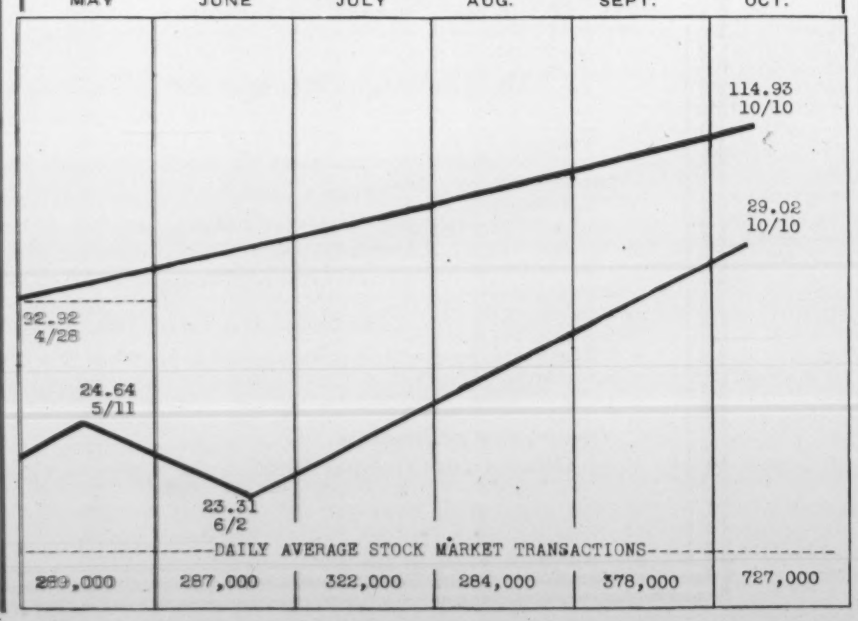
NO CONFIRMATION YET OF MAJOR UPWARD MOVEMENT

After two or more months of sidewise movement the N.Y. stock market, as reflected by the Dow-Jones railroad and industrial averages, recently emerged on the upside. Considering the length of the trading range that preceded these penetrations, the investor might reasonably conclude that a fairly substantial movement, representing continuation of the intermediate uptrend getting under way last April, is to be witnessed. As is normal to any advance, corrective recessions of a minor nature might be expected from time to time as interruptions to the movement.

Recent upside penetrations, despite comment here and there to the contrary, do not represent confirmation by the averages, under Dow's theory, of a major upward movement. These penetrations merely indicate, as stated above, that the intermediate upward swing from last April has further to go before termination. When this intermediate upward move has ended, the market will then be subjected to an intermediate decline, or correction. If such correction fails, as concerns one or both averages, to go to or under the April 1942 low points, and if a second advance then ensues carrying both averages above the peak points of the intermediate rally now under way, the necessary major bull market signal will have been given.

Such a bull market signal, in its business and financial implications, would hold considerable encouragement, but to the investor who closely follows Dow's theory it would be of little more than academic interest. This is because investing, under Dow's theory, does not always rest on confirmations, but takes into account important inferences that often dictate action well ahead of the official confirming signals. The extent and duration of the major downtrend from September 1939, combined with certain volume indications, and with the "fanning out" action of individual stocks (discussed in these columns at the time) all pointed, for instance, to April 1942 as the probable termination point to the bear swing. Dow Theory students presumably accumulated stocks at that time and are more apt to be sellers of stocks at some point in the current uptrend, thereby keeping the decks clear for the eventual important test, via price recession, of the validity of the assumed bull swing.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES

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## THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

**DIVIDEND NO. 223**

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1942 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Monday, 2nd November next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th September 1942. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

A. E. ARSCOTT
General Manager

Toronto, 15th September 1942

## NEGUS MINES LIMITED

(No Personal Liability)

**INTERIM DIVIDEND NO. 4**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an interim dividend of two and one-half cents per share in Canadian funds has been declared on the issued capital stock of the Company and will be paid on the 31st day of October, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of October, 1942.

By Order of the Board.

W. M. McIntyre,
Secretary-Treasurer.

410 Royal Bank Bldg.,
Toronto, Ontario,
September 29, 1942.

## BRAZILIAN TRACTION, LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY, LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Directors of this Company has declared a dividend of 60 cents per share on the Company's issued Ordinary Shares of no par value, payable on the 5th December, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 24th October, 1942. Payment of this dividend to non-residents of Canada will be subject to deduction of the Canadian Non-resident Income Tax.

In the case of shares in the form of share warrants to bearer, the above dividend is represented by coupon No. 70. As most of the share warrants to bearer of the Company have been held in Continental Europe (chiefly in Belgium) the Custodian of Enemy Property in Canada has ordered that no coupon detached from any share warrant to bearer of the Company shall be paid by or on behalf of the Company without reference to him. Holders of share warrants, therefore, wishing to claim their dividends should forward their coupons to the Company at its office, 25 King Street West, Toronto, Canada, or to the English Agents of the Company, Canadian & General Finance Company, Limited, 99 The Drive, Hove, Sussex, England, accompanied by the Canadian Custodian Form G (copies of which can be obtained from any Bank in Canada and from the English agents of the Company above referred to) and if the Custodian's consent is received a cheque in Canadian currency will be forwarded to the holder for the value of the coupons against cancellation thereof, subject to the deduction where applicable of the Canadian Non-resident Income Tax.

Dated at Toronto, Canada, the 8th day of October, 1942.

By Order of the Board,

D. H. CROMAR,
Asst. Secretary.

Note: The Transfer Agents of the Company are National Trust Company, Limited, Toronto and Montreal, Canada, who should be notified promptly of any change of address.

succeeded in 1928 by Moffatt-Hall Mines, with shareholders receiving one new for each two old shares held. Then in 1936, the latter company was reorganized as Moffatt-Hall Mining Co., and the exchange basis was again one new for two old shares. Chartered Trust and Executor Co., Toronto, is the transfer agent.

The property is dormant at present but is still regarded as having some locational possibilities as it adjoins Bidgood-Kirkland on the southeast. It also holds stock in Bidgood-Kirkland. Considerable development was completed several years ago and a production of $200,000, was taken from the 150 and 300-foot levels. Underground work was suspended in 1936, but some further surface work was done in 1940 and '41. It is impossible now to dispose of your shares as no market exists for them.

## LANGLEY'S LIMITED

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

*I own some preferred shares of Langley's Limited, and would appreciate information regarding the earnings and dividend outlook, and particularly the amount of the arrears of dividends.*

*—H. H. C., Toronto, Ont.*

On November 15 next, the dividend arrears on Langley's Limited preferred (7 per cent cumulative, $100 par) will amount to $49.50 per share. As to the current earnings and dividend situation, the recent official statement of the president, S. R. Mackellar, that the company's sales for the current fiscal year to date are in excess of those of the corresponding months of the preceding year and that profits are a little below those of last year to date is an indication that the current annual dividend of $2 a share on the preferred stock is being again covered with a good margin to spare. In the fiscal year ended November 30, 1941, the company reported net earnings equal to $4.24 per share on the preferred stock, the best since 1931 and more than double the $2 current annual dividend rate.

Mr. Mackellar was optimistic for the balance of the year, pointing out that the necessity for conserving clothing is expected to increase demands for dry cleaning service and that Langley's can anticipate obtaining a considerable share of the increase. A few years ago the company diversified its business by opening a bachelor laundry department, and this division, aided by the addition of military work, has been above expectations and is running to capacity.

## MARTIN-BIRD

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

*With the Government restricting operations on developing gold prospects, I do not imagine Martin-Bird Gold Mines' shares hold much attraction at present. Has the property promise for after the war, because if so, I might take a gamble?*

*—B. R. T., Campbellton, N.B.*

Martin-Bird Gold Mines is one of a number of properties which disclosed a tonnage of commercial ore, but was never able to get into production and it seems reasonable to anticipate a comeback once peace has been restored. The fact that further development was not done is attributable to the outbreak of war, as negotiations with French interests for funds had been underway and there was talk of a 300-ton mill.

As practically the whole of the authorized capitalization of 4,000,000 shares have been issued, a reorganization of the company will be required before arrangements can be made to raise further funds. At last report 3,730,000 shares were outstanding.

When operations were stopped three years ago, ore reserves were estimated at approximately 190,000 tons of an average grade of $7 per ton. At that time the company had debts of about $45,000, and needed finances for further development. Two shafts were put down and extensive lateral work completed on two levels.

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## BRAZILIAN TRACTION

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

*I see the price of Brazilian Traction common has moved up somewhat since the 60 cents divided declaration recently, but it seems to me that the move scarcely reflects the good position of the company. I would appreciate your comments. It seems to me that the dividend could have been still better than 60 cents.*

*—D. C. R., Three Rivers, Que.*

I quite agree with you, but if you follow the fortunes of Brazilian Traction you must surely be aware that for some time past, dividend payments by the company have been determined not mainly by earnings but on the conditions prevailing for the transfer of funds from Brazil. It is improvement in this latter situation which has made possible the declaration of a dividend of 60 cents a common share instead of the 40 cents or so which had been regarded as the probable best.

The increased amount will bring the full year's payment to $1 a share, as against 40 cents paid in 1941 (in the final period), no dividend at all in the years 1940 and 1939, 50 cents in 1938 and $1 in 1937. The $1 payment this year and five years ago stands as the highest disbursements to shareholders since the $1.50 (with 3% stock) distributed in 1930.

The increased payment in the half year is in line with the excellent results that have been shown in every month of the current year to date. For the first eight months there was an increase in gross earnings of $2,843,657 and of this there was retained as an increase in net earnings, $1,374,684. The latter amount was equivalent to almost 20 cents a share on the total common stock outstanding of 7,029,894 shares. As net earnings in 1941 amounted to $1.86¾, even if no further increases are shown in net for the balance of the year (and each month probably will show further gains), the net available for 1942 would be well above $2 a share, leaving a surplus over dividends of more than $7,000,000.

Current operations of Brazilian Traction are in most cases the best since 1930 and sometimes second only to the results of 1929. This is the case in spite of the fact the present average price of the Brazilian milreis is less than one-half what it was in 1929.

## KIRKLAND-HUNTON

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

*I have been housecleaning and came across some Kirkland-Hunton Mines' shares. Is it still in existence and if so, is there a market for them? Thanks for your help!*

*—T. A. B., St. Boniface, Man.*

The Kirkland-Hunton property was acquired by Amalgamated Kirkland Mines and the exchange basis is one new for each 12 old shares, with the Trusts and Guarantee Co., Toronto, the transfer agent.

On its incorporation in 1939, in addition to the Kirkland-Hunton claims, Amalgamated Kirkland also took over the property of Canadian Kirkland Mines, as well as other ground. The consolidated group adjoins Macassa, Kirkland Lake Gold and Teck-Hughes on the south, but in view of the recent edict of the government to conserve labor and supplies being used by non-producing gold properties, exploration has been discontinued for the duration.

Surface work and diamond drilling indicated the possibility of an important structure well to the south of any intensive development in that section of the Kirkland Lake area. However, so far, little more appears to be known about the prospects for the property than when exploration commenced, as the crosscut from the 3,000-foot level at Macassa is still about 135 feet from the boundary. The exploratory drive has intersected a number of small fractures carrying low grade values, and geological conditions mainly are favorable.

There is a bid of four cents on the unlisted market with stock offering at six cents.

# Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

THE order to completely suspend gold mining in the United States is a somewhat less serious development than is generally understood. The truth is that a very great part of the gold production of the United States comes as a by-product from base metal mines. With the base metal mines being speeded up to greater effort than ever before the added output of gold as a by-product will increase. This will offset to some extent the complete suspension of production ordered at the straight gold producers.

The gold production in Canada comes largely from straight gold producers. Large communities depend entirely upon the operation of these mines. An order in Canada corresponding to that recently announced at Washington could not be considered. Instead, the Canadian plan appears to be directed toward a gradual curtailment.

•

In the mining business the periods of curtailment and threats of declining output are frequently more depressing than the reality of complete suspension of work. Persecution is sometimes much worse than punishment. One recent example in the field of mining may be cited:

Bulolo Gold Dredging, Ltd., is a company with property in that part of New Guinea occupied by the Japanese. Earlier in the year the shares were quoted at $12. The *threat* of Jap occupation and loss of the mine caused quotations to sag to $5. Now, however, with the Japs in actual possession and the output lost to the company, the quotations are rising, having reached $8.75 per share during the first week in October. The truth is that although mining has ceased, yet the gold still remains in the ground and will be mined at such time as the Japs are driven from the country. The lesson of Bulolo might well be taken to heart here in Canada.

•

Gold mines in Canada that now report lower output purely because of the vicissitudes of war are not to be classed with mines that suffer reduction of output through lack of ore. Mines that curtail because of war may suffer only to the extent of having production *deferred* temporarily. Deferment of output is a far cry from permanent disability. In the case of these Canadian gold mines the day of harvesting the benefits of production has merely been postponed.

•

Madsen Red Lake has established a greater ore reserve than at any previous time in the history of the mine.

•

Current copper supply in the United States is averaging about 7,000 tons per day. That for the whole of 1942 is estimated at close to 2,600,000 tons. The copper supplies of the United States are currently greater than the copper supplies for the entire world in 1938. While the republic is crying out for more copper and is rationing the use of the metal available, yet this is really the actual evidence of the magnitude of the contribution which the nation is making or is about to make toward the war. With the current copper supply in the United States about double that available in 1938 it can be correctly stated that there is no shortage of copper. Rather is it the fact that the nation is using metal in unprecedented quantity in the general plan to defeat the enemies of freedom.

•

Base metal mining in Canada is attaining new records. More men are employed than ever before in the industry and the output has reached new high levels. However, based upon the number of men actually employed, the output is not as high as could be desired. This is caused by the large number of absentees. One unofficial report places the number of absentees, (for example) at about 14 per cent at International Nickel Mines.

•

If there were no absentees at the base metal mines there would probably be only a small shortage of manpower. It is regarded as a strange state of affairs that workmen should have to be nudged or cajoled into leaving the gold mines to fill jobs at the base metal mines which have been made vacant because of absenteeism at the base metal mines.

•

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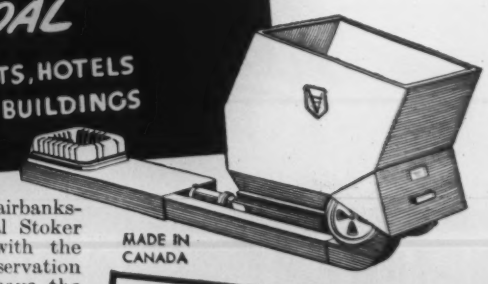

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# ABOUT INSURANCE

## Impact of Socialized Cover on Private Insurance

BY GEORGE GILBERT

**Outlining the New Order which is to follow the war, Prime Minister Mackenzie King said recently that the objective he had in mind as a national minimum included "social insurance against privations resulting from unemployment, from accident, from the death of the breadwinner, from ill health and from old age."**

**What will be the effect on the free enterprise institution of private insurance of the proposed entry of the Government into the life, accident and health insurance field? It is already in the unemployment insurance and war risk insurance field.**

ATTENTION has recently been directed to two developments which some observers believe are the two most important with which the insurance business is confronted at the present time.

One is the situation in which the fire and casualty companies find themselves in acting as fiduciary agents in placing war risk insurance written by the Dominion Government. It is admitted that destruction of property by war as it is waged today is a risk which it is beyond the financial capacity of private insurance to carry, and that is why it is necessary for the Government to insure the war risk.

But as a result there has been created the precedent of recognizing that certain hazards of loss are matters of public concern which the Government should assume and socialize. This provides logical ground for the argument that sickness, automobile accidents, and damage caused by floods, tornadoes and other catastrophes are also matters of public concern the cost of which should be treated as a loss to society rather than to the individual and should be socialized. The same argument can be applied to all losses caused by crime.

In this connection it has been pointed out by one commentator that while to the insurance business the reason for the insurance of war damage by the Government may be that it is not a proper hazard for private insurance, to a government official anxious to extend the scope of government activities it may be regarded as a hazard of society which has been socialized, thereby creating a precedent for the socialization of other hazards.

### Federal Disability Benefits

Across the line it is now proposed to extend the scope of the Social Security Act, enacted in 1935, so as to make provision for the payment of temporary and permanent disability and hospitalization benefits to workers, the cost to be provided for out of additional pay-roll taxes to be paid by employers and employees. Those engaged in the accident and health insurance business discern in this proposal a dangerous threat not only to their branch of the business but to the continued existence of insurance generally as a private enterprise.

In Canada serious study is being given by government officials and governmental committees to the formulation of a plan for the establishment of national health insurance in this country after the war. In a recent address, Dr. R. E. Wodehouse, Deputy Minister of Pensions and Health in the Dominion Government, said that there are three major dedevelopments under way in the Department, as follows:

1. Under the Minister's Committee of the Cabinet, an inter-departmental committee has been set up under the Chairmanship of Brig. General McDonald, with many hard-working sub-committees functioning to formulate plans and provisions for the "after the war" period in Canada.

2. Under Associate Deputy Minister Walter Woods, a branch has been set up in the Department to institute welfare machinery to offer the ex-service men (all of them, not pensioners only) every possible welfare assistance.

3. Under the chief of the Health Branch, Dr. John Heagerty, there has been provided by Cabinet authority an inter-departmental committee to prepare a report on "ways and means" of carrying out Health Insurance in Canada. He has been authorized to bring committees of many professional and lay organizations to his office to discuss these "ways and means."

### Postwar Plans

With respect to these three developments, he also said that the Minister and the Department, assisted by the best economists in several Canadian universities, psychiatrists, psychologists, employers, employees, farm representatives, and other persons, are really quite seriously engaged in making progressive plans for all of our people after the war.

He added: "We know some diseases are epidemic, some endemic, and these are preventable and a Health Department responsibility. We know other diseases are systemic and may be influenced by early diagnosis and their progress delayed or stopped by treatment, diet and self-control, upon proper advice being available. We know that many conditions, not mental even, come from overstrain, anxiety, lack of what has now come to be known as social security,—insurance against want, both physical, mental, financial and medical.

"We know our pensioners of the last war at the average age of 52 have an expectancy of life of two and one-half years exceeding that of the balance of the population at the same age. It seems to the Department, and its Minister has said, that all of our people are entitled to the same happier state.

"Canada's experience since the last war, our advance in conception of our obligation to our fellows, our preparation by organization and planning, as well as financial provision and the appointment of expert staff, will make possible our greatest achievement in this field. The ex-service man's rights are being established while he serves. . .

### Social Security for All

"What matters more than making all our people happier, healthier and more secure in mind? If it has proven possible for ex-service men of the last war and their families, with only half a program, it will render dividends beyond our conception when applied 100 per cent in provision for all of our people. Our people should be born well, fed well and educated well. They all should have economic and artistic opportunities. They should have opportunities for enjoyment of body and mind. This should be our aim."

Under what is known as the free enterprise system in effect in most democratic countries up to the outbreak of this war, one of the fundamental principles upon which the


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system functioned has been that the people generally must provide their own social security, although it has also now become widely recognized that where, because of low productive capacity, ill-health, unemployability or accident, a person has failed to do so, it is the public's duty and also the duty of private charity to make some provision for his subsistence.

There are people who believe that the cause of social insecurity lies in our present system of government and our existing system of social economy, and who believe those who tell them that what is needed is a "planned society" — a term that sounds good. But they are not told that an artificially planned society is entirely incompatible with the principles of human liberty, and that there is no evidence anywhere that it would produce social security for the masses. On the contrary, where it has been tried there is neither national nor individual security in existence.

There can be no question that those engaged in the insurance business, as well as the public generally, should take more than an academic interest in any proposed plan of government social insurance. What the public should be interested in ascertaining is whether such a plan is sound and efficient, or whether the cost would be excessive and wasteful, and whether the desirable results aimed at by such legislation could be better achieved under private enterprise than under a government managed and administered scheme.

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# Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Would you kindly furnish me with a report on the Gibraltar Fire & Marine Insurance Company, showing its financial position, how long it has been in business, whether it is licensed in Canada and has a Government deposit here, and if claims against it are readily collectable? I understand that Anglo-Canadian Underwriters, Ltd., are agents for this company.

—S. G. M., Stratford, Ont.

The Gibraltar Fire & Marine Insurance Company is an affiliate of the Home Insurance Company of New York and is under the same control. It commenced business in New York State in 1929 as the Southern Fire Insurance Company of New York, its present name being adopted in 1937. It has been operating in Canada under Dominion registry since September 13, 1941, with a Government deposit at Ottawa of $100,000, in United States Treasury Bonds, for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively. G. R. Thomson, Montreal, Que., manager for Canada of the Home Ins. Co. of N.Y., was appointed chief agent in Canada. Anglo-Canadian Underwriters, Ltd., were appointed general agents for the company on September 15, 1942.

At the end of 1941 its total assets in Canada were $124,526, while its liabilities in this country were nil, all its business being reinsured with the Home Insurance Company of New York. Its head office financial statement shows total assets at December 31, 1941, of $3,919,724; total liabilities except capital, $2,182,967; surplus as regards policyholders, $1,736,758; cash capital, $1,000,000; and a net surplus of $736,758 over capital, unearned premium reserve and all liabilities. All claims are readily collectable, and the Company is safe to insure with.

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Editor, About Insurance:

A young friend of mine has been approached to purchase Life Insurance by agents of two companies. Company "A" offers $5,000 Special Low Premium, Ordinary Life policy for a premium of $76.92. I understand that this policy will share in dividends and that these should permit the policy to mature as an Endowment at age 65. Company "B" has offered $5,000 Endowment at age 65 for a premium of $82.80. I understand that this policy does not share in profits.

Would you mind indicating which contract you would advise for a young man of moderate income?

—N. O. C., Hamilton, Ont.

In my opinion it would be advisable for your friend to base his decision upon the values guaranteed in the policy in relation to the premium payments rather than on the basis of the estimated dividends to be received in the future. That is, take the guaranteed values of both policies at the end of, say, five, ten, fifteen and twenty years, and compare them with the amount of the premiums paid during the same periods in each case. Guaranteed values are a known quantity, while what the dividends will be in the future is an unknown quantity.

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# Calling All Pocket-Books

(*Continued from Page 43*)

of the Victory Loans. During the current drive special attention is being given to increasing the amounts of individual bond purchases.

In the war financing tabulation at the beginning of this discussion there is an indication of the scope of the problem. Comparisons are useful. Deducting the number of general subscriptions from the total amount reveals that in the First Victory Loan some $432,000,000 or 54 per cent was subscribed by banks, insurance companies, corporations. The corresponding figures for the Second Victory Loan were $511,000,000 or 51 per cent. But the $550,000,000 which is expected to be loaned by financial institutions during the next twelvemonth is not nearly 50 per cent of the total $1,850,000,000 required. Therefore it is essential to increase the number of persons subscribing in the general list.

For this reason the emphasis during the Third Victory Loan is being put on what are called "payroll sales" and on potential rural buyers. The heat is going on the farmer and the wage-earner.

In the case of the 700,000 Canadian farmers, there is much evidence they are qualified as never before to invest in their country's securities. In the West, especially, they face the rosy prospect of the largest income in years, rising out of harvesting something like a billion and a half bushels of wheat and coarse grains; while thousands of the farms have a cash crop of hogs.

In the Second Victory Loan more than 820,000 persons were signed up on payroll savings plans. Their subscriptions averaged about $80. Most of these will have been pretty well paid off by now, and the NWFC hopes not only to get such buyers to repeat their purchases but also to get thousands of others to enroll in like manner, now that such deductions have proven within their income scope.

The Canadian payroll drive covers about 5,000 firms involving 1,500,000 workers. In the United States close to 10,000 employers, employing about 11,000,000 persons, have adopted the payroll bond-buying plan. Since Canada traditionally approximates one-tenth of U.S. performance, the NWFC is hoping to add about 200,000 new names to such honor rolls.

There is method in this NWFC blitz on the loanable money of hundreds of thousands of Canadian wage earners. If successful, it will mean not only that these persons will help to win the war and will have extra spendable post-war income into the bargain, but also that money which might be now spent on Main Street and prod to activity the inflationary dragon will be channelled into the war effort instead.

To turn an old expression inside out, the NWFC will sing more Hallelujahs over 999 obscure wage earners who sign up for the loan than over one rich investor whose purchase of a block of bonds makes the news pages.

In short, the Third Victory Loan is right up to the butcher, the grocer, the milk truck driver, the steel puddler, the railway section hand, the shell factory employee, and the rest of us. We must express our patriotism in terms of cash. Canada is calling all pocket books!


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**. . . let's hope it IS a good night!**

A frosty autumn night with a full moon. Children romp about the lighted home . . . sing out "good night" to Dad and Mommy; that's part of American democracy. *But* in three-quarters of the world a full moon and lighted homes are beacons of death. . . In three-quarters of the world *the lights are out.* When will it happen here?

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# BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

## Coast Citizens Caustic Over Chlorination

BY P. W. LUCE

FEDERAL authorities in Ottawa have got Vancouver citizens fighting mad. They have been casting aspersions on the purity of our drinking water, which has long been recognized by competent authorities as the best on the continent, if not in the world.

Not since the Laurier government granted Theodore Ludgate a lease of one of Stanley Park's most beautiful spots on which to build a sawmill forty years ago has Ottawa so run counter to public opinion. That historic blunder led to pitched battles and riot calls, and though Deadman's Island was turned into an abomination of desolation, no sawmill was built. Vancouver eventually won a long-drawn-out legal battle which enriched many eloquent lawyers.

There are portents that the current controversy will establish a new high in bitter recriminations against easterners whose abysmal ignorance of conditions west of Lake Superior has long been proverbial in circles not exactly friendly to the present administration.

The trouble started when the Dominion government issued an order for the chlorination of the water supply to rid it of bacteria, and advised that the cost would have to be borne by those who would allegedly benefit. The necessary plant would cost $75,000 to instal, and the cost of the 150 pounds of chlorine required per day would be $50. All told, operational costs would probably be around $20,000 a year.

The reason for the order, given somewhat belatedly, is that there is an international agreement whereby all water supplied to military encampments, troop trains, transport vessels, and naval craft, must be chlorinated unless the bacterial count is below a certain figure. Vancouver's water is just above this.

Analysts seem to be unanimous in declaring the water chemically pure. There are even stories current that tap water has on occasions been mistaken for distilled water in laboratories.

However, it seems that chemical purity and bacteriological safety are not necessarily the same thing. It is on this ground that Ottawa takes its stand.

Half a million persons are now drinking this clear mountain water, and, with a very few exceptions, resent the suggestion that it can be improved by chlorination. In the fifty years since the first main was installed, there has not been a single epidemic, or even one single case of disease, which could be traced to the water. No campers, hikers, or hunters are allowed on the watershed, which is closely guarded at all times. Such few bacteria as can be detected under a powerful microscope are probably from vegetable sources, or possibly from bears or other animals, but the possibility of their being human is too remote to be seriously considered except by a dogmatic scientist.

### Want New Survey

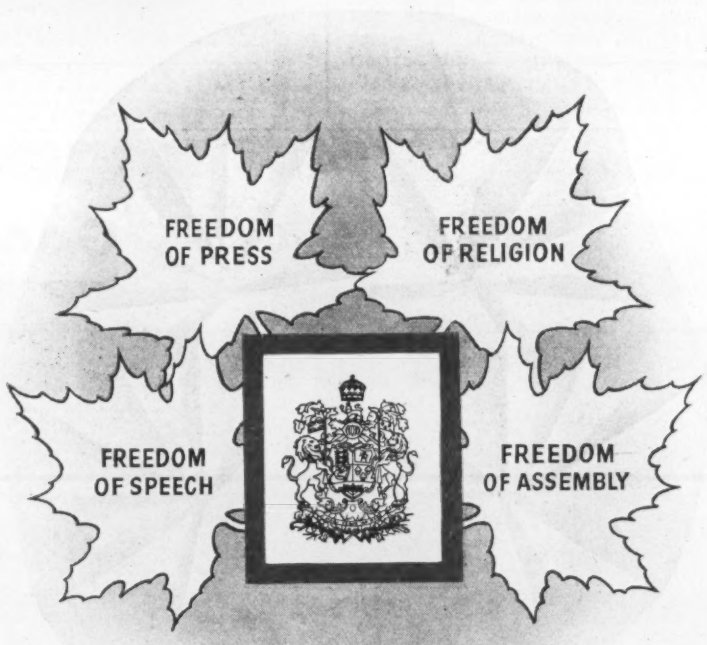
The Greater Vancouver Water Board has asked the government to suspend action until after an independent survey of conditions has been made by experts of Ottawa's own choosing, and the city council is unanimous in backing up this suggestion.

The government has been slow to answer any of the objections advanced by those who like their water straight. It is admitted that the international regulations must be observed, but it hardly seems necessary to instal a $75,000 plant and to impregnate the entire supply when a small outfit could easily chlorinate the water needed for troops and transports.

So far as can be learned, there is only one man in Vancouver who is at all keen on chlorination. He is Dr. C. E. Dolman, head of the department of bacteriology at the University of British Columbia and director of the B.C. Public Health laboratories. He is a brilliant scientist, and it was on his reports and arguments that Ottawa's order was founded. Everybody gives him sour looks these days.

While medical men are ready to admit that the water is not exactly one hundred per cent pure, most of them agree that it is as pure as it can be in a state of nature. Dr. Ernest Fewster, who is a poet as well as a champion of the people's rights, had declared chlorine to be a rank poison and warned that its presence in water drunk by a victim of bronchitis might have serious results.

The theory that chlorinated water is tasteless is not endorsed by Vancouver citizens who have quenched their thirst with what passes for potable water in Ottawa. In their bitterness of spirit, they do say that that water is good enough for any easterner who tries to force the same kind of fluid down the throats of men and women whom Providence has blessed with the gift of the finest water in the world.

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